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TURKISH LIFE AND CHARACTER.

" But presently there issued from the postern a group of human beings—beings with immortal souls, and possibly some reasoning faculties; *but to me the grand point was, that they had real, substantial, and incontrovertible turbans.*"—*Eothen*, vol. i. p. 15.

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TURKISH LIFE AND CHARACTER.

BY WALTER THORNBURY.

VOL. I

LONDON: SMITH, ELDER & Co.

TURKISH LIFE

AND

CHARACTER.

BY WALTER THORNBURY,

AUTHOR OF "LIFE IN SPAIN."

"A malignant and a turbaned Turk."—*Othello.*

"Entranced by the magnificent spectacle (*i.e.* of Constantinople), I felt as if all the faculties of my soul were insufficient fully to embrace its glories: I hardly retained power to breathe, and almost apprehended that in doing so I might dispel the gorgeous vision, and find its whole vast fabric only a delusive dream."—*Anastasius*, vol. i. p. 68.

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VOL. I.

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LONDON:
SMITH, ELDER AND CO., 65, CORNHILL.

M.DCCC.LX.

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TO

MY DEAR FRIEND, WILLIAM BURGES,

THE ERECTION OF WHOSE

MEMORIAL CHURCH IN CONSTANTINOPLE

WILL NOT ONLY FORM AN EPOCH IN

The History of Oriental Christianity,

BUT WILL ADD ANOTHER INTEREST TO THAT WONDERFUL CITY,

TO DESCRIBE THE DAILY OUTER LIFE OF WHICH

THESE VOLUMES HAVE BEEN WRITTEN.

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PREFACE.

I WENT to Constantinople in the early autumn of 1859 to see for myself in what state of health the Sick Man was. I found him poorly, *very* poorly, and with all the diplomatic physicians, cane to nose, shaking their subtle heads round his Sultanic bed. They felt his pulse from time to time, and they prescribed anti-Muscovite nostrums; but, for my own part, I think they did him no good, for they merely kept the fresh air from coming to his bed, and only delayed his inevitable departure.

I came, very soon, from all I saw and heard, to the certain conclusion that the Turks were dead ripe for expulsion from the once Christian city, and that the sooner they go the better. They have always lived expecting removal, and are prepared to return to their robber-tents to-morrow. That rich country, Asia Minor, now a jungle of weeds,

might become, under the closer supervision of its long absentee landlords, again a blooming Eden, in which would flourish all the soil of either Europe or Asia can produce. Let the pagans go then to Asia, I say; and, for Heaven's sake, let Constantinople be a free port, or, at least, once more a Christian city.

I have nothing to boast of in this pleasant tour but the good fortune that enabled me to be a witness of two great historical events:

The first, the transplantation of the Circassian nation from its lost home in the Caucasus to its new and free settlement in Anatolia.

The second, the discovery and crushing in Stamboul of a great conspiracy that menaced the Sultan's life, and threatened to shake the whole empire to its very foundations.

The first event made me deeply lament the selfish and blind policy of England in allowing Russia to destroy one of the strongest barriers of British India; the second proved to me the utter rottenness of the Mahometan dominion, and the corruption of all but the lower classes of the Turks.

Nearly half the chapters in these two volumes are new; others are revised and enlarged reprints

from Mr. Charles Dickens's *All the Year Round*; two papers are from *Chambers's*, and one article is from the *Dublin University Magazine*. They were all, however, written with a steadily maintained harmonious purpose, and could no more be judged of separately, before being arranged into a book, than the pieces of a Chinese puzzle can be before being fitted into the snug box that gives them unity, symmetry, and purpose.

The designs are from photographs taken carefully on the spot, but not by me.

P.S.—Since my return, the recent ghastly massacres in Damascus and the Lebanon have drawn all eyes to the East, and may possibly give a more tragic interest to my unpretending book than I had expected. Alarm in Aleppo—fear in Egypt—convulsive and ominous heavings in Stamboul—riots at Belgrade—agitation in Bosnia and Servia—all lead me to believe that the conspiracy I refer to so often in my book was really a reactionary and fanatically Mahometan one, and that the massacres of the Christians that Rocket was so apprehensive of were really projected.

It seems a startling thing, in this century of almost aggressive toleration, to see the scotched snake of Mahometan fanaticism again rearing its head—again lancing out its poisonous fangs, and opening its threatening jaws. I have no doubt, however, that, unless trampled out by French and English feet, this new flame from old ashes will scorch half the East.

And what lesson can we, as Christians, derive from these massacres but this—that it has long been a shame and foul disgrace to us sons of the old Crusaders to have left Constantinople for so many years defiled and enslaved by these dogs of Tartars? That whether Russia does or does not take Stamboul—the fiat has gone forth—the seal is already broken, the vial emptied, the sword drawn, the trumpet blown; and that no miserable political craft or intriguing diplomacy can much longer delay the downfall, if not the DESTRUCTION OF, THE TURKISH EMPIRE.

WALTER THORNBURY.

New York, August, 1860.

TURKISH LIFE AND CHARACTER.

CHAPTER I.

THE TRAMPING ARTIST.

I WAS on my way to Turkey. It was ten miles from the Danube, that mighty river, the river Danube, that we effected, after much artful fencing and diplomacy, a treaty of legs, and so became friends, till the blue wave-sword of the fair lake of Constance ran cruelly between us, and severed our new-born friendship clean asunder,—we, that is, I and Vaughan.

Not to mention a German young lady with a chronic simper, her Herr papa, gnädiger herr papa, very well-born, dirty-nailed, gold thumb-ring-wearing, and redolent-of-smoke papa, and a nervous Manchester bagsman, with a foreign (red) Bradshaw that threw him into sudden spasms of doubt and consequent heat, my only real companion in the German railway carriage—for the rest were but vulgar shadows—was Robert Vaughan, artist;—of No. 2, Southampton

Street, Fitzroy Square, as I found afterwards by the card he handed me when we parted company, in sight of those jewel mountains of Tyrol that lay across the blue lake water.

Vaughan was about thirty, with a crisp beard that curled in little golden threads below the deep brown carnations of his healthy cheek. His mouth was firm, and capable, on emergencies, of clenching and clamping as close as the lid of an iron safe; but at ordinary times it moved in changeable lines, expressing quietly the humour or indignation of the moment. The full juicy crimson of his under lip showed the humorous, unascetic mind that would make him a lover of colour, and perhaps in later life a little of the *gourmand*. His full, round bumper of a forehead predicted wit, as did the vivacious arching of his brows, which moved up and down over two as clear and keen grey eyes as ever fortune blessed a man with. Our acquaintance began as love does—first, by a kindly look, not repelled or disregarded; next, by a proffered volume; thirdly, by an indispensable remark about the weather, then by an exchanged glance of quiet amusement at the bagsman's studies; and lastly, by a bold launching into the shoreless sea of pleasant and purposeless conversation. Vaughan's first remark was clever and true, and said with a dry hesitation that gave it double zest,—

"These Germans wear their hair too long, and their shirts too long."

I laughed, and our minds shook hands as our two laughs met and blended.

"It quite licks me," said the bagsman, and flung down Bradshaw on the German baron's only corn.

With true gentlehood Vaughan picked up the red book, and in ten minutes had drawn up a plan of travel for the son of Manchester as clear as a table of logarithms.

"About art," he said, turning to me with a smile and that look of repose with which men return to an agreeable employment that some accident has interrupted, "I am not quite with you in your last remark. There is no general or deep love of nature, or art, its selected essence, in our dear benighted countrymen. I was at Chamouni last July. Went out to do the usual thing—to see the sunset on Mont Blanc, one of those religious ceremonies by which we English procure indulgence for our domestic sins, and which takes the place of the old ceremonial pilgrimage to Loretto. Well, we all trooped out when the waiters told us the thing was ready with an air of dreary delight, hoping the lamb would be overdone by six, and the soup would not be cold. I heard, however, Jones of the Midland circuit curse the sunset in several languages; and at the approach of one of God's master-touches of beauty, old Billion was calculating how many francs cheaper the hotel breakfast at Chamouni was than the one at Villeneuve."

"These earthlinesses do not always indicate an absence of feeling," said I, laughing, "for we may be broken-hearted for the boy we have lost, and yet be anxious at the same time about our improvements down in Kent. The mind is a shot silk, full of cross lights and sudden flushes of colour. Well, but go on. When the revelation came—what then?"

"What then? Why, confounded grumbling that it didn't come quicker, then more grumbling that it was not of a richer colour, more like raspberry-jam, or 'that sweet gown of Jane's,' and still more grumbling that it didn't last longer. Then a selfish rush back to dinner, and in ten minutes forty heads were buried in the yellow troughs of forty soup-plates."

"Doest thou well to be angry?"

"Yes, very well; for when I am angry I am in earnest. Well, then, down the long table, at the table-d'hôte dinner, above the epergne and below the epergne, and round the ridiculous flowers that stood where meat ought to be, there rose such a Babel of worn-out rhetoric about the dying blaze of the sunset, and that awful change to a glassy, spectral, livid pallor, which was indeed Apocalyptic, and a fit preparation for the opening of the seventh seal! Oh, that solemn burst that heralds night, when the avalanches cease to fall, and the icy polypi feelers of the glaciers cease to creep, as night comes sudden, and shuts to her coffin-lid on the pale awful face that we saw for a moment in the first terrors of corruption!

By-the-by,—for I am afraid I'm talking rather fine, and I have a horror of enthusiasm,—what's your impression of a table-d'hôte?"

"A nervous young Englishman, picking convulsively at a roll; an iron-necked tutor; a talking Frenchman, and three enthusiastic German sisters; a supercilious Anglian, who looks at you as if he would be happy to speak to you, if he could only by means of steam-power second-sight read the initials on your linen; an old lady, who declares she has never been accustomed to drink wine in tumblers, and will not begin; and an American, who will inquire about Mr. Murray, the wonderful writer, who brings out the red guide books so eternally fast."

"Just so—quite a daguerreotype; but you forget the old don who talks about the Rhætian Alps; and the young knapsack tourist, who, though he limps, is not the least sore; and the experienced man, who tells you dogmatically that 'your shoes are too short, your Alp-stock too long, your knapsack too heavy, and your hat too light.'"

"And don't forget the German who carries all his luggage in a pocket-book, and that bore, the talkative officer, who has been up everywhere and down everywhere, and addresses the foreign family —particularly the distinguished Dane with the white hat, and staring, washed-out blue eyes—in intrepid French, beautifully pieced with English, as thus, 'Would you believe it, *Croyez, Mousier*, having

gained with great difficulty the Col de Géant, and the difficult, *très difficile* passes about Zermat, I then walked over the Jingle glacier, promenait the *jingle glacier* with *boocoo crèvasses, oh difficile, très difficile,* and there I met I don't know how many thousand feet, *mille pieds* above the level of the sea, two Parisians returning with four *quatre guides boocoo* des cordes et quatre *escaliers,* staircases—no, no, ladders—oh, yes, yes, yes, échelles, je voo remercie—thank you, sir, thank you, sir—bien obligé, very much obliged (civil fellows these Frenchmen are)—from an unsuccessful attempt at ascending the *Aiguille du Midi.*'"

"Excellent; but you meet nice people at table-d'hôtes sometimes, and make pleasant acquaintances. Shall I forget the old clergyman, with the pretty daughter, at Naples, who quoted Horace, and the '*nunc est bibendum,*' as he sipped his Falernian, and looked out at Vesuvius shaking its white plume of hot smoke over the glittering bay where his moving shadow ever wavers? Shall I be oblivious of the pleasant dinner at Rome, in the hotel, out of the long narrow Corso—shall I forget its prison-looking palaces and grated windows, and the old Irish general in the Pope's service always ready to talk about the brick-work mountains, where the green fennel grows, and that particular Guido in the chapel up the now-silent Suburra?"

"If you come to pleasant dinners, when the fresh hope and imagination of travelling burn at the heart,

commend me to Venice, where red-capped men, strong against blue skies, compose perpetual impromptu Titians at every bridge end; where black arches are pierced through by black gondolas, and opal fish and golden melons are thrown out for sale beneath the porphyry state of crumbling palaces. I like to dine at the *Mocenigo*, and hear from the window the splash of the mellow wave in the court-yard, or the jangle of the idle fishermen on the quays below."

"Oh, if it comes to descriptions, why not Switzerland, with the honest noonday dinner in some William Tell village, on cow's udder and black bread, or milk and curds, in a look-out chalet half-way up to heaven; or, if you like it, a more solemn meal at, say Schaffhausen, with the multitudinous roaring thunder music of the fall still in your ears. Imagine yourself fresh from the real walking tourist's pleasures, your back sore with the knapsack, your feet blistered, the skin off your feet, having travelled too fast to see anything, and being too tired to enjoy. Next you is a phlegmatic, red-faced German, known in Jena as the 'Beer Exterminator,' who, in order not to appear before the theological examiners with ten sabre scars on his face, has just been conscientiously run through the body invisibly with an insinuating small sword, in a quarrel about a pipe and a poodle. He is now travelling for health, and has apparently discovered the elixir of life in a huge

beer jug, just as the alchymists did in the gin bottle; around us are strange homely dishes, the fragrant little mountain strawberries, the brown burned-sugar sauce, the thin, savoury soup, and the pleasant wine vinegar. We look out at the silent market-place, where the bare, white stones, rounded by constant diligence-wheels, bask in the dancing and flickering heat, and a fountain is jerking out its cool spout of water in the solemn hush of dinner-time. Then, playing with the wine-glass, and stamping circles on the cloth, we stare meditatively out of the window at the diligence, with its huge leather hood, doing penance in the burning sunlight, and fall a talking over red-lined maps and cobwebbed charts, with side glances at admonitory clocks and faithful pocket compasses about rocky paths not far from the Aiguille Rouge, where the way is strewn with resinous cones, and the bees hum round the pines; or of paradise valleys, such as those below the Hospice where we slept, where endless torrents streamed from the rocky crag above to the swarded meadows below, as if the chalets had been swept away by the *tourmente*, and floods of escaped milk were racing down into the valleys."

"I remember just such a day at the Grimsel," said I, "when I got eloquent, partly from a bottle of scented fire, called Hock, that arose like an essence into my brain, and filtered upwards through my imagination, and partly from sitting next a pretty, innocent girl,

pure and fair as the soul of a lily. A toilsome walk, that I tried to think adventurous, had brought me from Andermatt, the green terrace of meadow underneath the height of the terrible Saint Gothard, where the thunders sing their awful hymns—through copses of bog-myrtle, and up great slopes, running over with crimson torrents of Alp roses, and over the great chaps and splits in the ribbed back of the Dragon glacier, that hangs like a white sword from heaven, a century between every movement, and yet is sure and cruel in its destruction as the lava torrent. Then up the height where even the marmot's whistle brings down the toppling avalanche, past giants' building yards, and shivered Babels of broken rock, on to the low peak of ice that the sunshine films with the gold of transfiguration. Then a slide down eighty feet of snow, a laugh and a tumble; a perilous slipping on Titan staircases of rock, the cold Dead Man's lake, and the sombre hospice; to find within a blaze of lights, and a choir of cheering and tumultuous voices."

"Yes," said the merry cynic, clapping a *bis*, "and the first words you hear as you enter, with a mind subdued by such batteries of beauty, is, 'Let me see, dinner, 5 francs, without wine—infamous. I won't sleep in that dog-hole. I'm an English gentleman, and I will not submit to extortion. No, sir, I'll write to the *Times*.'"

"Oh, not bad that; but remember those happy

travelling days which the Arab says are not counted in life, for they fan and do not quench the vital flame."

"Only the vagrant artist knows the real luxury of travel, as, breaking forth like a Bedouin from the busy crowd that fill the courtyard of the hotel, where coroneted carriages are piling with black and white portmanteaus, and insolent grooms arrange seats for the still more insolent lady's-maids, and pompous whiskered baronets deliver imperious directions about their imperials, and ask ridiculous questions of obsequious couriers, who, with travelling caps and *beutels* crammed with francs, shrug and bow as my lady and her Wilhelmina, wriggling in sunset clouds of swelling muslin, step into the travelling carriage—the vagrant artist jerks up his familiar knapsack, clutches his faithful Alp stick, scarred with records of mountain victories, strides out into the open, free, and glad, and strong, determined to find out the site of Paradise, if it be in any valley this side the Wengen Alps."

"Then the rest at the milk-coloured brook, and the pull at the fiery *cherrywater* spirit; or the cool draught of milk in the open platform of the inn of the '*Magic Huntsman*,' or the 'Three Confederates.'"

"Or the honest weariness, as, half way up some tremendous buttress of a mountain, you fall back on your dear old knapsack deep in Alp roses, with their crisp leaves; or where gentians, hare-bells, and

pansies, fringing the rock, match shadows upon the smooth slabs of red granite."

"And, half in a doze, you hear the anvil smite of the avalanche, and see its white spit of smoke miles away, on the brow of the opposite glacier, that zigzags like a huge scaly serpent down into the valley, the streams winding from its jaws like quivering stings."

"I have a thousand such halting-places in my mind, sometimes far up amid the cold smoke-wreaths of the higher Alps, sometimes at the edge of a chasm, where the blue hare-bells quake in terror, as the white torrent and the yellow plunge down together in rapturous union."

"Yes; or better still, half way up a lower mountain stretched under a balmy pine, to hear the lessening sound of the cow-bells, as, treading down the fragrant thyme that in a dry net crusts the pebbles, the flocks wind up through the aromatic air, across the open terraces and soft, green slopes, to the distant châlets, where centuries ago in the pious old times—"

"About the Bartholomew massacre times."

"—the long birch bark horns sounded at sunset their call to prayer from peak to peak, scaring the timid chamois to jerking leaps from blue crag to crag, and rousing the loathsome and gorged lamb-vulture from his meal on the dead hunter."

"Then the long ramble, deliciously tiring, at twilight, through the golden flax field in the valley,

where the frail, thin, blue flowers—blue as my *fraulein's* eyes—are growing heavy with the precious dew, so grateful and blessed, after the fierce Indian heat of a Swiss noontide. This is life's golden age."

"Better than that imaginary time when kings lived on acorns, and their happy subjects munched the cups. When taxes were not, and the first gallows grew gaily in the forest."

"Describe in a word, happy vagrant and King of Bohemia, one or two more moments of Swiss travel. The first view of the Alps at daybreak, *par exemple*, as, jolted awake in the Zurich diligence, we look out, mazed and giddy, with that sort of delirious stupidity common to men drowsily awakened from a dog's sleep, and see those frozen gods seated in their white-robed senate, with the paleness of the judgment-day upon their faces, as they sit waiting for the dawn. As that moment rushes up into the brain to remain there till it falls to dust, I know not what new sense of eternity and immortality—I know not what sense of beauty, and divinity, and gratitude, and praise, fills the heart."

"Bravo!"

"Or what do you say of that night round the pine-log flare and blaze in the cheese-room of the chalet, with rude, half-savage shepherds singing their *patois* songs, and ladling up pails of smoking milk with broad, shallow, wooden spoons?"

"And that last moment, when trampling the Alps

under foot, we rushed down in our thirty-franc war chariot into Italia, and entered Duomo d'Ossola; our horses covered with chesnut boughs like Romans in a triumph."

"Do you set down annoyances in black letters, in a black-edged corner of your mind, or do you sponge them out at once like the trifling memoranda of a mantel-piece tablet?"

"I? Oh, I jot them down for amusing remembrance; for I am one of those happy fellows who regard not dust as dust, but only notice it when slanting, dancing, and golden in the sunbeam. When other men bite their nails and fret, I amuse myself with drawing, or smoke and philosophize; if the annoyance grows insolent and antagonistic, I club my stick and knock it down. Insolent douaniers, truculent gendarmes, and imperious passport officials, I caricature on my thumb-nail, and take comfort."

"Do I not remember, too, the divine patience with which, in a crumpled heap, wedged in between two knuckling portmanteaus, and smothered in dust sauce, dry as snuff, I was hauled in a pestilent diligence from Berne to Geneva, the gay foster-mother city of Calvin and Voltaire? Then that deformed *char-à-banc* horse that drew me to Friburg—drew? —one would think he was drawing a tooth by the repeated jerks and twists by which he finally attained his object, and reached the crumbling old city, as bony and rusty as he started. Should I mention the

memorable drive to Sorrento, when the absurd bandit Jarvey was all the time—not driving, but fly-fishing: now whipping round my hat, now garotting my throat, and, finally, all but twitching off my right ear with great success? Should I fail to chronicle the jingling ride from Milan to Coccaglio, in the old post-chaise, squeezed in between two Italian donnas, fat as cushions, and vulgar as bankrupt aldermen's wives, who did nothing but fan their greasy, yellow faces, and drink *vino d'Asti* out of black bottles, corked with stoppers of maize leaves, tying their bonnets, with admirable prudence and taste, to the wagging dusty shafts of the bright red *velocifero*, so called from its astonishing progress of four painful miles the hour."

"For real misery," I said, "to give zest to a bright, hot morning, next to the cold night-sliding over Mount Cenis, commend me to a ride in a close diligence. Drat the old square leather box, with its musty linings, and the loops for your arms where you swing and sway in hopeless prostration of mind, and unmanly subjection to all jolts, bumps, tumbles, and shakings, imbecilely hoping that you are near the next inn where the horses change,—trying to coax sleep by all sorts of fantastic expedients, fancying yourself now dropping through space from Jupiter's arms to the lap of Venus, or imagining yourself asleep in the hay beside your open *Robinson Crusoe*, as in the old school days, gradually focussing on one subject, and subsiding into a muddy and turbid sea of sleep;

then a splitting jolt and rise and fall, that drives you into full wakefulness, to find that you are jammed in between two bolster-stomached, snoring priests, a groaning peasant woman, and a sucking child, the windows hermetically down, and the view outside a rolling prairie of dust, with occasional phantom glimpses by grey night, by the straggling lamplight, of the inn or the conductor's link, who, with cheering cry of 'Vite! vite!' and 'Hola!' and 'Courage!' and pistol-shot cracks of the whip, runs up hill by the side of the horses. As you settle again, a pain comes on in your hip, then it shifts to your shoulder; now it is in your back, now in your neck; you doze again half stifled with heat, and just as you settle down into green pastures, and are dreaming of lime-trees all musical with bees, the old diligence subsides slowly into rest, and a jargon of voices, with a few curses, and a jingle of chains, tells you that the post-house is reached, and you blunder out again to sleepily grope about for the hot coffee which you know must be preparing somewhere for the expected travellers."

"A true bill enough; but nothing to a landsman's miseries in a dirty Sicilian steamer, when one has to sleep on deck because the cabins are all full. The first night, before the sea legs and sea stomach have come, when the sight of that loathsome, miserable dwarf steward, who is always hurrying from the little kitchen on deck, down brass-bound cabin stairs with mammoth boiled greasy legs of mutton, or preparing

reeking butter toast with a paste-brush, makes your nausea rise; and when the cheerful sound of knives and forks, and the dealing round of plates and the chink of glasses below rouses your gall, and you feel a deserted leper dying alone in the burning desert.

"Then that awful rock of the horizon, that dreadful dip every three minutes, that chilling flutter of spray to windward, and that great milky white roadway of froth at the vessel's stern, which you look at dismally; while everybody else is pacing up and down, and blowing red sparks from their cigars, in rivalry of the big black funnel above. Reflect on the hopeful settle down at nightfall in some snug nook, with plaid and mackintosh and horsecloth, only to rub your elbows sore against the deck, and to awake at dismal intervals to listen to that never-tiring throb, and jerk, and vibration of the steam-monster that is fed on fire, and to hear that black stoker who crams its jaws every five minutes with great shovel-fulls of food, as attentive as an old bird to its gaping young. How well I remember the funeral-bell, that strikes so sharp and decisively the hours and watches; the quick, short command of the captain, who paces about the paddle-boxes, and never seems to sleep; the busy stamping of the men, who suddenly bustle about, hauling at some sail without any ostensible reason, till we are aware of the slow, chilly crawl of morning, and that rocking horizon and boiled leg of mutton all over again."

"Apropos of nothing," said I, "what do you think of the present state of English art, of which many are so sanguine?"

"Well, not much; prove it pays, and England will be an art country to-morrow. By the rolling gold of corn-fields young Giottos will then draw the silly sheep; and puny poets, resting the monotonous click-clack of the bird-clapper, watch with kindling eye the seraph lark as it is sucked up through blue whirl-pools of glory to the cloud that is its lover."

"Well, but are schools of design in every city and town nothing? Are our increasing public statues nothing? Is universal photography nothing? Are the thousands of cheap engravings, fluttering about the land, nothing? Is everything nothing? Why now, the poorest student, only just awakening from the child's impulse of scratching outlines on the wall, can attain access to museums where he may brood over the finest conceptions of the Greek. Jones and Phidias, Smith and Agasias are now introduced and exchange thought. Jones is taught to see, he is taught to believe, that in the simplest leaf there is enough to exhaust the observation of a Newton, and the eyesight of a lifetime. He is led to watch the modification of colours, by light and shade, how one bleaches and the other tints it; the breadth which is its unity, and the detail which is its variety; the superficial and the underlying, the near and the far, the part and the whole, the

material and spiritual, the objective and the subjective."

"True enough; and what do these schools do? Teach our half-educated men to design tea-cups and Manchester patterns, if they are money-making; or, if they are vain or ambitious, to hang out daubed portraits over dentists' cases of teeth, and to multiply the number of second-hand portrait painters, who caricature humanity, and immortalize ugliness."

"Well, but photography is educating the country by steam, and teaching thousands the first principles of art as by an electric shock. It reaches where no engraving has ever penetrated—where only slippery Lalla Rookh beauties and tinsel T. P. Cookes would otherwise obtain currency. True, it ruins swarms of third-rate portrait-painters, who turn photographists, and so gain by their losses. It will also eventually drive out of cottages the race of spotted cats, china shepherdesses, simpering Samuels, ridiculous brides, and red and brown hunting scenes; but what harm?"

"Photography shows us nature in a snow-storm of high lights and in shadows of soot—nature in a state of cutaneous disease, and covered with boils and blains."

"Be fair, be fair! Of course in new discoveries, as a poor man said to me the other day, 'There is always a somethink;' but don't regard it as art, only as an education for art. It shows us what finish

there is in nature, how much there is in nature, how easily one surpasses a bad picture, and how little one can hope to rival a good one. It is art without selection and composition—nature without colour."

"Before I had travelled much, I fell into your Utopian error, and placed the golden age before me as some place it behind. I thought, even with George III.'s pig-tail in sight, that a great time was coming. Old masters were going down. Poussin I voted a windy-fellow of bombast, Claude a builder of barley-sugar temples, Salvator Rosa a dauber of mud rocks. But when I really saw foreign art, I began to think we were all but so many painters of cabinet pictures; without religion, without thought, without purpose—mere jesting satirists, purveyors of boudoir furniture, of pretty faces, and showy portraits. Why, my dear fellow, deceive ourselves with these saintly fancies of dead monks and forgotten Florentines? Art exists in England only to ornament drawing-rooms, and preserve the memory of rich people's fancies. Portraits block up the Academy. Portrait painters are Royal Academicians. Portrait painters are rich, and live at the West End. Historical painting is unknown. Large painting, the necessary vehicle of large thought, is homeless. Our water-colour painters show us mere fair-weather, smooth things; their skies are bluer than God's, their sun brighter; they paint only the pretty, clean, and respectable drawing-room—beauty, and not truth. Our painters

do not think, do not read that they may think; they believe all nature ever did, and all the imagination ever conceived, is incarnated in *Gil Blas, Don Quixote,* Molière, and Shakspere. They are afraid to go out of those four well-known books, for fear the rich buying public may not know what they have been painting. They are not religious, because the world is not religious. They are not earnest, because the world is not earnest. So they paint Puseyite cloister toys, apostles with smooth hair and soft hands, pretty soubrettes, plates of grapes, and conservatory plants. One man, a genius, too, paints thousands of plums; and another—a lady—millions of azaleas; the water-colour artist miles of clear wash lakes, and red and blue peasants; and one great man, who, with more muscle and single-heartedness, might have been a Rubens, condescends to great men's lap-dogs; and another, to country gentlemen's prize Southdowns. Bah! we are all pinmakers in art—two men to a pin: one is a life-time making its head, and another a lifetime sharpening the point."

"Now, come, come; modern art is very healthy and honest, and though it may run small, and be of a rather nervous and over-sensitive temperament —rather sketching than perfecting, rather planning than finishing—it is fresh; it does a new thing; it likes daylight, and, showing a love and beauty in common things, multiplies our pleasures."

"Give me Venice and its art," said Vaughan; "I like the great old-world men; row me, gondolier, swift to San Marco, between the two columns of the lion and St. Theodore; I see the incense burn; I see the jaspers and the porphyry of the pavement, rolling and uneven as the sea; observe the tinted gold of the mosaics, the painted saints, the tombs, the altars; then away to the Doge's palace, and to the Tintorettos; lastly to the great Titian, to Peter the martyr, and kneel and worship, for you cannot help it."

"At Venice," said I—getting rather tired of art—"I had the greatest fright I ever had in my life. I had been staying six weeks in Milan, and came to the city of waters by night to avoid the heat. The crashing artillery of a thunder-storm awoke me just as we passed the first causeway that led to Venice, and my first glimpse of its white domes was by a flash of lightning. I came there in a storm and left in a whirlwind. Wandering out of the custom-house at daybreak, cold and wan after the storm, tired, angry, and weary, as men always leave custom-houses, I found myself on the chill, dark, desolate quay at four o'clock in the morning. At sight of me, as sleeping wolves at a stray colt ambling towards their haunt, leaped up a rapacious crowd of expectant faqini and gondoliers, who pelted me with a hailstorm of applications:—'Hotel Mocenigo—Hotel Danieli—Hotel de l'Europe—Albergo Italiano—vary

good, sare—gondola! gondola!! GONDOLA!!!' I plunged into a floating hearse; my brown leather portmanteau rolled in after me. I slipped into the black cabin-house, with its broad, smooth, black leather cushions, fringed with black, and its brass coffin-plate door. I shouted out 'Albergo de Mocenigo,' remembering a Doge of that venerable name; in a moment we had broken from that jostling shock of gondolas, and were gliding with strong jerks along the grand canal, past moored fishing-boats, crazy melon-boats, and sleeping boatmen. A pale, deathlike daybreak shone on the ruined palaces and their crumbling marbles. Full of hope, I leaped out of the gondola as its steel fiddle end grated the stones of the water stairs, and I stood in the Hotel Mocenigo—once a palace. At Rome I, the Briton, one of that race that a Roman conquered, was welcomed by bowing landlord and prostrate waiters; in Venice only the roll of a distant Austrian drum, harsh and insolent, struck on my ears as an imperious yet sleepy Boots shuffled forward, raced his finger up a long table of numbers in the hall, called out, '*Venti due!*' rang a bell, pointed to a stone staircase, and subsided again into sleep. Beds were in demand in Venice. I had only one portmanteau; ergo I was not worth a franc to a Boots: so Boots slept the sleep of the just. Ascending the stairs, I was received by a greasy waiter, who led me through many stone-paved, black corridors, up many stairs;

at last he called out '*Venti due!*' pointed to that number painted in black in a mortuary manner over a door, led me into a small, dark, burial vault, opened the shut windows, wheeled round an arm-chair, indicated the inner bedroom, and left me. As the sound of his slippered feet-flaps died away down a distant staircase, a horrid chill and creeping fear came on me. A stifled smell of new paint filled the room, old warning of Milan friends came across me. The *cholera was in Venice*, smiting right and left Dandolo and boatman, Austrian commandante in the citadel, melon-seller in the meanest church porch. I was a fool. I had walked into a black pit-fall. I had got into the room of a traveller just dead of the cholera. Was not the first smell of the canal like bilge-water? Did not I seem even now dead, and the same loathsome smell about me? I looked out; a melancholy slow rain, full of miasma, was falling. The only view was a narrow, back, paved street, choked with the smell of decaying fish and rotten melon skins. I felt sick—more sick—headache—slight cramp. I should be worse—worse—die. That yellow sheet would cover my blue face to-night. I should die far away from home, unknown. No one would ever know my end. My death would be a mystery and a gnawing expectancy for years. Oh, that smell! I'm worse! Furred tongue! Sleep? No sleep for me! I can stand this no longer. I pull the bell, and its restless clang echoes through the immense house—a distant door

slams—two voices meet—there is a shutter opened—something unbolted—more voices—the house is up. Thank God!—a step nearer. Yes, on my stairs—at my door!

"'Che volete, signor?' (*blandly.*)

"'Caffe al latte, e presto.'

"It comes smoking hot, black, and sweet. I sip—I am better. The dreadful disease has not yet begun. I go out, complaining of my room—am shown to the kindly landlord, in his royal glass bureau, am installed instead '*quarant' otto,*' and invested with the key. A sea view. I stroll out. The sun comes too. I forget the cholera and the smell, and am entranced. It is a moment of beatification to stand thus in a long-expected place. A busy, ragged vagabond of a gondolier joined me as I looked up at the Campanile, and by dint of looking up when I looked up, and down when I looked down, smile for smile, inquiry for inquiry, attracted my attention. He was a cicerone—*buonissimo*—knew every picture, the tomb of every signor—the house of Madame Taglioni—the graves of the Doges! Was that good? *e benè,* he shook his hand horizontally, in a deprecating and ridiculous manner, and entreated me to wait till I saw something else. He amused and cheated me; and from that hour till I left I never thought again of the cholera—Lido to Giudecca, picture to statue, doge to danseuse—not a qualm more; for I soon found, to tell the truth, the daily number of

deaths much lessened, and the cholera altogether abating."

"A good instance of imaginary fears," said the vagrant artist, who was already preparing his portfolio to depart; for the latter part of this conversation, though thrown in a mass, took place in the steamer from Friedrickshafen to Constance—"something like my drum-dream at Milan. I arrived in that Lombard city at night, after a long ride from Maggiore in the diligence, through the fat, level plains and maize fields, where the frogs croak and the fire-flies glitter. My first glimpse of the Duomo was by moonlight, its pure, sharp marble gleaming out like walls of dead silver. I went into an hotel on the piazza, was shown up into the clean, stone-paved room, and fell asleep. About daybreak a chilling dread mixed with my dreams; a sense of rage and fear, of struggle, of dread, and apprehension. My heart seemed to beat so loud that I could hear nothing else. I moved and turned—strange room. England? no; abroad—Italy—Milan—throb again. I rise up and run to the window, throw back the green Venetian shutter, and look out. Drums! Drums!! Austrian drums; and far and near slope the shining bayonets over the white-coats, as they defile past —for these are troublous times, and there are rumours of outbreak amongst the green bannered men. "But, halloo! here is Constance, its white walls break through the mist, and there's the ferry bell on

the pier ringing. Good-bye! and if you do ever come near this address, No. 2, Southampton Street, Fitzroy Square, give your old travelling companion, Robert Vaughan, a look in. Addio!"

CHAPTER II.

TWISTING THE BOWSTRING.

THE green bowstring—that wholesome ameliorator of Turkish despotism—was secretly twisting for Abdul-Medjid that very August morning when, in the *Royal Addlehead* (Austrian Lloyd's) steamer, I clove through the white woolly fog that filled the Bosphorus, and swept down into the Golden Horn. A plot, unseen to me, was already thickening like that fog.

But for a dark cypress pinnacle or two, and here and there something that looked like a gilt teacup turned bottom upwards, and which I supposed not irrationally to be the dome of a mosque, and but for here and there, I say, the needle-pointed spire of a minaret crowned by a crescent, that seething Eastern city might have very well passed for sable London, and Galata might have been the Tower Wharf on a November morning. It was very cool and steamy, and my unromantic mind was occupied with but one thought, and that thought was hot coffee. I would, I vow, at that selfish and material moment, have

given a whole haremful of dove-eyed Circassians for a potful of smoking coffee: so jaded, sleepy, befogged, and tired was I. I had come to see the city of the Sultan, and I found myself at a muggy place that looked like St. Katharine's Docks in a November fog. And this is what you call travelling!

We had been up romantically early, by preconceived poetical plan (for at poetical places every one likes to be poetical)—three in the morning I think it was—to see the *Royal Addlehead* enter the Bosphorus. A ghastly *réveil* it was, rising hurriedly by lamplight, looking hopelessly through the still opaque porthole, seeing a grey sea racing by with ferocious speed, and with a slight effervescence of rage on its clenched lips—rising by lamplight, (Lord help us!) staggering into one another's trousers, and crawling hopelessly up-stairs for the delightful view, looking like wretches saved from a wreck, who had just heard a sail was in sight, yet were too broken down by hunger and misery to cheer even at that. It was delightful indeed; the demon who presides over the Home Department of Sham (a most onerous and important post of the Satanic Disunited Kingdom) must have got up very early too, that morning, and been specially delighted at our empty, ridiculous raptures at what would have been "exquisite" if a great brewer's vat of smoking white fog had not swallowed it all up, and left us nothing, not even our great consul's palace, not even a

glimpse of the English burial-ground on the cliff at Scutari.

And here let me leave the deck and go below again, to dilate with bilious spleen on the melancholy joys of early rising, and the doleful penitential pleasures of travellers' ante-daybreaks; the chilly, sickly half-hour before the red blood flows back into the corpse cheek of dead day, and the Lazarus "morn," led by a sunbeam, emerges radiant and divine from the burial tomb of night. Waking by lamplight—the light you seem to have shut your tired, bored eyes upon but half an hour ago,—how you grope for the never-to-be-found watch! how you linger in a stupid, imbecile, irresolute way, watching your watch's hands chase each other over the dial, the tall quick brother dodging and running round his slow fat brother, till by-and-by, like pulling out a tooth, drowsy and unrefreshed, you throw off the clothes suddenly, and put one shrinking foot out into the cold-water air, just as if you were bathing, and it was a little too late in the season! No one turned out yet; steward—a wily Greek—asleep, with his jaded head on a pile of camp stools, and a sodden cigarette, long since gone out, clipped in his dirty fingers. Every curtain drawn across the little bins and dog-kennels of beds. One alone (that vivacious little clerk from a silk house in Smyrna, who calls himself a Macedonian, and prides himself on being a compatriot of Alexander the Great) has in the contortions of sleep

wound himself round his curtain, so that he looks like a corpse decently swathed and bandaged for sea burial. The clothes of everybody hang still on the outside pegs, or repose on the black horsehair cushions of the divan seat beneath. Yes, the young Turkish priest has taken off his neat green turban, so trimly and dandily twisted; his sash and long black robe, and his neat boots and outside goloshes lie there upon the floor, waiting for him. The Bohemian baker and the learned Russian professor, Alexis Strongenoff, snore in perfect time and tune, and there, by the Bohemian baker's bed, is that wonderful green conical hat, with the broad green ribbon and steel buckle, which has been, during our passage down the Danube and across the treacherous Black Sea, the wonder and delight of many. There, too, on peg No. 4, right-hand side, beside some dirty cards, is the curious flat, broad, white cap of the Russian Colonel Karkoff, a deadly player at pool, and a very gallant soldier, though he does wear what resembles a large white unbaked muffin on his astute head.

Need I detail any more the horrors of early rising on board the *Royal Addlehead*—how, begirt with snores and disturbed grumbles, I groped about, looking for water and finding none? Shall I relate how, in the struggling, curdled daylight, I found myself washing my face with sour wine, and rinsing my mouth with cognac? how, at last, tired and seedy, I crept up the brass-bound stairs to be greeted

with a rolling swill from a German sailor's wash-bucket? and how, finally, my heroic and self-denying exertions were crowned by my having a fine view of what a Turkish soldier said was the shore of the Bosphorus?

Only last night, waltzing on the wharf at Galatz to the music of an Austrian bird organ, and now—the wobegone crew we were on this Stygian shore!—clinging to ropes, sitting on green dank seats, watching stamped and labelled luggage marked "Stamboul" being swung up from the hold out almost on the bowsprit; there we are, in half an hour from my Lazarus-like emerging, all eager for the Golden City, now hidden by the fog which the enchanters had raised about it. The German actress from Bonn, and her pretty little arch-daughter, Thekla, were in despair, and the prettiest little scornful shrugs indicated that hopeless state. The rustic baker was stolid and patient; the vivacious Smyrna clerk, of Macedonian blood, but Servian born, was melancholy, for he said the Turks were a stupid, silent people, and did not like conversation and the *bel esprit*; young Snaffle, the Leicestershire squire, regretfully remarked "what a day it was for the partridges, and wondered how he could have been such a d-dash'd fool as to leave England;" while the stout old gentleman, Snaffle senior, who played the flute all over the Black Sea when there was no wind, thought it delightful, and made absurd geographical inquiries of old Turks who did

not understand him as to where the "Sea of Memory" (Marmora) was, always mistaking the Galata side of the Golden Horn for the Stamboul side, and Tophana for the Seraglio Point.

The chemical properties of a fog are as well known as its ingredients, even to the London pinch of carbonated hydrogen, that makes your eyes smart and your tongue behave badly; but I know perfectly well (and it is no use keeping it from me) that the fog on that special August morning, glooming white over the domes, and minarets, and prisons, and baths, and mosques, and bazaars of Stamboul, was a diabolical fog of *his* (you know who I mean) special brewing, and that what really was going on everywhere in those matted seraglios, and those steamy bath-rooms, and those little dirty coffee-shops, and that large barrack stable, was

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for a certain white and royal neck. Yes, some even of those sinewy men in the striped silk shirts, that kept quivering their oars, in their swallow-winged boats, all round our vessel, waiting for us, their prey, knew of it; so, perhaps, did those three dervishes, in the brown, flower-pot, felt caps, I met toiling up to Pera; so, perhaps, did that sentinel in the dirty blue coat and red fez whom we passed at the half-way guard-house; so, perhaps, that very hammal (porter), with the knot on his back, and the ragged wisp of a green

turban, whom I engaged to carry my red diamonded portmanteau and my red diamonded hat-box up the dreadful hill that leads to Misseri's hotel at Pera—the Royal Monopoly Hotel.

But to go back to the ship. It was just as I had tied together my plaid and stick, feed the steward, shaken hands with the Bohemian baker, exchanged parting sentences with the Smyrna clerk, and generally wished good-bye to the captain and crew, that the fog began to curdle closer and closer, to steam and boil thinner and thinner, to filter and clarify, till slowly, slowly the red arrows of the Sultan sun pierced it through and through, like an enchanted changing monster, hell-born that it was, driving through its cloudy brain and heart keen, sharp, red golden darts, tipped with fire; so that finally releasing reluctantly the great dying city of the sick man for whom the bowstring was twisting, from its acres of cloudy claws, it rolled and folded away till it melted, and vanished over the golden ridge of distant Olympus. Then, as once on the mountain near Jerusalem, rose before our eyes a new city and a new earth, dome after dome, minaret after minaret, cypress after cypress, fire-tower and mosque of the old city of Constantine, marshalled phalanxes of houses, river wall, and kiosk, and deserted palace; and over all, in that morning splendour, could I but have seen it, was a comet's fiery-threatening sword, hanging by a thread from Heaven. The harvest,

truly, was ripe, and I could almost hear as I listened the angel reaper grinding his sickle.

But what time had I for these carrion-crow forebodings as I jolted down the ship's black-grated ladder, balanced myself for a moment in a denunciating position to still the jabbering uproar of thirteen conflicting Turkish boatmen, who all seized different parts of me at once, and dropped into a keen-pointed kyjik portmanteau, hat-box, plaid, stick, and all; my Panama hat firmly thrust on, and my mouth full of newly-learned Turkish, eager to leap out on the smallest provocation, I was as eager to land as Cæsar at Dover, or William at Hastings; so on I dashed, first man, to reach the shore, leaving the two Snaffles, the baker, the Smyrna clerk, the little actress, and all of them, in various stages of despair. It was selfish, but early rising had soured me, and up I leaped when the boat's snout touched the foot of the wooden bridge that joins Stamboul to Galata—the Frank quarter—like an Irish serjeant leading a forlorn hope up the fiery gap at Badajoz. It was like walking up a wall going to Pera.

I was thinking of Nourreddin and the Fair Persian, of the Calendar Brothers, of Sinbad, now steward on board a Broussa steamer, and of Aladdin, that little Turk there, gnawing at a red pomegranate. I had no thoughts then of conspiracy, nor knew that black gunpowder was padded soft and thick under the very ground I trod on; yes, under those very mountains

of shivered laths, and bricks, and tiles, those dust-hills of wet and dry lime, which always lend variety to the traveller's first walk from the brink of the Golden Horn, which is called Galata, to the corpse-city of the Lower Empire, which is called Stamboul. How can I, too, even if I had thought of it, think quietly over the thunder-cloud pressing on the sleeping palace yonder, across the blue water, when every moment I am nearly swept from the face of the earth by donkeys laden with trailing deal planks, destructive as the scythe-winged chariots of Boadicea's army; when, after that, come swaddling panniers of Perote mules, brimming with peaches or running over with grapes; when, now a porter, toppling under a Broadwood piano, now, an Armenian, Atlasing a square coop of some forty barn-door fowls, meet me full butt, and, regardless of all shilling "books of etiquette," drive me, whether I will or no, against wall or into shop, or down side alley, anywhere and everywhere, roaring out, with the brazen lungs peculiar to porters, the Turkish caution, "Sakin!" (take care), or the *lingua franca* one, "Guardia!" the final *a* being prolonged to a sort of howl, half warning, half threatening. Add to this a swarm of mounted Turkish pashas and their insolent attendants, Frank nursemaids, Greek priests, Roman Catholic padres, sisters of mercy in white-winged head-dresses, cosmopolite couriers, loathsome beggars, dwarfs, eunuchs, soldiers, and itinerant salesmen, and you have some

small idea of what hindrances meditation meets with, in the perpendicular sweltering street leading from Galata below to Pera above.

What were the real causes, my readers will want to know, of the great conspiracy brewing at the very time when I planted my foot in the ancient city, whose people are corpses, whose faith is fossilized, and whose Sultan is a mummy? I will try to explain them.

I am a slow-blooded man myself, but I have my boiling point. As certainly as at so many feet up a mountain the mosses change into perpetual snow, so certainly has every man this boiling point. Nations, *too*, have their boiling point, as kings and tyrants have learnt long before this, to their bitter cost. It was that very boiling point of impatient suffering that Turkey had just reached, and that was why that enchanted morning when I first set foot on the wooden bridge of Constantinople, so many thousand brown and busy hands were busily employed in the dark, in

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That was why in great barrack khans frosty-faced grim Circassians, and in matted convent rooms absorbed-looking dervishes, were twisting so busily that foggy morning when, hearty and cheerful, I shouldered my way to the house that is set on a hill; that was why the little sinewy bowstring was then

twisting by a thousand hands in horse-bazaar, in cemetery, among turbaned tombstones, by defaced monuments of Janissaries, on shipboard under tarred awnings, in *cafés*, in dim shops, in gardens away by ruined aqueducts, among the very galley slaves themselves, as, with the malice of hell upon their hideous faces, they cluster round the post to which their great master, the Smyrniote murderer Katerji, is chained like a Prometheus, muttering and balancing their ponderous chains as future weapons in their devilish hands. The city, that morning, could I but have seen below the surface, was one great factory, where thousands of hands were employed in twisting a single green bowstring. If you could have seen, however, their quiet, stealthy faces, and the cold, fatalist smile that moved lip and brow, you would have thought it was some religious red cordon of honour they were weaving and plaiting for the descendant of the Prophet, instead of the death cord.

They had wrongs—deep wrongs—these Turkish people, and that simmering froth that foretold boiling over, did not arise in the great Turkish pot without a reason. There were two classes of malcontents: the European party, who could get no reforms introduced, owing to the Sultan's debauched apathy and sottish selfishness; and the old Mussulman party, who were horrified and alarmed at their miserable Sardanapalus becoming the tool and puppet of insolent, foreign, infidel, stiff-legged, stiff-backed old ambas-

sadors, and who attributed all to Allah's anger at the vices and godless open wine-bibbing of the Imbecile who spent his time in building card houses, and throwing his country's gold into the foundation pits of new palaces. These two armies of conspirators, meeting at some cross-road of joint sympathy, seem to have been there recruited by a third party of neutrals, less abstract men, who had to complain bitterly of over-taxes wasted on royal extravagance, of wronged women, of wine hateful to the Prophet, of wicked and base-born favourites, of frontier lines neglected, of a navy decaying to a toy fleet; of cruelty, crime, and misrule; of pashas overpaid for putting provinces to the rack for money, of revenue wasted in collecting, and of a thousand other small evils springing up daily like poisonous seeding fungi on the dead trunk of a fallen oak.

To swell these three allied bands, poured in too a great, bloodthirsty, fierce, irrestrainable, unreasoning, armed mob of soldiers, complaining of eight months' pay owing; and, at the back of these, conspicuous in their high, white-wool caps, came some thousands of exiled Circassians, driven from their country on the surrender of their great saint, hero, and chieftain Schamyl, and now starving in the streets of Stamboul for want of the miserable stipend promised, but never given them, by the fool Sultan, the guilty misruler of an angry and resentful nation. On the banners of all these united rebels was to have been blazoned the

cry, "Give us a responsible Government!" but I fear that the wild rabble at the back of these standard-bearers, of these venerable, snow-bearded priests and grave religious men, might, after all, in a moment of heat, revenge, and forgetfulness, have rashly used the green bowstring that had been so long a twisting. No doubt, as in all revolutions, there was, too, a blood party, who wished to convince their enemies by cutting their throats. So much the worse for the foreman of the State, who had received such good wages for such bad work. A bad king is a dishonest servant, and should be driven out as such, and will be whenever his people grow wise enough: for royalty is an expensive luxury, and all we men like our money's worth.

As for the massacre of the Christians, it was never dreamed of, and the rumour must have arisen from the mere discovery that many of the violent Mahometan and fanatic party were in the plot. The object of those men was the object for which our own fathers fought so well and so bravely at Naseby and at Culloden against John and against Richard, against Charles and against James; so let us not now, snug in port, sit on the pier-head, sneering and laughing at the poor Turkish fishing-boat still battling and writhing under the storm.

But one feeling, on that day of the disclosure, filled the stores of Galata and the cafés of Pera, and that was, deep regret that so wise, just, and tem-

perate a conspiracy had not been successful. The wisest men among the Turks had been heard to say so, within the very precincts of the Porte itself. Everybody had long felt that the country was rushing to ruin, and preferred the first throw out into the red ditch to the crush and smash against the stone wall or the turnpike-gate.

I believe that the day the news had come of the using the bowstring, not a hand would have shaken or a face turned pale in the shops or banking-houses of Galata and Pera. I am sure the sun would not have hid his face or the moon put a cloudy handkerchief to her eyes. Lonely as Pompey on the sea-shore, that poor, dead debauchee would have been thrown on gilded cushions, the courtier flies kept from him only, perhaps, by the loving hand of some poor wronged and forgotten exile of Circassia. But let him take care; there are bowstrings yet in Turkey, and hands to use them, if the galling chain be not soon broken and the worrying pasha dogs whipped back to their Stamboul barrack kennels!

But let me not talk of the conspiracy as crushed and unsuccessful; it was rather repressed than crushed, its failure was almost a victory. There have been conspiracies so wide spread, so vast, so dangerous, so indicative of decay and national ruin, that kings have not dared to punish them. This was one of those—no head has yet fallen, no blood has yet been spilt; for banishment to Greece, or beauti-

ful free green Zante, is no great punishment; it is like the penalty you pay at forfeits, when you have to kiss a lady's hand, or eat a rose-leaf salad. Men thought they had found a rat-hole in the floor of the house built on the sand (which is the Turkish empire), and when they lifted planks, lo! it widened to an old pit-mouth, full of black and yawning destruction. The man who goes down into his Sicilian cellar for the Blue Seal, and finds it turned since yesterday into the crater of a volcano, could not have been more frightened than the imbecile Sultan. How pale the gilded fool turned when on the long roll of hateful names he read his own brother's first!

Quick as murderers' shovels over the gashed corpse, went the vizir's spades then to cover up the hateful thing, and conceal it from the light of day. The editor of the Pera paper was silenced; he dare tell nothing; no one knew anything; cautious lying reports were sent to foreign courts; even our great *Times* itself came out with miserable scantlings of the plot, its dangers pared away.

The Sultan's brother had been confronted with the conspirators and had come reasonably well out of the ordeal; yet, mud will stick; and it is an unpleasant thing to think you live with a brother who has been even tacitly cognisant of a conspiracy. A man may not say "yes," but he may nod his head, and that generally means assent. Crime there could

be none, for to slay the Sultan would have only been zeal for the Koran. Then the thousands of soldiers clamouring for their right, were they to be mowed down like the old Janissaries, or paid, and so confessed to be the Sultan's pretorian masters? A small, strong man, regardless of a thousand yelling turbans, would have felled the growing hydra; the small, weak man patted it on the head, and threw it sops to stay its hundred mouths: willing to wound, the Sultan was afraid to strike. This Augustulus instantly flung the soldiers their eight months' pay, and began to grant the very reforms that this conspiracy was organized to obtain. Let a dog bite you once with impunity, and it takes no prophet to know what reception you will meet with from that dog the next time you pass the dangerous door. But fools learn nothing, and forget nothing, as Napoleon said of the wretched, worn-out Bourbons. It will yet be seen if this weak man will stop his selfish vice and reckless palace-building; probably he will, but only for a time. Palace-building is his one idea, his one amusement, his one taste, his one special extravagance. What can the most blue-devilled, yawning potentate in the world, do without his palace-building? It is his one exertion, to watch the builders: his one excitement, to arrange matters with his European upholsterers: his one intellectual amusement, to be earwigged by the castle in Spain architect: his one financial bit of business to look over his architect's

bill: his one great change for the year, to move from the last but one river palace to the very last—the bran new one. Besides, pray pity the sorrows of the poor weak man, who, having lost his own religion and got no better, is obliged to fill up the vacancy with the inevitable substitute, *superstition*. The sultan is superstitious, and is said to believe, as tenaciously as he can believe anything, that Allah will not let him die as long as he has a palace in a state of incompletion; so on he goes building, and his bills grow faster than his buildings.

This superstition, like most others, I imagine is very old; it is just a fossil bit of Paganism, like our English witch creed, our amulets, and our charms. In Spain they seldom (for instance) finish a church, partly from want of funds, and partly from a belief that this incompletion checks the devil's envy, and chokes off the evil eye. The dread of exciting the bad spirit's envy, is as old as the Ionian Greeks (vide the ring of Polycrates, and the story of Crœsus and Solon, in Herodotus). In Greece, too, I have heard legends of a certain mad French duchess, who kept building houses under the same belief, but who died at last, in spite of her recipe, her truthful doctor's assurances, Ninon de l'Enclos cosmetic, and everything.

So at least the sultan has precedent for his folly —was there ever folly without precedents?—and

those who think him a courageous imbecile are mistaken, and accuse him falsely, for he is only a cowardly one, and will give his poor down-trodden people just whatever they force from him. He will promise, and shuffle, and retract, as frightened kings do and have done.

The fact is (between ourselves) that sultan is in a position compared with which a naked man fallen into a pit full of live hedgehogs, or Professor Moler poking his spectacled head into what he thought was an empty beehive, but which, unfortunately for the acute St. John's-wood Professor, turned out to be unusually full and busy, are as trifles not worthy a place in a business man's diary. I would rather light my chamber fire with a powder barrel, or let off bomb shells for fun at an evening party, than I would sit on that man's—that Eastern shadow's—throne.

In the first place, because I should have to sit and be thumbscrewed and politely bullied by those stiff-legged European ambassadors, knowing resistance to be hopeless, and that the delay would only lead to more dreadful audiences and boredom unending; secondly, because of that unpleasant bowstring which, somehow or other, cut it often as you may, will still go on twisting in some part of Stamboul; thirdly, because I should have to govern a stupid, rebellious people, who have just discovered the logical power of multitude, and that palace-building (delightful as it is) is not what kings were put on the throne for; also,

because there are at present in Stamboul at least ten thousand armed and sullen Circassians, sore at defeat, rankling and vexed at their flight from the Russians, enraged at being starved off with promises, and refused even hospitality—which has ever been the golden and unchanging virtue of every Mahometan, be he rich or poor. In those rude carts, that are now jolting them off to a new home in Anatolia, I have seen regiments of silver-banded matchlocks; at the waist of every one of those angry, dauntless men, there is at this moment (unless it has gone to be ground) a huge double-edged dagger, broad as the palm of your hand: a weapon as terrible as the Roman gladium, and very like it. Given (as logicians say) a sudden revolt, what would stop some thousands of these northern warriors, burning with defeat, from hewing a bloody way to that gilded palace of Sardanapalus — Lord Stratford's kind friend—and then and there chopping him as small as minced veal, to show him what a Sultan merits who promised the brave children of Schamyl fourpence a week and never paid them. But here I am moralizing and politicizing; so I will return and get back to that crowded street—crowded as the road to Noah's Ark, and with much such a motley set of animals—leading from Galata to Pera: from the Genoese tower, in fact, to my destination (inevitable, for I am an Englishman), the Hotel that is called Misseri's. I turn and face the blue Bosphorus that

lies softly below, dividing the Turkish from the Christian quarter of Stamboul. Away there further, I know lie Prinkipo and its sister islands, and further stretches the blue breaker line of Asia Minor. Slowly my eye passes through all these delicious changes, and then, travelling up into the higher sky, still craves more beauty and more magic. Can that be earth still, that glorified bar of golden cloud, through which a broken line of white gleams, like the angel that threads a dream?

"Why, Chilibi," says the porter, gnawing some chesnuts at the street corner, "that is Mount Olympus."

CHAPTER III.

THE LATE INSURRECTION IN TURKEY.

THE scene opens at Misseri's Hotel on the hill of Pera, the only European hotel in Constantinople, including, in that great-sounding, many-memoried word, as well the old triangular city of Constantinople, on this side, as Galata, the old Genoese quarter, on the other side of the Golden Horn.

That moment, owing to the heat of Turkey, I was slighty bilious, and was meditating blue-pill, which, when a man is looking blue, and has a yellow white to his eye, is always what your attendant medical blue-devil suggests, if he cannot rouse you to open your dressing-case and look over your razors, or to unlock your gun case, and read, broodingly, the venerated names of Manton or of Egg.

I was just down from the Belvidere, or flat-roofed terrace which crowns the pleasant hotel of King Misseri, to use Homeric epithets, "the despotic, the strong-willed, the high-charging." I had been up there with half a dozen Misseriotes, projectors, attachés, Queen's messengers, officers, clergymen,

and agreeable young ladies, watching a Constantinople sunset, and the subsequent short twilight and sudden drop of night, till the black magician rods of the cypress, so lately red hot bars of fire, stood out, pillar-like and ghostly dark, against a pearly, ambery moon, in her virginal first-quarter. But the sunset is neither here nor there, if I should use all my palette of flamy colours, even though I rose in a proper gamut from dark clove—pink red, the colour of pulpit-cushion velvet, to the burning white of a Christmas wood fire—yea, though I topped Titian and out-paradoxed the great art apostle.

Remembering suddenly, with a bilious pang, that I am not the Rambler, I return down the stairs leading from King Misseri's roof, and, turning the key, am in No. 45, the small bedroom allotted me by the great king of monopoly. It is worth describing, though only indirectly, the conditions of that room, because it was a type of the semi-European room in general, as modified by Perote necessities and the genius of the Turkish climate. It was a gaunt, bare-boned-looking room, its floor a skeleton of bare planks, unclothed with carpet, for the sake of coolness; it contains a wiry-looking bed, looking like the first sketch of a gigantic bird-cage, with faded green mosquito curtains instead of bars, and, instead of the cage wood-work, thin rods of iron painted green; the walls are stencilled with flowers. For furniture, a bad sofa that resembled a sarcophagus, a rickety

washstand, and a chest of drawers that served for toilet-table. My window was winged with Venetian sun-shutters, and a small table, for my volumes of the *Arabian Nights* and my Turkish books, and a few chairs made up part of the total, for which King Misseri, fortressed in the proud strength of a regal monopoly, had the courier's conscience to demand eighteen and a half francs a day—putting us all (including even the Italian princess and the Moldavian boyards) on a prison fare of two meals a day.

I looked round my room for my old friends, the mosquitoes. I listened for the little humming bugle they are always practising on. I heard nothing but the creaking tramp of a restless man in No. 34 pacing overhead. I looked with regret for my scorpion; it was too new and whitewashed for that. My window commanded no great prospect; the blue sabre-blade curves of the Bosphorus, with its processional train of consuls' villas and pashas' palaces, were hid from me by brown tile roofs. The gewgaw new Italian palace of the fool Sultan, down there at Tophana, by the "Cannon gate," the centre to which all the spider lines of a vast conspiracy, working unknown as yet to me, tended, was veiled from me by Frank houses, staring white and yellow merchants' and consuls' palaces. That fool's paradise, just below there to the left, at the bottom of a steep lane under my windows, that water-side Rosherville bit of godless luxury and wicked waste of a wronged country's wealth, down

by the water-side, was at that moment, though I did not know it, standing on a black gulf of gunpowder —a great bombshell of ruin ready to burst hung poised over its sham cornices and meretricious upholstery. At that moment pale-faced dervishes were twining green silk bowstrings for his especial edification; some ten thousand mutinous soldiers, unpaid for eight months (some said on good authority, afterwards, fourteen thousand), were buzzing angrily in Pera and in Scutari barracks; pashas were whispering; moolahs were muttering; the great black devil was everywhere egging on good men to bad, and bad men to worse; and there, in a drunken sleep over his third bottle of champagne, sat the imbecile breaker of Mahomet's law, unconscious as the pig busy in his trough is of the blue-frocked butcher who, knife in hand, is stealing round the sty. As in the palace in the old fairy story, its inner life went on. The harem sang, and danced, and prattled, and made itself ill with perpetual sweetmeats; the Sultan drank and dreamed of fresh palaces; the vizier dozed over his jasmin-stemmed chibouk; the black eunuchs grinned and frowned; the slipper-bearer and the coffee-cup carrier quarrelled; the sentinels talked across the gateways, wondering why the hour had not come—and all this time the great rain-cloud, big with thunder of a people's wrath, and double-shotted with lightning-shafts and bullets, pressed lower and lower upon that fool's house, built on sand, upon that

empire raised on a morass, won by force and lost by sin and folly—twin monarchs. The great wrath day was closing; the match was creeping towards the touch-hole; another moment, and there might have been but an empty room with a blood splash near the door—but a few hot cinders to show where the new palace had stood.

I am still looking into drawers and crevices, as I always do in new hotels, considering it my duty to act as residuary legatee to the last occupant of the room. It was an old Bastille custom to search in the wood ashes and the cracks of planks for bits of writing and relics of the penultimate man. So I do it. I find two or three yellow flower leaves, a cigarette, and a mother-of-pearl button, which is not much, but serves to build fancies on, when—

Clash!—bang!!—bong!!!

Good heavens! is the house on fire, or are the gray-coated Muscovites storming this dead city? A tap at the door:—

"*Monsieur, le dîner.*"

It is the dinner bell—it will ring again in ten minutes. What instinct is it that makes me think there is something frightened and preoccupied in that rat-faced waiter Alexis's voice? I look in the glass, brush in hand. I am perfect, all but a *coup de grace* to the left whisker. I issue with the satisfaction of a hungry man, down the long Misseri's first-floor corridor. No. 41 is putting out his boots, as if he

were knocked up and going to bed; from No. 33 a family party of English emerge. I pass between the funny old coloured engravings of the Leaning Tower of Pisa and the Coliseum at Rome, where the figures are of uncrinolined ladies, with bare arms and little bolster sleeves close to the shoulder and waist, and up nearly to the armpits. I turn down some steps, pass through a sort of hall-drawing-room, filled with Venetian clocks and expensive tourist trifles, huddled together in rather a sale-room way, and am in a moment down the two-winged hotel staircase, and in the lower ante-room, where some thirty people are gathered for dinner.

The inane-looking red-and-white young Russian officer is on the Turkish sofa, whispering pretty, foolish, honeymoon nonsense into the pink shell ear of his Italian wife; the handsome young Jew banker from Beyrout is trying to settle a difference of opinion between his pale, impassive, statue-like wife and a friend, a dissipated, gentlemanly Belial, who seems, to my innocent English eyes, painfully like the wife's lover; two American missionaries at one table are discussing the Japanese religion with a pale young American invalid, whose red fez covers a shaven head, the result of thirty days' fever in Damascus. Two attachés, fresh from England, are examining a silver-mounted matchlock that stood near the door; while a bearded German doctor, fresh from Erzeroum, harangues upon a pretty model of one of the Bosphorus swallow

boats that stands on a sideboard between the two windows.

The glass folding-doors leading to the dining saloon are thrown open. King Misseri sends his herald to tell us that dinner is ready. We pour in—the ladies streaming first, with silken sail and flowing ribbon—and we take our places.

Indiscriminately? Not we! No, by priority of coming—the oldest inhabitant of the hotel at our head, the latest comer at the bottom. The places are indicated by the silver bracelet, with the number of your bed-room on it, ringing the snowy napkin that lies folded like a letter on your plate. The men begin at their rolls as if they were just washed in from a raft. Three nervous new comers in a hot bunch at my end of the table begin to rumple their spotless napkins and to pour out stage-like goblets of the thin prison fare of pleasantly acid Medoc, to which our lord and master, King Misseri, generously stints us; soup, with twining Medusa hair of white vermicelli in a sop in it, is rapidly distributing, when a pale-faced waiter, sliding in, whispers out the portly and self-confident landlord, whose rule is to never leave the room during dinner.

An instinct of something wrong seizes the room; the waiters, smoking soup-plate in hand, whisper in knots. The white-capped cook peers out from behind the screen that hides the kitchen-doors, his usually red-burnt face white as his jacket; the *valets*

de place, standing round the buffet, mutter loud in Greek, Turkish, Persian, and French.

There is something wrong—every one at table, even the new comers, feel it in the very air; all but one fat-faced Falstaff of an old English merchant, who seizes the moment to help himself to a side dish, only put on the table for ornament.

In a moment Misseri reappears, his wily face pregnant with secrets; half drawn, half instinctively, he slides over the padded Turkey carpet towards the oldest inhabitant at the head of the table, and whispers to him, hotly, earnestly, and long.

The dinner resumes: again the knives and forks work in unity on thirty plates; yet slowly, but surely, the secret spreads round the table. A great conspiracy had been detected, a conspiracy to murder all the Christians. The European reforms were to have been choked and stifled; all the artillery were implicated; fourteen thousand men, soldiers and others, were suspected, or known to have agreed to rise in arms; and lastly, the Sultan himself, the successor of the Prophet—the wine-bibbing, worn-out debauchee, the effete Sardanapalus of a dead nation, was to have been assassinated on his way to the great mosque of Sultan Achmed that borders on the Hippodrome.

Soldiers were in every street, and at every door, bayonets ready and sabres drawn. It was not safe to go across the bridge of boats to Stamboul. Arrests

were taking place as fast as the regiments could be filed off in detachments from the great barracks on the hills of Pera and Scutari. If the Seven Towers were anything but stately ruins, they would soon be full. Fish of the Bosphorus, leap for joy, for to-night ye shall feast on moolahs and pashas! Wild dogs of Scutari, howl in a chorused frenzy of delight, for to-morrow at daybreak ye shall be tugging at the grey beards of traitorous dervishes and rebel dragomans!

Silently our dinner ended: quietly it had begun, whisperingly had it passed by. The ladies half-frightened, half anxious, withdrew from us the bright starlight of their eyes, and retired to their up-stair rooms. No piquet that night; no race of white and crimson balls that evening over the golden green billiard cloth in the Armenian café; no pleasant exhibition of bazaar purchases; no competition and wagers on rival daggers and Damascus sword-blades; no cutting pennies in two, or driving Erzeroum poniards through five-franc pieces.

No; that night was spent in anxious talking, and in listening to the last rumours from without, brought us by King Misseri, from the pale lips of boatmen and porters, as they came in with messages or burdens from Galata, Therapia, or Stamboul. The horror grew with the uncertainty, we seemed (we Europeans) to have gone back at a leap to the days of Omar and of Ali. It was a disagreeable

thing to be murdered in evening dress, and after dinner seemed to me (they all stupidly laughed when I said so) a most ill-chosen and unpleasant time to have one's throat cut. As for resistance, there was not a gun in all the hotel but the ponderous, absurd, impossible matchlock, ringed with silver, that stood in one corner of the ante-room (and had for five years), waiting for a green traveller to buy it.

One can't do much with a penknife, and there was not a poker in the place. As for King Misseri, I think numerous courier sins rose with a sense of seasickness in his throat, and he retired for a "little finger" of Cognac. As for Mrs. Misseri, she was on her knees in a back parlour, comforted in vain by Fanny, the housekeeper.

Towards night we began to cheer up a little, for rumours more comforting came in. The conspirators (sixty thousand strong—how the story grew!) had kindly consented to put off the massacre of the Christians till the 4th of October. All was safe at present. The arrests were going on faster than ever. It was feared the Howling Dervishes would excite the mob. The Pasha of Albania was to be seized, or his pashalik would revolt. They had met some of the leading mullahs walking to prison in the centre of hollow squares of soldiers. It was now discovered that the priests had had scruples about shedding the Sultan's blood, and had, therefore, after much dis-

cussion, agreed not to shed it, but to stone or strangle him, or both, there being as much to be said for stoning as for the pleasanter but sharper death of strangling.

Later still, towards midnight, the reports grew more ghastly and lyingly accurate. (Always distrust a liar the more careful and accurate he becomes.) A boatman had just told the odd man of the hotel, who told Antonio, the smiling dragoman, who told Misseri, that an hour ago, as he was returning home round the old palace, from fishing in the Sea of Marmora, he had heard distinctly groans and screams, and splashing and struggling, as of desperate men overcome by violence, and drowned one after the other, with a beating of water, and a bubbling gurgle. It was said that every night for a week these executions would take place. There could be no doubt about it; such things were common in Mahmoud, the father's, time—why not now? We had all heard of the substitute for the Divorce Court adopted by the Turks.

We were mute and staring intent with horror on the speaker, whom no one presumed to doubt, when a young queen's messenger—Mr. Lacy Rocket, who had been yawning for some time so dislocatingly wide and often that I had thought that even the massacre of the Christians would have been an amusement to him—suggested intrepidly, and with great *savoir vivre*, to go down to the bridge, take

a kijik, and spend the night cruising about, hearing and seeing secrets. We were to charter one of those swallow-boats, as they are called, from their lightning swiftness, and with lamps on each side of the row-locks, as is the Bosphorus custom, float and dart about round the old river wall, and underneath the cypresses of the palace gardens, and round the galley-like beak of the old Seraglio, and wherever from sewer mouth or water-gate dead men with blue throats and staring eyes might wash or pour forth.

The project was timidly, yet unanimously agreed to; but, just as we were buttoning up to sally out, our curiosity overpowering our fear, some one suggested—I think it was Rocket, the *attaché*—that the gate at Galata was closed and double-barred every night at nine; that at the same time the gates of all the various quarters of Stamboul city clanged to with one accord; that, even supposing Turkish sentinels were bribed or eluded, the patrol boat on the river would be sure to stop and overhaul our kijik; and that, in fact, to use Rocket's words, it was all "U. P." with our chivalrous plan.

So to bed we went, to dream of cataracts of shaven heads; to see yataghans pouring down Constantinople streets like so much liquid lightning; to see the Sultan without his head trying in vain to smoke his chibouk. Then I had a wrestle as of pain, and my busy, busy brain drew me forth unto the sea, and all round me to the lea, larboard, starboard, far and

near, floated things that made me fear—headless men, and corpses gashed, gory children stabbed and lashed, and the Bosphorus's black mouth—— But here the warm simmering of rhyme chilled in my lips, as before me, from the Bosphorus emptying itself into the sea, my whole dream was filled with a rolling heap of bodies, driven along in one fierce torrent of blood; the sky—— I woke with a start: it was a curdling grey daybreak, and the only sound I could hear was the sleepy prate of the Turkish soldiers in the little booth of a guard-house opposite the hotel, and, in the far distance, down the knobly high-street of Pera, the clink and ring of the great iron-bound staves of the Turkish watchmen, a sort of noise resembling the first clink of a paviour's crow-bar, which, continued without intermission during the night, is amiably intended to show that they (the custodes) are wide awake, that there is no fire, and that everything is right.

But this is by the way. Just as I had cleared away the fish at breakfast, and was working with rapid strides towards a little juicy pad of a steak, garnished with frizzled circles of our old friend, who has lately had such severe family misfortunes—I refer to the potato, Rocket, who sat opposite to me, and was washing a great bunch of chrysolite grapes in a tumbler of water, whispered across the table-cloth that he had something more to communicate to me about the conspiracy.

I lent him an ear—nay, two eager ears. He (Rocket) had been up early—he had found it was the right thing to do—when, just as he stepped out, dripping like a water-god, and was rubbing himself to a lobstery pink with his flesh-brush, what should he hear, but a discharge of muskets from the direction of the great artillery barracks on the hill. Now, he had put his foot into it once or twice: had betted on Fish-hook, a brown horse he thought especially the Stilton, at last year's Ascot, and had once proposed to a ravishing blonde, who, he found, had been two years engaged to Muff, of the Rifles; but mistaken about platoon firing, and the sort of thing that goes on at military executions, &c., he could not be—no, Jupiter, no! not for a pony down, would he admit that! There was first the file fire, running along like Screechini—that splendid creature!—rippling her fingers along the Broadwood key-board, down again second file, up again third file, then half a dozen dropping shots to bring down the wounded or to blow out the brains of the poor devils that were only slightly cut over. "Horrible, demme!" And he slipped into his mouth one of the largest grapes, I think, Eastern sun ever sweetened.

A tour in the East makes a man a good story-teller. Now, the first art of story-telling is to excite interest, the second to create a feeling of suspense, the third to keep up that suspense, till the moment the shell bursts, and the curtain rises on the red fire

sunset, or the golden daybreak of the final catastrophe. If I was to tell the reader now how far these rumours were true or false, I should be an ass, a fool, and not meet to be called a storyteller; so with more and more startling rumours I shall break off at present, and leave it for another time to sift truth from falsehood, the visions of fear from the strong clear glimpses of cool-eyed truth, and to explain, to the best of my poor historical philosophy, the motives of the Turkish conspirators, the causes that led to the frustrated rebellion, and conclude with considering the probable results of a successful though stifled outbreak on the fate of Turkey, its ill-won empire in Asia Minor, and the still enslaved portions of Greece.

But now to send up another firework, and give you the last rumour, the most horrible of all, but of which, if half was falsehood, half at least was truth. It was an hour after breakfast, and I was in Misseri's hall, turning over the great lined leaves of the king's Visitors' Book, with wondering side glances at a notice wafered up on the wall above it, to the effect that—

"The Pera Cricket Club would meet at Balthaliman for the usual practice, on Tuesday and Thursday of that week."

(Oh, the pig-headed British love of habit and of established follies! — cricket in weather enough to make the ball red-hot, and to blister the bats!)

I read anon the entries:—

"Major Damanoff, of the Russian Imperial Guard.

"Prince Zuchanass, from Georgia.

"Doctor Hyperbole, from Berlin, on his way to Persia, to join a German embassy.

"M. Bécasse, propriétaire—country, France.

"Darcy Jobson, propriétaire—England."

Some one touched me on the shoulder. It was Rocket again, with his great straw-coloured bamboo stick under his shooting-jacket arm. More about the conspiracy: I could see it written on the very cigarette he was twiddling into shape between his slim thumb and forefinger.

He had just been strolling down to Banbury's, and had picked up a thing or two: met four dervishes led by soldiers.

The Sultan had slept last night, for the first time since his boyhood, in the old Seraglio; he supposed for fear of the conspirators. Gabble had told him, too, as he looked in at the Ottoman Bank, that Jaffir Pasha, a fellow with no great character, in fact a bit of a rip, had been arrested last night on account of his European leanings, that on his way to prison in a kijik, guarded by soldiers, he had suddenly shaken off the men, sprang into the water, and been drowned; none of the boats had yet succeeded in bringing up the rascal's body. With him it was thought—so the fellows at Banbury's said, and at the bitter ale stores too—perished great secrets; so Wiffin

said—Wiffin, the head man at Banbury's—Banbury's right hand.

Before I had retailed this story twice at the billiard-room, I was told that the whole thing was a trick. Somebody had seen somebody, who was told by somebody, who proved to be a nobody, that that very night Jaffir Pasha was drowned in the Bosphorus he appeared wet and dirty before his wife in a room of his palace near Buyukderé, or somewhere along shore, tied up his jewels, belted up his money, saddled his best horse, and was off to take ship for some Greek island, where Turkish refugees generally repair—a sort of floating Leicester-square near Scio (Show, as they call it). Diving and sinking were the same things, only that diving implies a voluntary act, and an intention to come up again to daylight. A third report represented him skilfully released by the pretended enraged and astonished guards, who, seeing him dive, lost all traces of their prisoner, till, out of the corner of one eye (left eye), they observed him clamber up the side of a convenient Greek fruit vessel, just under sail, and steer off to the land of the freest and slipperiest people of the world.

Banbury had seen somebody who had seen the dead body; while Pericles, a Greek merchant in the drysalting way, had seen somebody who had met Jaffir hurrying to Albania.

But Jaffir Pasha and his drown or dive, death

or escape, were quite forgotten, when, at dinner, Rocket, who, when not actually on the seas between Stamboul and London, in guard of despatch-bags, devoted his whole life to collecting political and other gossip, burst forth with actual news from head-quarters of the examination of the conspirators.

Their leaders had been brought up (this was a day or two after the night of the arrest) before the Sultan himself, and confronted with his brother, whom they had intended to have raised to the throne. No complicity of the brother's had been proved; but the high bearing and insolent fanatic answers of one of the chief rebels had so enraged a pasha present (who, perhaps, feared their disclosures), that, as they went forth under the crimson curtain that covered the door from the Sultan's presence, he (the pasha), in a whirlwind of prudent yet righteous wrath, slashed out his sabre and lopped off the chief conspirator's head.

Here one or two of the ladies screamed, and then sipped their wine in a pretty, conventional, bird-like way.

Another man here broke in (sweeping away Rocket's last sentence, at which he frowned and knuckled his roll) with a story, also retailed from Banbury, of the examination of the smaller fry—the artillery captains—before the minister of war. Brutally and fiercely insulted and bayonet-pricked, they had been dragged from a temporary prison—

the very den of filth and starvation—before the great man, not many years ago, I believe, a barber's man, or some such playful but unintellectual trade. But, to the horror and astonishment of the officers, courtiers, pimps and parasites, not one of them had blenched or quailed—not one of them had betrayed even a fear: musket-barrel, sword-blade, they stood there, iron like the demi-gods! unshaken as Atlas; no threat or menace made eye quiver or lip whiten.

"No," they said; "by Ullah! (Allah,) we have done right; by the beard of the Prophet it's thou and not we that hast defiled the Koran and put out the sun with lies."

I don't know how long our friend would have continued this Oriental and dramatic attempt to realize a doubtful and not too veracious rumour, had not Rocket, who had from some other Banbury at the consulate also picked up the story, borne down on him with the restless tongue and charge-of-cavalry voice of a young barrister, and told us the end of the story in his own manner.

It was all right about the fellows' pluck; those sort of fellows always, you know, had brass enough. Stiffback, whose dragoman was present, told him that there was never anything like the cheek of the fellows. What do you think one of them—a moolah, too—did? Why, he up and told the vizier that he was the son of a dog, and that he remembered him a

miserable barber, hungry for paras (halfpence), and that, if he had had the power, he would have slain the vizier's father on the grave of the vizier's mother, made slaves of his children, and sold his daughters as slaves to the butchers' men of Stamboul. This fellow they would have gagged and dragged out; but he then actually went on to prove from the Koran itself, which he quoted accurately, that wine was an unlawful drink, hateful to Ullah, brewed by Eblis, and the horror and abhorrence of every true believer; therefore, as the Sultan habitually drank wine—yea, even to intoxication—and was guilty of various other crimes forbidden by the Law and the Prophet, it became the duty of every true Mussulman to help to depose such a monarch as worthy—no, not to live.

"Plucky, wasn't it?" said Rocket, looking round for admiration; upon which, a severe high Tory clergyman present did something violent to his white tie, and groaned, "Shocking!"

Now, as the Sultan, as is perfectly well known to every Perote, from the Boots that is at Misseri's hotel to the very valet that dresses the ambassador, repairs nightly at a certain hour to a kiosk, lamp-lit and gorgeous, not far from Tophana—the place of cannons—and doth there foolishly, selfishly, and sottishly bedrink himself unroyally drunk with bottle after bottle of champagne, till the said infidel breaker of the Prophet's law is rolled into a strong Persian

shawl by four black eunuchs, reverent of snoring royalty, and shovelled into his bed,—I thought the good conservative man's indignation a little too vehement, but I said nothing.

One thing, however, I really ascertained from the various jarring rumours: that a great conspiracy—some said anti-European; others, pro-European—had just been seized by the throat, and dragged certainly to prison, and probably to death. As far as I could hear, some *fourteen thousand* soldiers and civilians had hands or feet in it. Progressive or reactionary, there were engaged in it not merely vulgar cut-throats and discontented artillerymen, but great pashas (Albania, for instance), colonels, men of state, priests, dervishes, government employés, and, most startling of all, the heads of the universities, the sort of filtered-out saints, and theologians who guide the state Mahometanism, advise the Sultan, and, indeed, rising through examination after examination, are really archbishops of the Turkish Church, and rank next in power and influence to the great Defender of Islam himself. In their rebellion, Mahometanism itself had, as it were, risen to push the imbecile son of Mahmoud from his microscopic throne.

As for the objects of the intended rebellion, it was enough for me then (being still in a chronic state of gaping curiosity) to know that the conspirators (betrayed by a young artillery subaltern) wished to make the Sultan appoint responsible ministers, on pain of

deposition or death; to lock up his champagne cellar; to stop the poor sot's mad and prodigal expenditure in endless and unintermitting palace-building; to get the army (eight months in arrears) duly paid; to cut down the pashas' salaries; and to resist (or increase—here men differed) European influence.

This, also, no one could doubt: that the conspirators, expecting instant death, and believing the sabres were then grinding for their special edification, manifested at their cross-examinations no fear, nay, rather the proud exultation of good men prepared to die for a good and stainless cause; that they had boldly laid their fettered hands on certain passages of the Koran, and so utterly disconcerted the time-serving judges, that they had dismissed them, downcast and dumbfoundered. There could be no doubt that the conspiracy had been a deeply ramified one, spreading from the loftiest mosque to the lowliest hut, no possible doubt that the Sultan's mad, Sardanapalian palace-building, and undisguised love of the grape, was rapidly leading to that great crop which, in fact, always springs up so dreadful and sudden when a fool, who builds palaces on sand, takes the whim into his head to sow the whirlwind's seed.

As this was telling, a lull fell on the motley Misseri guests. Pearl-sewn slippers from the bazaar, scented Indian beads, Turkish saffron-coloured to-

bacco—all the day's purchases—were forgotten. One only bit of news comforted us ; that was the report that the massacre of the Christians, announced for the fourth, was, we understood, now put off till the fourteenth.

CHAPTER IV.

DANCING AND HOWLING DERVISHES.

I DO not know how other people felt that quiet Sunday morning in the English chapel at Pera, but I confess I felt something like one of the early Christians worshipping by stealth in some hole or corner of Diocletian's Rome during the most burning heat of that monster's persecution. Somehow or other I felt rather ashamed of myself; whether it was the trim dulness of the building which seemed to exist only on tolerance and to have hid itself, like a summer-house in a dusty garden, out of sheer timidity; or whether there was something sneaking in the tolerated way we crept to church, distrustful of turbans, and timidly avoiding the gay Greeks rollicking at the little round marble tables of their cafés on the terrace above the burial-ground. You know how bad one feels after a hypocritically dull party. I confess I felt such a sham and a hypocrite at being ashamed of Christianity, that indeed at that moment I could have leaped on a horse and ridden, sabre in hand, full tilt at a whole

regiment of Turks. Toleration, indeed; and this is what the Crusaders' descendants have come to!

The congregation of well-dressed miserable sinners —Mrs. Misseri at a respectful distance from those more fashionable Christians who occupied her hotel's best rooms, a Christian attorney's daughters, and a few servants—did not fill a third of the church. I am afraid those solemn prayers and praises of the old saints and martyrs, kings and confessors, fell on dull ears. I think that sublime Te Deum that rose to heaven like incense, a chorus of angels following it with their song, came from the gloomy Rev. Mr. Dummil's mouth shorn of its epic grandeur, as if he despaired of response from the mere lifeless loungers at an Oriental hotel. I paid peculiar attention that morning to the purified Church service, so grand in its simplicity, and consecrated by the use of so many centuries, because I and Rocket were going directly after the sermon to see the dancing dervishes at their convent chapel close by. The plain white robe barred with crimson scarf, the grave black gown, had to me that morning a new aspect. The prayers that children can understand and the wisest men cannot surpass, I was soon to compare with the shouted sentences of Mahomet's impure book, that poor rambling poem stuffed with garbled Scripture stories—those undemonstrative Christians with fanatics wild as Grecian Bacchanalians or Roman priests of Mars. I was going to see the sleeping tiger of

Mahometanism, rampant, bloodthirsty, and in the old attitude of dangerous rapacity and fierceness. I was going to see one of the most curious and wild sect of Mahometan dissenters perform their magic rites. I had read of the shrieks and moanings of American camp-meetings, of the groans and fits of Wesley's open-air praying mobs, of the Flagellants of the Middle Ages, of the knavish Convulsionnaires of France, of the ravings of the Pythoness of Delphi, of the ecstatic visions of Swedenborg in Pentonville, but here I expected to see something peculiarly strange and un-European, something specially indicative that I was among men of a new race and a new faith. That the dervishes' rites were not ludicrous waltzing extravagances, as the mere pedant traveller generally describes them, I felt quite sure.

The sermon over, we hurried out in the usual eager, relieved way, peculiar to English fashionable Christians; and while the "two or three" went to their "divers places," I and Rocket moved straight for the dervishes' convent, about one being the usual time that their service commenced. After some zig-zagging, arising from Rocket's fine topographical head, obtained, as he assured me, by much foxhunting in a difficult country, some crawling up burning steep streets, and much hurrying down sloping alleys, being led and directed by Greeks north, south, east, and west, we at last reached a small iron garden gate and found ourselves at the convent.

"I thought we should nick it," Rocket said, as he lifted the latch with all the calm triumph of a man who has never made a false step in all his life.

We were in a small enclosure, at the end of which a flight of stone steps led to the dervishes' chapel, the doors of which were open. Opposite the doors were some outbuildings, where I could see dervishes putting on their dancing robes, and arranging, smilingly, their brown felt caps. Outside these cottage sheds was a great heap of earth, thrown up as if from an immense plague-pit, which, it bethought me (the conspiracy still hanging over us), might have been dug with the best intentions, to receive the bodies of the murdered Christians of Pera, including your humble servant. In plain fact, however, I believe the enormous hole was intended merely for the vulgar purpose of a well; perhaps to supply a fountain for religious ablution, or even for the more material and culinary purposes of the convent.

On a little terrace by the door stood an old grey-bearded Turk, in a faded yellow flowered dressing-gown, and shuffling red slippers, whom, I felt convinced, I had met before somewhere in the *Arabian Nights*. He dangles in his wrinkled brown hand a string of tickets, which I find are duplicates for the shoes left in his keeping at the entrance, for no one is allowed to enter a chapel or mosque but with bare feet. Till the time to begin, we sit on a second flight of steps, leading to a large wing of the convent, and buy

luncheon of a cake merchant, who is there with his stand, talking to the American consul's kawass, whose silver-mounted pistols and gilt sabre give him a sham state look, half fierce, half absurd. The cake is yellow and spongy, and beautifully clean and well made, as Turkish street food always is. We "put away," as Rocket called it, some ponderous slices, and by this time a hand-clapping at the door, the kawass's signal, announces that we may enter.

We find ourselves in a square, flat-roofed room, the floor of which is covered with coarse straw-coloured matting. Little jelly-glass oil lamps hung in circles from the ceiling. A low open work railing, with balustrades, shuts in the centre enclosure where the dancing was to take place, to about the height of the altar rails in an English church. Round this we squatted, cross-legged—at least those of us who could bear that torture. Rocket could not, and said "no one but a d——d Turk could," which was envious, and unworthy of that great spirit whose ancestor "had fought at the battle of Evesham." All round the room ran a gallery, latticed like a dairy window, behind which birdcage trellising women were admitted, and in an open part of which, opposite the niche facing Mecca, sat the reader and the musicians, who, as soon as the sheikh entered, began to "play him in" with a soft breathing of "Lydian flutes," and a wild, solemn, monotonous hand-tapping of drums strained over earthen Eyoub jars.

One by one the brotherhood came in, and, entering the low wicket, took their places in a circle round the balustrade, each first falling down, and touching the floor with his forehead, before the sacred niche, above which was a great painted legended scutcheon, blue and gilt. One wore a girdled folding brown robe; another, a purple one; a third, a black; a fourth, a green; a fifth, a chocolate-coloured garment; but of all the thirty-four, not one shone in crimson, blue, or yellow; a Quaker-like sobriety of colour seemed the fashion of the sect; each, too, had the brown, flower-pot, felt cap, and under it a white one; each of them wore under his coloured wrapper a white jacket, a white inner coat, folded across the breast, short, loose, white drawers, and a white petticoat reaching nearly to the ankles, with a weighted quilted border, to balance the dancers, I suppose, in their mystical gyrations.

Just as I had gone through the faces of these fanatics, naming each man in my own mind, as a shepherd marks his sheep, to connect them with some special mark of recognition—as one, "the Roman Nose;" another, "the Old Boy;" a third, "the Fat Negro;" a fourth, "the Young Soldier;" and so on—the sheikh rose from his prostrations on the red rug, which served him for prayer-carpet, and, standing up in his tea-green robe, scarfed with black, a green turban bandaging round his felt cap, began to intone the Fatha, or initiatory prayer of the Moslems, as

the low hissing reed flute and calabash drum grew now more uproarious and rejoicing than ever.

"I'm told they waltz like blazes," whispered Rocket, who had been staring hard and inconsequentially at the great white wax candles, with blue bands circling them, that stood on either side of the Mecca niche, which corresponds in the mosque to the altar in English churches. The sheikh is a pale, ascetic-looking man, with sunken yet penetrating eyes, and is evidently of a mental calibre infinitely higher than the greasy, cheating, sly-looking fanatics who surround him. In a moment his eye had passed round the motley group of soldiers, Syrians, Arabs, Persians, Turks, and Franks who sat with us outside the rails, and I could see his keen glances sifting and dissecting us, the mere lounger from the observer, the mocker and sneerer from the respectful votary, classing us all in a moment, and then withdrawing his mind back again into its own dim chapel of passionate, secret, and silent belief. He had not to dance, he was not going to expose himself before the infidel by misplaced enthusiasm, by howl or shriek, by leaping or spinning round. His prayer was solemn and devout, as if it had come from a fourteenth century archbishop; his slow bendings, with pale hands upon his breast, were studies for a Spanish painter of Ribera's time. His voice was low, fervid, and beautifully modulated; a sweet look of resignation and suffering, as on the brow of a

martyr passing to the fire, was upon his face. That man had the countenance of a king, but of a king turned monk. You might hunt all the convents of Europe through, and not find so much intellect in a fanatic's face as was visible in that sheikh's.

All this time the breathing flute was not for a moment mute, hissing like a desert snake, stirring in the dry cane brake, soaring like a lark that springs to the sun with throbbing wings; so the music rose in whirls, as the incense mounts in curls; one, two, one, two, went the drum, never loud, yet never dumb; "one, two, one, two," went the drum, only throbbing, yet not dumb; one, two, two, one, went the drum.

Still now and then a dervish adjusting his newly donned robe, or pressing down his felt helmet, joined the squatting circle; first kneeling in prayer, then rising and kissing the sheikh's hand before he took his place. One of these late comers greeted "Roman Nose" with a sly smile, such as a thimble-rig man greets his "bonnet," the plethoric rich grazier, with; and I confess that smile a little turned my stomach. But then I am not of a charitable disposition, and am disposed to believe in any depth of human badness.

Round and round flew the sound of the flutes; from underground throbbed the drum, never loud, but never dumb; round and round flew the sound, —faster, faster, faster, faster, boding woe and dire

disaster. Like the furies circling hell, did those wild notes sink and swell; round and round, but underground, throbbed the drum, never loud, yet never dumb.

By such a chorus and poor rhythmical process alone can I hope to convey a sense of the excitement produced during ceremonies whose variations we could not follow by the unintermitting monotone of the drum, and the wild whirls and gyrations of the great dervish flutes, that I believe are blown by the nose, not by the mouth, and which, to the infinite good fortune of my friends, I could not succeed in bringing over to England, though they are occasionally seen for sale in the Stamboul bazaars.

"At last the muffs are going to begin," said Rocket, as the dervishes, brown, purple, black, and green, got in a row facing the niche and the big candles, and then bowing, suddenly fell on their knees, so exactly at the same moment that their horny knees thumped the polished floor as one man's knees; or, at least, if there was a difference, it was no more difference than between the first and last note of a rouladed piano scale, fired off by the swiftest and most dexterous of Thalberg's hundred fingers. Thump, thump, went the sixty-eight knees in two rows, while the sheikh, with both hands crossed upon his breast, bent low upon his prayer-rug.

And even yet, and all this time, like a solemn

cadenced rhyme, breathed the hollow-reeded flute, very hushed, yet never mute, breaking out with wild surprises, whispers soft and wailing rises; and, as if from underground, throbbed below the measured sound of the tight-strained echoing drum, never loud, yet never dumb.

Deeper grew the mystery, deeper the expectation, as the Koran reader above in the gallery began the appointed chapters of Mahomet's fervid rhapsody, half ejaculation, half hymn; and the brotherhood commenced slowly pacing processionally round the enclosure, past the sheikh, who gave them each his benediction as they went by.

But before this each of the dervishes had peeled off his dressing-gown robe, untwisted his scarf-girdle, and handed them both to an old brother, who seemed to act as master of the ceremonies; and they appeared lithe and active, though differing in age and degrees of corpulence, from the mere stripling to the heavy twelve-stoner, already perspiring by mere anticipation. Now, crossing their arms on their breast, placing the right hand on the left shoulder, and the left hand on the right shoulder, they began to file past the sheikh, bowing as they passed him, then turning to bow to the next comer, who, in his turn, bowed too, both to his predecessor and successor.

Now, the master of the ceremonies having collected on his arm piles of cloaks, the barefooted men

prepare for the dance by tucking one flap of their white jackets within the other, and stretching out their arms horizontally, the right hand pointing downwards and the left stretched upwards, as I supposed, for balance and counterpoise, after the manner of boys sliding. Then, slowly pivoting round, one after the other, the dervishes began to get into motion, their naked feet performing skilfully a sort of waltzing step, which increased in speed as the music grew faster and faster.

"By Jove, sir, they're like so many teetotums!" said Rocket, delighted, in his vague, kindly, irrational way, as the bare brown feet swivelled round upon the polished planks, and the white petticoats bellied out like so many gyrating tents.

"I always thought I could waltz well," he said; "but, by Jove, sir, now I see these fellows, I find I am only a miserable duffer!"

The most astonishing part of the mystical circling dance was that, although the dozen or fourteen men twirled all round the enclosure, they never touched each other—no, not even the fringe of each other's garments.

And all this time the breathing flute, often hushed, but never mute, danced in echo circling round; and, as if from underground, came the murmur of the drum, very low, but never dumb.

I do not know if I can convey a notion of the step, though I watched it carefully, and was

close to the performers. In all cases the left foot was kept quite even to the floor. The dervish dancer grinding round slowly on the pivot of his hard heel, at the same time passed his right foot over the instep of the stationary foot, swaying round his body with its spreading bell of a white skirt, the twisting, screw-like folds of which gave it the appearance of the model of a chocolate-frother, cut out in white paper; with outstretched hands, and swaying robe, and staring, wrapt, or entranced eye, they seemed to me like so many brother magicians engaged in mystical planet worship. Not that the dervishes all wore the same aspect of stolid introspection. No. "Roman Nose" was going at it as if it was a matter of life or death, or a wager. I set him down as a fussy, simple-minded formalist. "Old Boy" was hot, but anxious. I concluded him to be a dupe. "Stripling" was conceited and showing off. I called him the "prima donna." "Fat-and-Forty" was spiteful and fanatical. "Negro" was calmly pleased and self-satisfied with the religious efficacy of the performance; and among them, stooping sometimes to escape contact with the whirling windmill hands, paced the master of the ceremonies, to see that all was done according to due ritual and precedent.

All this time the Indian flute, never hushed, yet never mute, breathed a cadence to the drum, never loud, yet never dumb.

But shall I forget the bystanders, so Oriental and characteristic, who shared stolidly with me, after their manner, my delight at this religious ballet? Was there not the Arab, his haik fastened round his head, with a Syrian scarf, striped red, and brown, and yellow, the fierce, half-broken-in camel-driver, with his spear never out of his hand? Was there not that tall, handsome, patient Persian, with the black curly wool cap, shaped like the mouth-piece of a clarionet, who stood strongly forth from the white wall background, when everybody at the prayer turned their faces to the niche that pointed to Mecca? Was there not the English groom, who did not know what to make of it; the fat-headed, fierce, belaced kawass; and one or two careless Turkish soldiers, who dropped in as to a morning concert? Then above, in the women's gallery, there were spectators, I was sure, for I could see the lattices darken or brighten as the door, admitting visitors, shut or opened; and sometimes I thought I could see laughing bright eyes, raining "influence" on us. Below, too, through the open windows looking out upon a sort of vine-hung garden wall, Greek women looked in at the brotherhood, circling round and round with energy untiring, as the flutes and unseen drum grew more rapturous and soaring in the minor key than ever. But of all the spectators, those who interested me the most were a troop of reckless Turkish children that stood crowing and chattering

in a sort of royal box that was raised on a platform higher than the area of the dancers, and opposite where I and Rocket squatted. There were two pretty sisters, trying to keep within bounds the caprice and restlessness of a lovely baby-boy loosely dressed in a round brown skull-cap, that tied under the chin, and a little flimsy skeleton suit of blue, pink, and yellow. Beautiful beyond even the ordinary beauty of Turkish children, this Puck raced in and out among the dancers, chattered to himself, clapped his fat little hands in royal approval, stared at the sheikh, whose bland, resigned melancholy nothing could shake, ran up and down to his seat, behaved with intense disrespect to the Mahometan dissenters whose rites he was witnessing, and was eventually borne off, a struggling Ganymede in the arms of young Scheherazade and her sister Camaralzaman, treating the round world as if it were his football, and all the men in it as the toy inhabitants of his Noah's Ark.

"Tiresome little brat!" said Rocket. "I wonder if I was ever such a troublesome wretch as that? Just look! By Jove, sir, 'Roman Nose' has kept up on end, now five-and-twenty minutes by my repeater!"

All this time the deep-breathed flute, never hushed yet never mute, chased through wreaths of giddy cunning, the echoes fleet before it running, winding in and winding out, swift as dancer, lithe as scout,

and below all throbbed the drum, ever low, but never dumb.

Yet, as Rocket observed, this strange dance was not altogether unintermittent, for though the music in the gallery never ceased, occasionally the circlers slowly subsided into rest, and retired to their places, throwing on the cloaks handed them by the master of the ceremonies, and wiping the big hot drops that poured down their fired cheeks. Then, again, the music soared and whirled in its mimic whirlpool, and as if driven by the Eumenides, or inflamed by the fury of some old Arabian incantation, the votaries again launched and pivoted off into the spherical dance, with the same half-shut eyes, floating hands, and rapt, concentrated stare at an ideal vacuity.

Then there was more kneeling, more stripping off gowns, more defiling past the sheikh, more Mamamouchi bowing to each other, then a sliding into the dance, and, da capo, the rhapsody and ecstasy of the old Sabæan planet worship. Again the white gowns swerve out into moving pyramids, again the bare feet tumble over each other, again the T-like hands sway round rapturously, like those of so many ballet-masters gone stark distraught on the religious road to the great cracked house of madness.

Now the music, by breaths, and to-whoos, and throbs, and groans, dies away, and as if they expected it, and were not sorry of the summons, the brothers throw on their gowns, and finally resume their places.

A reader, leaning against a gallery pillar, with his grave face turned to Mecca, and his head thrown back in a nasal monotone, dwelling on one minor note, and seldom wandering far up or down from that, drones out his dole of the Koran; "a rank, lifeless formalist, I warrant him," as a fat missionary present, with a Falstaff face, charitably suggested. A few more prayers, one deep and solemn one, in a low voice full of feeling, from the sheikh, more gamut thumps of the knees, and the dervishes, resuming their Bluchers (*sic*) at the door, quitted the chapel.

As we claimed our boots of old Hadji Baba at the entrance, the American consul, Colonel G. Slinger, and his pretty daughters, Serephina and Serephosa, sailed out, preceded by a gold-laced and intolerable kawass. The colonel thought the whole affair "kinder queer;" Ina thought it "mighty droll;" and Osa, "rayther 'cute."

That day at Misseri's ponderous hotel dinner, as the herd of visitors were running through the usual travellers' common-places about the dervish dances being "absurd," "ridiculous," "childish," Windybank, the oldest inhabitant of the hotel, a gentleman engaged in raising capital of nine millions for the Grand Central Chimborazo railway, pompously enlightened our feeble capacities by telling us that the dervish dances were of deep significancy, and were intended to represent the motions of the spheres, and

their cadenced revolutions in measured orbits round the sun, who was represented by the sheikh. The dervishes were dissenters from the Mahometan creed, and originated in the middle ages, when one of them is represented as having given his benediction to the newly raised corps of Janissaries.

The *howling* dervishes have their habitation across the Bosphorus, over in Scutari, and there one Friday I went to see them. I could scarcely find the little shed of a chapel again; but I know it was somewhere high up on the slope of a street leading out of the miles of dark cypress groves that watch the great Turkish cemetery on that Asian side of the Sick Man's empire. We met nothing in the street but a running funeral, and an insolent fat pasha preceded by the usual frock-coated chiboukdars, carrying his amber-mouthed pipes in long black cases such as fishing-rods are put in.

At the porch of the cottage-like chapel, where a crowd of barelegged Turks idled, as English villagers do round a public-house door when a fiddle is going, we took off our shoes, a process that always leads to much grumbling on the part of misguided Franks, and passed up a staircase to a gallery above, where white sheep-skins and mats, not unfrequented by dervish fleas, were strewn for us by doorkeepers, not unmindful of backsheesh. Below, outside the balustrade at the mihrab (altar) end of the little chapel, were Turkish peasants and children, very

reverent and credulous, as it appeared to me, in their quiet, grave, immovable way. In most respects the chapel was a humble imitation of the one I have before described. It had the same dull, proprietary-chapel look; but there was here no blue and gilt multiplication-table of texts over the altar, no great Turkish inscriptions, with keen-pointed letters, like Damascus sabre-blades. Instead of this, there was a trophy of faded banners, maces, daggers, spears, and huge steel halberds, inlaid with brass, drums, cymbals, ferocious-looking hooks, and regimental spoons, such as the Janissaries once carried as their palladia; these, I believe, were once borne in foreign wars by raving dervish preachers, who long since had death's silencing hand clapped on their raving mouths. Even now I have heard that these dervishes appear sometimes in the market-places, at special moments of enthusiasm, brandishing these terrible and gigantic weapons, to the infinite danger of all true and untrue believers.

On the sheikh—an old feeble man, with yet a certain power and calibre about him, for without that a man does not even obtain power in the cockpit of a man-of-war or at the canteen-bar of a barracks —entering the chapel, after all the dervishes had kissed his hand, the service began with a nasal intonation of the Fatha, as a stifling thick smoke from the gilt brass censers began to rise, and prepare to enslave the senses by stifling those watchmen of the

mind, so the better to depose and debase the reason. Some religions use incense like farmers do sulphur for bees, to confuse the senses and so steal the honey of the mind. In magical rites it always had a part, and certainly this ceremony, I soon found, was demoniacal enough, and the nearest way to the religious madhouse I have yet had the pleasure of discovering.

There was something maniacal even in the deep ejaculations of "O mediator!" "O beloved!" "O physician of souls!" "O thou who wert chosen!" "O Advocate in the day of Judgment, when men will exclaim, 'O my soul! O my soul!' and when thou wilt say, 'O my people! O my people!'"

No dance of the Samothracians this time; but a fierce, insane, demoniacal invocation, such as the mad dervish, Rufai, devised centuries ago. Then, as the sheikh prostrated himself on his white lambskin prayer-rug, the readers began chanting their ejaculations:

"Blessings on our prophet, the lord of messengers, and on his family and companions! Blessings on Abraham and his companions!" &c.

It is not my disposition to see the ludicrous if the ludicrous is not in a thing, but I must confess I had to bite my tongue hard when three old men, too feeble for howling, squatted on the floor—a blind, feeble man, a yellow, phlegmatic man, and a toothless old fogy, who, in England, would have been an admiral at

least—to whine verses of the Koran at the very top of their quavering voices; all this time the incense stifled, curdling blue and thick, while the sheikh in the green and black turban bowed to the central niche, or raised his hands in prayer, as the dervishes put on their light-brown thick felt caps, and taking off their girdles, hung them round their necks.

It was when the flutes began in a whirling, shuttling movement, singularly adapted to fill madhouses with lively tenants, that the real business of the afternoon (half-past three) commenced. The progress of the howling dervishes' chorus chant, and of the motions and gestures accompanying it, are always the same; beginning sanely and rationally enough, and gradually crescendoing to the wildest frenzy and the raving howl of mad wild beasts.

Thus it grew, for the formula may be taken down by any one at a second or third visit, when the eye grows less giddy, the mind more poised, and the nerve firmer clenched. Ranged in a line like a row of soldiers on drill, the brothers first repeat slowly and sanely, in good cadence, keeping time with the flutes, the Mahometan confession of faith: "La illah—illah la" (six syllables). As they say "la," all the dozen brothers bow forward; at "ill," they raise themselves up again; at "lah," they bend backwards; at "ill," they again bend forward; at "lah," they raise themselves; at "la," they bend again backwards.

The second time the syllables are repeated with a change of action, for now the men bend to the right at the first, raise themselves up at the second syllable, and bend to the left at the third. Soon the measure gets quicker, the music more whirling and frenzied, the gestures become abbreviated, or performed and shouted so quickly that they seem like one and the same movemen and one and the same sound, and all this time that nodding, toothless, blear-eyed old chorus go quavering out the passages from the Borda, or praises of the Prophet, and the great dervish sheikhs, Abdul-Kadir-Gilan, and the founder, Seid Ahmed Rufai; and then they all clap their horny hands and shout in gasps, "Ya-hu" (Jehovah) or "Ja-meded" (O help). Faster and louder goes the "la illah, illah la," faster the swaying backwards, forwards, and right and left, till you hear at last nothing but the first syllable "il," and the last "la," or a sort of paviour's grunt of "hoo!" roared out as if the madmen were turning into wolves rapidly, the motion growing now quite mechanical and insanely epileptic.

There is a negro there with puffy, ashy lips; a soldier, whose eyes stare very wildly; a greasy boy, who seems to think the whole affair a trick; a gross sailor-like man, well dressed, who came late, who performs a sort of *chassé* step, and is undoubtedly a cheat or impostor; and a rickety idiot beggar, who is more demoniacal and frantic than any of the rest,

and seems never to tire, though I see a cold, marbly sweat beading upon his rough blue chin. Lastly, they keep three-quarter time, till faster or slower grows the orgie. I begin soon to observe that when the motion is backward and forward the scanning of their verse is thus:

La-il-lah—il-lah-lah

but when to right and left it runs:

La-il-la—il-lah-lah;

upon which the toothless old chorister, hearing the sheikh stamp as a sign for "taking" the thing quicker, nearly splits my ears with his excruciating sacred alto song, which makes him writhe and roll his eyes with sheer anxiety and exertion; for, being deaf, our old friend is utterly incapable of knowing how exceedingly high he is pitching his thready old voice.

Every now and then, as I felt my brain slightly going with the monotonous paviour's howl, from some fourteen men nearly frenzied with religious and sympathetic excitement, I rolled myself back on my white rug and took a draught of pure unincensed air from the open window that looked out on some cypress trees, a Turkish cottage, the planks of which were painted in dull Indian red, and on a little garden, where a woolly-leafed mulberry grew to feed somebody's silkworms, and where a huge box-tree watched over the grave of some dervish long ceased from his howling, and gone to rest, quite tired out, I should think.

What a change to look back on that chain of men, tossing their heads in cadence to and fro, jerking forward and backward their mad bodies, and then coming down all together with the roaring "Hoo!" intermingled with impromptu shouts of "Allah!" "Alhamdoo lillah!" and then that roar and wild-beast tramp, as of some great beast pacing its cage, with screams breaking through a storm of hand-clapping and whirling flute music.

It was something at once ludicrous and dreadful to see that possessed man, the little idiotic beggar, waggling about like a machine, yet a smile of semi-formalist satisfaction sat on his face, such as no automaton could assume. Right, left, backward, forward, regular as a pendulum, his little legs bandied as if by perpetual oscillation. His Old-Man-of-the-Sea head nodded imbecilely vigorous. Thrust a bit of opium in that man's mouth, thought I; tie a sabre in his idiotic hand, craze him with half an hour of this howling, turn a little stupifying incense under his nose, and he would rush out and slay a dozen Christians, or brain the Sultan himself, if the sheikh bade him. If an hour of that waggling and demoniac howling had been purchase-money sufficient for a passport to heaven, he could not have stamped, and howled, and roared, and clapped his hands, and rolled his idiotic eyes more pertinaciously; his madness I noticed, too, made the others madder, for when any back-slider slackened at all, a howl or chiding roar

of this idiot set him on again wilder than ever. In fact, a sort of juryman consultation, nodding right and left, was much in vogue among these candidates for Bedlam.

Mad and frenzying as this howling chorus of maniacs was, not one swooned, fell foaming at the mouth, or subsided into fits, or otherwise—as often happens—misconducted himself.

There was a time (oh, that wonderful twenty years ago!) says Mr. Brunswick Senex, the great Eastern traveller, when these holy but singular men used to perform a complete series of juggling tricks, viz., miracles to astonish credulous Frank travellers or silly female votaries hidden behind the gallery lattices. They would hold red-hot iron in their mouths, carry balls of fire, handle burning hooks, and do other miraculous wonders, once popular among mediæval saints, and still not unfavourably received at English country fairs.

The miracles I saw were of a dubious kind, I am very sorry to say. The old sheikh touched bad eyes that were brought to him, touched them beyond a doubt, but, for all I know, made them only worse. He pressed palsied hands, too; but, for all I saw, he left them as palsied as his own. Then, roused to greater enthusiasm by these bold assertions to saint-hood, enthusiastic, perhaps prepaid, parents pushed forward with baby children—mere coloured bundles of drapery—and laid them down side by side, in rows,

before the white prayer-rug of the old sheikh. The children threw themselves down willingly, as with prepaid alacrity the fathers and dervish assistants rolled them together, just as Punch does his row of victims when he is at the crowning acme of his murderous and despotic career. Then the old man in the yellow boots, his infirm arms held on either side by stronger disciples, stepped leisurely on each child, pressing him from head to foot with what he affected to be his whole weight, but which, I am sadly afraid, for the credit of the order, was only his whole weight minus the two large slices of it held by his supporters. Then, as a bigger boy, some twelve years old, laid himself low, the old sheikh walked down the row of bodies laid with their faces to the ground, and so miraculously harmless was that old man's weight, that I vow, on my honour as a traveller, I saw a baby boy look up and smile as the yellow boot passed over him and went on to his bigger brother. All the children then rose as unhurt as if the old man had been only a sparrow that had hopped over them. Whether they held their breath, or excitement tightened their muscles, I know not; but I imagine the division of labour that I have just described is sufficient to account for a miracle nearly as good as some we have read of elsewhere in madder dervishes' books at home.

I had got to that pitch now, that I think, if that old idiot's head had rolled off and proved to be a

brittle pumpkin; if that old sheikh had turned into a rat, and run down a hole in the wainscot; or if all the brotherhood had suddenly been transformed into a row of howling jackals, and had torn at us and driven us, a whirlwind of beasts and Turks, down the steep street, I should have treated it quite as a matter of course, and have behaved accordingly.

The refrain and its effects on the mind are well known to us, but the effect of monotony and repetition generally, as used by religious sects and false faiths to obtain spiritual influence over the mind, has not, I think, been duly considered by those brain puzzlers, the psychologists. I can only say for myself, that that mechanical swing of the body of some dozen and odd dervishes, that sway of the head, that measured dancing step, and, to crown all, that cadenced howl at regular intervals, even as clock-beats, would certainly have sent me to the padded room and the long-sleeved waistcoat, in, I should say, rather less than a fortnight. Many shower-bath surprises, and many punches and rubs of turnkeys, would it have taken ere I should have been brought to believe that I was not really "the Sultan—Pope of Hieropolis, brother-in-law twice removed to Moses, and second-cousin, on the mother's side, of the Grand Lama of Tibet." Already I fancied myself in a black van trolling along Westminster Bridge. I can see the bland doctors rubbing their hands, as, rolled in flannels slightly corded, I am handed over, like a

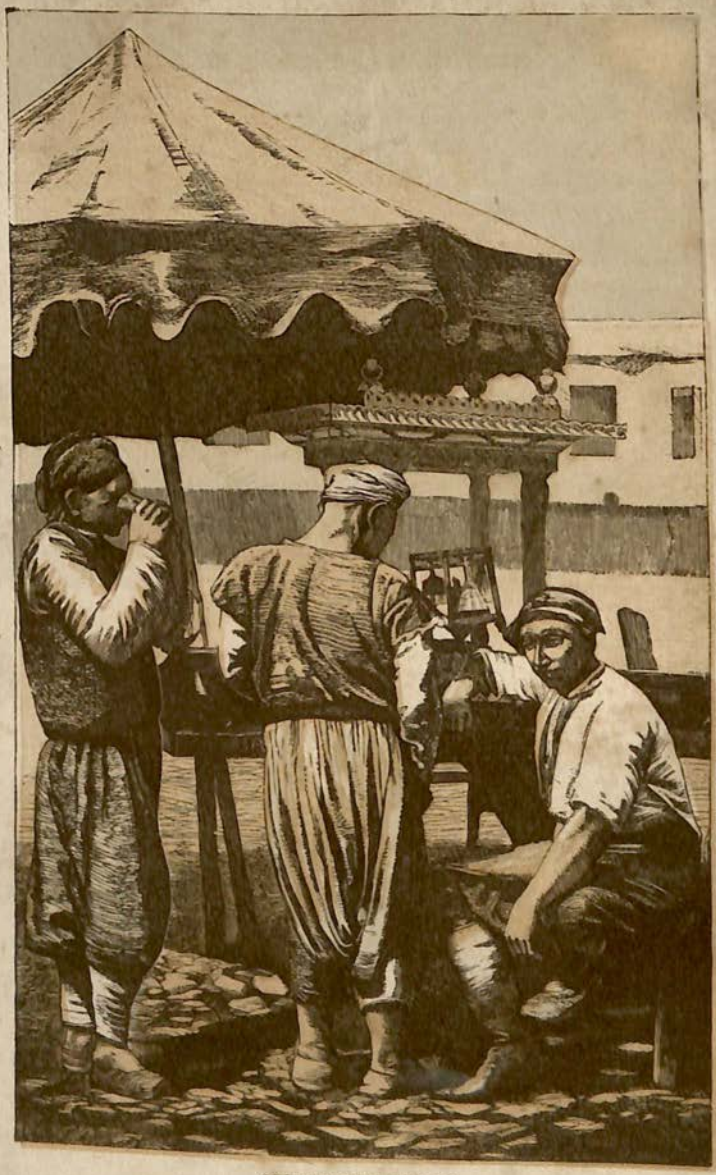
directed parcel, at Bedlam's gate. Frightened at the very glare of this horrid thought, I ran out for my shoes, and, slipping them on, actually took to my heels, much to the astonishment of the crowd of beggars, including the frantic idiot with the bandy legs, who environed the door. I felt my breath come freer as I stepped into the kijik, and nestled down into its cushioned cradle.

"To what gate?" said the black boatman, pulling up the loose sleeves of his striped silk shirt, and twisting them above his elbows, the oars poised and balanced, ready to dip as soon as I spoke.

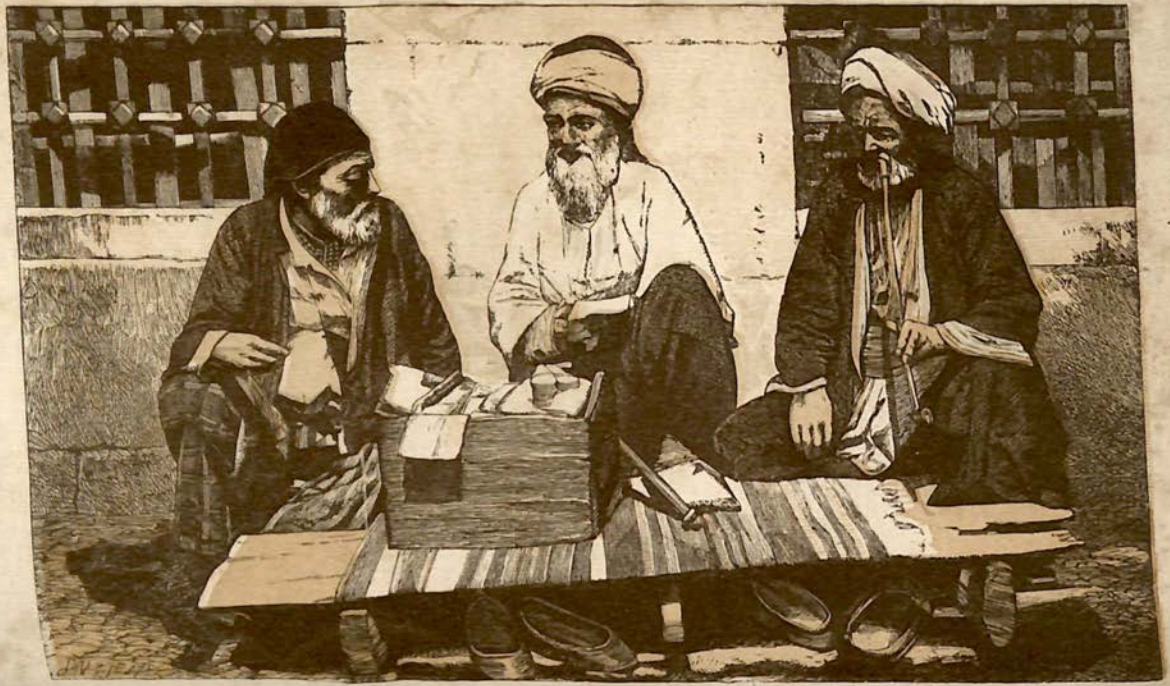
"To Bedlam," I said.

The kijakji laughed, and shook his forefinger waggishly, right and left of his nose, meaning he did not know the place.

I started, and throwing out my hand regally, as if to grasp a stray idea and correct myself, I cried, "To Tophana, boatman!" and we *did* go.



SELLER OF SHERBET.



LETTER WRITER.

CHAPTER V.

TURKISH STREET FOUNTAINS.

THERE were many projects afoot that morning at Misseri's breakfast-table. Some were going up the Genoese round tower at Galata, for the sake of a grand view of all the blue breadth of the Bosphorus; others were bound to climb the great Turkish fire tower over in Stamboul, to sketch the long broken chains of aqueducts built by some forgotten purple-wearer; some were for boating, to the castles of Europe and Asia, intending to see Barbarossa the pirate's tomb, and Godfrey de Bouillon's plane-tree, besides some score of the Sultan's tinsel Italian palaces; one or two were off for the ruined Greek palace of the Blachernæ; and others were going to take horse and traverse the whole length of the triple ramparts, which always seemed to me to resemble a collection of all the old invalid English fortresses, drawn up to be reviewed by old Time himself; half a dozen were for shady seclusion in the bazaars, and a long day of "delightful, charming shopping," as the ladies called

it. But I and Rocket were bent on making a tour of the beautiful Turkish street fountains.

Breakfast was over, the fish had succeeded the cutlets, eggs the fish, grapes the eggs, figs the grapes, and peaches the figs; honey from Mount Hymettus, golden brown and aromatic, had sweetened the bread, and fountain water, clear and silvery, had cooled the coffee, and being now in good training for our usual liver complaint, we left the waiters covering the table with a green gauze tent, to keep off the analytical flies, and went to prepare for our long ramble—I, with Leghorn hat and green umbrella, shield against the sunbeams' golden arrows, which seemed to consider my head in the light of a bull's-eye; Rocket, in an eccentric costume of filmy white, gray wide-awake, and with a short, crooked bamboo under his arm, intended to intimidate Jew touters and repulse street dogs.

We were just emerging from Misseri's door, where the gilt horseshoe is nailed for luck, and were looking at the axes of the firemen hanging up in the little wooden shed of a guard-house opposite the hotel, when a sudden roar of voices, and the trample of feet round the corner of the street, arrested us. "Here begins the massacre of the Christians," thought I. "There's going to be a shindy," said Rocket, grasping his yellow reed as if it were a loaded gun.

Round the corner it came, a tearing, howling mob of some two dozen half-naked Turks and Greeks,

running at a *pas de charge*, carrying on their shoulders a something that I at first thought was a large musical-box, then a coal-scuttle, then a banker's brass safe, and lastly what it really was, a small fire-engine, almost the only one, I believe, in this great city, where fires are perpetual, and more destructive than in any other part of the world, the houses being all built of lath wood scarcely thicker than the sides of a cigar-box, and the unceasing heat of the sun leaving an after-glow that almost warms the moonshine, and makes them dry and combustible as tinder. It is not an unusual thing, indeed, for a thousand persons to be rendered houseless by one night's fire. Even now, as I look out beyond the arsenal towards the Sweet Waters of Europe, on the sloping hills that run down to the Golden Horn, I see in a churchyard hillocky with tombstones a whole townful of burnt-out Jews, squatting, half starved, tearful, broken-hearted, and penniless, under their squalid white tents. King Fire is the only reformer, sanitary commissioner, or improver, that exists in Turkey. There are no iron plates with "F. P. 25 ft." visible in Turkish streets; no fire-insurance offices, "Hand-in-Hands" or gilt Suns, there; no men with axes in their belts, looking out into night skies to see if the black turns red; nothing but a miserable garden-squirt and this bawling, senseless, bare-legged mob, who go and see that the houses burn down fairly, or occasionally stop the flames by pulling down one or

two of the mountain cigar-boxes in which the Greeks and Jews huddle together. The philosophical comment of Rocket, again, at this sight, is worthy of the gallant young diplomat. He says, "The Turks are queer buffers. Now then, governor, where are you shoving to?"

This appeal was to a stalwart black, carrying ten crimson sheep's-heads tied to a pole which went over his shoulder. "Infidel!" he mutters, and looks as if he longed to have the sabreing of us.

"Say that again, old fellow," says Rocket, clenching his fist, "and down you go." How far Rocket's frail West-end umbrella would have availed against a quarter-staff weighted with gory sheep's-heads I do not know, but the fellow passed on, muttering.

"Old Macgillicuddy, of the Fusiliers," said Rocket, "would have given anything for one of that rascal's sheep's-heads with the wool left on; 'singet,' as the Scotch farrier of the regiment always called it, when he frizzled the wool at the blacksmith's forge. Cursed witty fellow, Macgillicuddy, after his tenth tumbler!"

A moment at the Bank, where I observe a sheaf of cricket-bats in the corner—a look in at the tourne-broche of the English post-office, where a yawning, grumbling English clerk looks languidly over the letters, and damns the Turks all the time—and we are at the bridge of boats, where four or five of the steamers that ply up and down the Bosphorus are

lying, some of them crowded with ghostly white-veiled Turkish women. Before us, on the Stamboul side, are flocks of vessels, with netted masses of spars and ropes, and here and there a flag, flowering the dark wood with colour like the pink blossoms on the still leafless branches of the Judas-trees in the Seraglio gardens. I see miles of square windows, which glitter gold in the morning sun, to the special wonder of many a peasant, to whom the countless windows of Stamboul are said to be a special and almost a proverbial object of wonder: houses, painted red and yellow, red-striped mosques, gray domes, and everywhere against the sky-line the sharp sentinel lances of the minarets, each one, at the prayer hour, gifted with voice, as of a warning prophet or watchful angel; everywhere among the houses cypresses and vines, and on the suburban flat-topped chimneys bushy stork nests.

Walking in Constantinople is perpetual sight-seeing, and I am talking to Rocket about the Zemzem, or well of Paradise, which figures so largely in Mahometan legends, when we come to our first fountain.

But before we can well walk round it, our attention is caught by two specially Oriental trades, which, close by the fountain, are being carried on with great vigour, and apparently success: the one is that of a sherbet-seller, the other that of a public letter-writer. The soojee, or sherbet-seller, is sheltered by a huge

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green umbrella which rises like a tent above his earthen bowls of bruised cherries and purple weltering currants, above his yellow-rinded lemons, his water bottles, his porous, half-thawed ice, his funnels and tumblers. The coarse vandyked edge of this rude canopy, springing from its mushroom stem of a pole, is presided over by a pendulous-nosed Armenian, with a blue and yellow rag bandaging round his sallow fez; the man has bare arms, brown slop breeches, and a tight-fitting white jacket. The odd man, or porter, of some great house, is resting his globular water-vessel full of fountain-water, while he drinks some iced lemonade. The only ornament about the dealer's stall is a sort of inner tinselled raised roof, to still further shield the ice and currant-juice from the vertical sun. A second customer, dressed in yellow and blue, and with a white turban, stands with his back to me, sipping something. The servant has tight gaiters reaching from his knee to his ankle, and his bare feet are thrust in coarse red slippers with heavy soles. In both cases the baggy Zouave breeches swag half down the calf. The sleeves of the first man are pink, his turban is green, his breeches are blue, and his sleeveless jacket is brown. As for the proprietor of the stall, he is calmly indifferent to trade, and sits on his low stool gravely, as if entertaining his friends, and rather conferring an obligation on his customers.

Not far off, under a stuccoed wall, pierced by pon-

derously barred gratings, sits the sagacious letter-writer, with a gossip on one side of him, and a customer on the other; three pair of huge red slippers, like crab-shells, are lying before them. The writer sits cross-legged on a thin plank platform, held up from the ground by three transverse beams, and spread with a dry hide of red and brown striped carpet, which gives it a domestic look though it is in the full open streets.

The correspondent is very anxious, the writer very grave and consequential, the gossip very deferential and attentive. Before the writer is a small box of paper, reed-pens, pen-cases, inks, and seals; his chibouk has gone out, neglected in the hurry of business. The three men represent three types of Turks: the one, a bigoted, dull day-dreamer; the letter-sender, a mean, puzzled, opium-eating knave; the centre man, a full-brained but sorrowful, simple-hearted, and honest Mussulman. He looks quite the pasha with his yellow turban, red fez, light-coloured robe, and blue-striped inner dress; the gossip, with broad red sash and purple robe, is the thorough old Turk; while the correspondent is a feeble, miserable admixture of European and Asiatic dress, flapping, buttonless waistcoat, and trousers of dirty gray plaid silk. What it was that wise Abdallah wrote—whether news of hope or sorrow, of birth or death, of joy or grief—I shall never know: it has gone, like the great river of events that flows by me daily. Be

sure, however, that if of joy or grief, it ended with some pious ejaculation, as, "It is ordained," or, "It is decreed by Allah."

But let us get at once to our fountain. It is not such a mean little sink, guarded by sticks of black sealing-wax, as ostentatious charity has provided for us in the London streets; no, it is a complete institution—a sort of water temple. It is like the gated-up entrance to an Eastern palace.

This fountain, too, is a memorable fountain—not that it is the one to which Sultan Mahmoud used to send his slaves with silver vessels to fetch water, which vessels, when filled, were immediately sealed with the royal seal—but from its situation. Do you see that tall, narrow archway, with the inner doorway below leading into a court-yard, with the gilt sun and royal cypher above it, and the striped red and white sentry-boxes on either side? That is the Imperial gate of the Seraglio—the Sublime Porte—from which we derive our silly name for the Turkish Government. That gate has let in and out more villains, murderers, thieves, and horrid rascals, than perhaps any gate in the world. Near it are still shown the niches where old Ali Pasha's grey head, and those of his family, were put for show when brought from Albania. Those plain, square, grated windows above are the windows of private apartments. That gate leads to the Downing-street of Constantinople. There are all the public offices, with long matted

passages filled with suitors, smoking and waiting great men's pleasures.

Now these fountains arose either from royal magnificence (how easy it is to be generous with other people's money), or from the bequests of charitable people, dying Turks not unfrequently leaving enormous legacies, not only to build, but also to maintain these fountains. Sometimes they are square, isolated buildings, standing by the river-side, or usefully in the centre of some market-place; never, however, for mere ornament or display, like our poor little squirts and sloppy tea-tables in Trafalgar-square. Generally, as in this instance, they project in a sort of bow, or apse, from the wall; sometimes, in the humbler instances, mere brass taps project from a sort of ornamental altar-piece flush with the wall. They are never quite alike, but these features all the larger ones have in common: an overlapping roof of extreme breadth, so as to cast the greatest possible amount of shadow; much inscription, and cursive and undulating floral ornament, either painted or carved in marble; a terrace with steps round its base, and tall gratings, round the lower openings of which are chained small brass vessels to drink out of. No wonder, then, that as people come here to bathe in shadow, and to drink the liquid coolness fresh from the well that guards it, as the melon does its inner juice, the fountain becomes, almost from necessity, a special lounge for everybody but the women. Here come the roast

chesnuts and the green peaches, the figs and the pickled cucumbers, the sherbet and the lemonade, the horse-boys and the beggars, the fakir and the guitar player, the street boy and the wild dog; here the porter rests his luggage mountains, and the araba man looks for custom.

The inscriptions, inserted in gilt sickle-bladed letters in oblong panels in front of the buildings and above their external tanks, run generally somewhat in this way:—

"Rest, O traveller, for this is the fountain of enjoyment; rest here, as under the shadow of the plane-tree, for this roof casts a shade as deep as that of the cypress, but with more of joy. Ask one day of the angels in Eden if this water is not as delicious as the rivers of that garden, or as the stream of Zemzem. Sultan Achmed the second Alexander, he whose glory is as the sun, and his generosity perpetually increasing, like the tree of life, has reared this kiosk and stamped it with its signet ring. This water flows unceasingly, like his benevolence, as well for the king as the beggar, the wise man and the fool. The first of all the blessings of Allah is water."

But as these poems in blue and gold sometimes run to whole yards of verse, let this specimen suffice. To those thirsty people who can read the fish-hook and Turkish serrated characters these fountains are perpetually chanting poems.

The gratings that shut in the fountain rooms are

always specially beautiful, and generally of a pattern devised on purpose for the building. They are fine as jeweller's work, and full of the most cunning harmony of flowing lines, trefoiled or heart-shaped, and blossoming into a thousand shapes of ingenuity and fairy-like art. The shafts between the gratings are marble, and waist high comes the lower wall, on the top of which rest the brass chatties.

Most of these fountains have a guardian who lives within, at least by day, and who sees that nothing is injured or defaced. There this venerable dryad hears the water hour by hour rinse and trickle, as he reads his Koran, and dreams about paradise, and the future rewards of the charitable, such as he who endowed this fountain.

In all these fountains the broad shadow from the roof, however vertical the sun may be, generally covers half the wall under it with a deep shade that no heat can pierce, the great lapping domed sheet of gray lead above receiving all the gilding rain of fire, and bearing it with a stupid patience worthy of that dull metal. It is, therefore, lower down in the marble panel above the fountain grating, and in the sections of surface over the arch where the tank is, and under the dedicatory inscription, that you must look to see the beautiful ornament that filigrees the whole surface with honeysuckle wreaths, trails of wild vines, rose branches, and tendrils of jasmin and pomegranates, in the purest Persian taste, never deep-cut,

or shadow-producing, or mysterious, like Gothic work, never quaint or massy, but floral, playful, cheerful, and full of a sense of unceasing sunshine and a deep enjoyment of life. Human figures the Koran forbids, so that, as the Turks have no painters, they have no sculptors, and their ornaments are mere pots of roses, lilies, bunches of grapes, dishes of pears, and all sorts of fanciful conventionalisms, blue and gilt if the building is stone, but nearly plain if it is coated with marble. Then there are fan-like ornaments that look like peacocks' tails, pierced bosses, punctured as if with needles, so fine is the work, and delicious wildernesses of arabesque covering every inch of marble with a thicket trellis-work of leafy stem, fine as lace-work, the product of skilful eyes and hands now resting under those tall trees of darkness in the great cemetery of Scutari.

Here you see in these panels of the fountain walls an epitome of all the Oriental mind has produced in art, whether Turkish, Moorish, or Arab. Here are thoughts from Persepolis and the Alhambra, Ispahan and Delhi, worked with the rarest care in honeycomb niche, and rounded boss and border. There is not a street in Stamboul but you find one of these fountains, perhaps new, and surrounded by its votaries, porters, and water-carriers, drinking or resting, perhaps defaced and disused, the marble tank full of dust and melon rind, its poems with the gilding faded off, the water dried up, and the name

of the Turk who erected it forgotten. They are of all ages, too, from those raised by men who stormed in at the gate when the last Constantine fell, to that of the pasha who died but yesterday. They are in all places: in the courtyards of mosques, by the water's edge, in the open places where boatmen and horse-boys congregate, by the bazaar's dark entrances, by the khans, where laden pack-horses go in and out all day, abroad beyond the city walls, where the country opens into gardens and broad sandy tracts, or where the split figs, looking like red flowers, hang over the wall, and the water-melon sellers lie and sleep, dreaming of customers.

The fountain in the mosque of the Sultan Mahmoud at Topliana is a sort of conical tent-cover, crowned with a gilt star, and supported by slender pillars, within which is a font-like well, caged over with wire. Here, on the low stone seats, you always see some red-sashed Greek servant, in a white jacket, watching the water filling his copper vessel. The brim of the roof of this fountain is remarkable too for being painted with a rude landscape, that runs all round. Just outside the red-striped walls of St. Sophia, there is one with a broad Tartar roof, near which you always find some sherbet-seller, resting his wickered bottles, or some bare-armed hammals (porters) squatting, while they smoke their chibouks, under the stump of a mulberry-tree, and just under the portholes of the mighty dome itself.

In the Sultan Achmet mosque-yard we remember one specially effective and simple, with little ornament, but a pierced lattice above the water-cups, with inscriptions and tracery, half hidden by the shade of a mountainous plane-tree. Ten to one but you will find something worth looking at in the fountain shadow, either some laughing negresses nursing children, or some old white-turbaned Turk, resting his head on his hand, and thinking of past times with a lazy dreaminess unknown to the people of almost any other nation; and always at the grating of iron flower-stalks some Greek talking through the bars to the fountain-keeper, whose face you can scarcely see in the dim inner coolness of the fountain chamber.

In the courtyard, by some mosque, the tent-like roof of the fountain, high and peaked, often rises to a level with the cloister arches, and the low domes that cover the arcading that runs round each side of the quadrangle; and it is spotted and trellised with leaf shadows from a vine that, linking together a plane and a cypress—gloomy husband and playful wife—throw a green darkness all round the fountain cage, where the white turbans sit, and mildly, blandly gossip after their manner.

Then there is the modernized fountain, as at Tophana, where the domes have been removed and a vulgar compo parapet and cast-iron railing been substituted, and the inscriptions stand out black

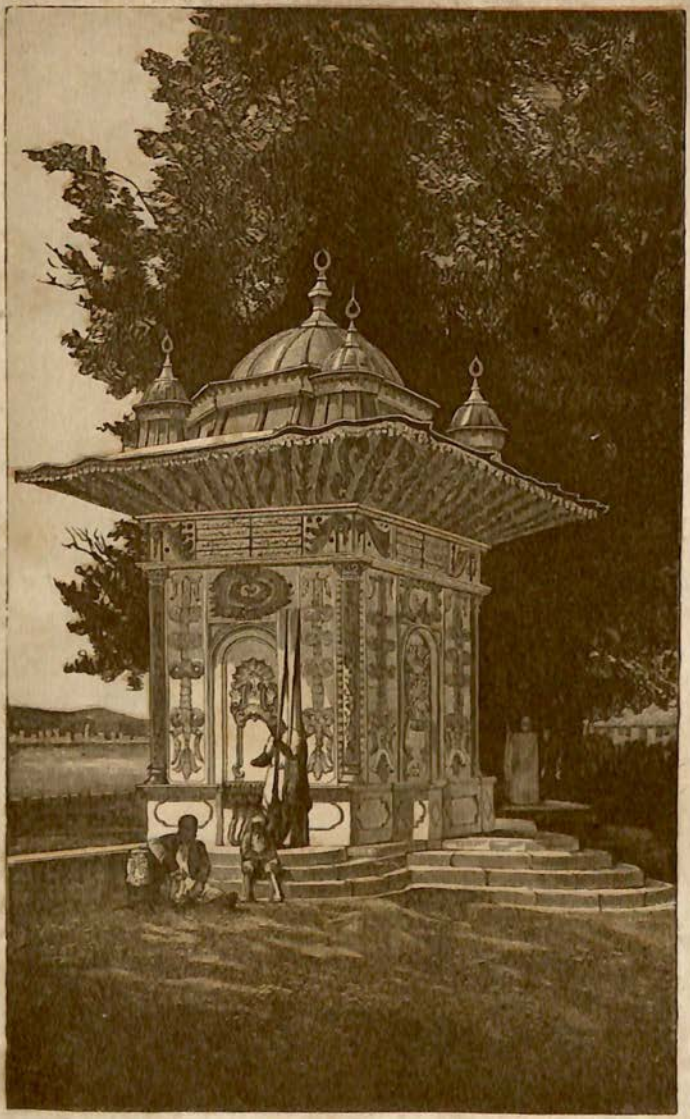
against very white walls, the whole building being surrounded by heavy stone posts and loops of iron chains. But azure, and gilding, and bran-new marble do not make up for beauty of form, and I never gave my affection to these new tinselled beauties, but kept my æsthetic love for that exquisite fountain of old Sultan Achmet, with its strong Byzantine pillars and beautiful pierced marble screen, admiring it so much that I was ready to chase away that dull-eyed vendor of almond-cake, who always kept his stall close to this masterpiece of Turkish art.

Two things always are seen about a Turkish fountain: the first, pigeons; the second, street boys. Always pigeons on the lead roof, cooing, spreading their veering purple necks to the light, fondling, pecking, or fluttering; always street boys, watchful and mischievous as apes, who sit in the niches, with their dirty backs against the gilding and carving, idle and, because idle, happy. Over them lies the broad shadow, and they lie under it as in a shady wood, defying the heat that makes the paving-stones just beyond the shadow all but red-hot. They think nothing of the dead men's charity, or of the carving fine as needlework, but they munch their chesnuts and are happy, thieving, mischievous apes that they are. Often, too, a boatman's oars or a hammal's elastic pole rest up against the carved brackets, while the owners snatch a nap under the grateful shadow, having first drunk of the fountain. Hundreds of

times in the day those brass cups, all in a row under the stanchioned grating, are filled and emptied.

There is something humane and poetical in this perpetual enforcement of charity that you receive in a Turkish street. There are the scavenger dogs, waiters on Providence, that abound in every street, who, though a good deal drubbed and bruised, are still partly maintained by the kindness of old Turks, who feed certain of them daily; then there are the countless clouds of pigeons, harboured on the mosque domes, and guarded with as much care as if they were young angels; and lastly, to crown the whole, these innumerable fountains, of all sizes, from that at the Seraglio gate, with its square bulk and circular towers at the angles, to the mere arch, tap, and tank: everywhere water gushing forth from dead men's hands into living men's mouths, expressing a benevolence that has striven to be immortal.

Having sketched the long, square, pagoda-roofed street fountain and the latticed-in fountain of the mosque-yard, I must now describe a beautiful variation from these, and that is the rural fountain, such as I have seen in villages on the Bosphorus, and never can forget. It seems but yesterday that my boatman followed me from the boat, and rested his oars against one of its recesses. It was a tall, square little kiosk, overlooking the blue waters, its central crescented dome surrounded by four lesser ones. The under part of its broad roof was striped with



FOUNTAIN OF KANDILLI.

shadowy patterns, and below this, in panels, ran the native inscriptions of the founder. The ornaments were simple and shell-like. To the fluted basin that received the water you ascended by four steps, as if to an altar. It always seemed to me like a little chapel raised to some water spirit, some Turkish Undine, and I felt grateful in that burning climate to the dead man who had reared this evidence of his sympathy with those whom he had left behind to toil out the hard time destiny had prescribed them.

As a European, accustomed to the romance of old palaces and manor-houses, I had myself attached a far different poetry to the fountain. I had thought of it as the silver column melting into silver rain; as the bright arrow shot heavenward, ever seeking to rise again in impotent effort. I had seen it sprinkling English elms and scattering its lavish pearl over English flower-beds, but now I found a new poetry attached to it.

Water was here no longer a juggling Undine, a tricky water-goblin, tossing silver into the air for mere unmeaning amusement; here I saw it, a gracious angel of blessing, from whose hands, day and night, poured blessings to all, rich or poor, to the weary porter resting his burden, to the rich pasha strolling out for a moment's air between the dreary pauses of a levée. Here it was God's archangel tempering the horrors of thirst, and wandering out in the streets to comfort the afflicted.

Always under the never-refused shelter of the fountain I found the poor Circassian exiles, starving and fevered, huddled up in their white woolly cloaks, grateful for the friendly shadow. There the tired vendor came to rest his heavy wattle baskets of green peaches; there the burnt-up beggar to con his prayers and rattle his alms-dish; there the lounging soldier, weary even of idleness, to chat with his gossip the water-carrier about "those barbarians the Inglis, whom the Sultan had hired to punish the Muscovites for refusing to pay him tribute;" there the Arabian story is told, though not by the professional story-teller, for the trade is now extinct; there the opium-eater dozes, or, if he wakes, stares at you as if you were less substantial and real than the creatures of his last dream; there, though opium-eating is now unusual, and the clusters of opium-shops no longer exist outside the Suliemân mosque, I have often seen the miserable narcotist lying staring at nothing, fixedly, with vacant, glistening eyes.

It is near these fountains, too, that only a few years ago sometimes reckless public executions took place, when, after a secret trial and confession, forced, perhaps, by torture, the wretch was led out suddenly by soldiers, and hanged at the first convenient house he came to. Was it not Windybank who saw the Greek tailor who had been detected in an intrigue with the Turkish lady lying near the Fish-market fountain, with his head placed neatly between his

knees? It was near a fountain that Dr. Legoff saw a pirate and murderer hanged at a fruit-shop door. "The soldiers leading the man," said Windybank, "suddenly stopped, knocked a nail into the wall of a fruit-shop, tarred the boards where the body would rest, then sliped a rope round the pale wretch's neck, placed him on a hencoop, drew the rope three or four times round the nail, then kicked away the hencoop, and he was left hanging." That was some years ago, and the tag of rope still remains suspended to the nail, as it probably will do, in that conservative city, till sun and rain rot it off. Lately the Turks have almost done away with capital punishment, and the greatest villains on earth are given back to the world.

And in thinking of fountains, the gentleman who on a fine day feels it so hot in Regent-street that he must really, perforce, go into Verey's for a strawberry ice, must remember that it is not to relieve such trivial thirst that Eastern fountains were erected. It was not for slight, damp warmth, languor, and dry mouth that the Turks have spent millions in public fountains. It was for the heat that dries up all saliva; that inflames the mouth and blackens the lips; that dims the eye and makes you giddy, faint, and sick; that becomes, if not relieved incessantly, an intolerable pain and torture, coming, too, when the body is exhausted, and languor is so great that rest becomes the greatest negative pleasure that can be conceived.

In that intolerable city, indeed, all up-hill, where the streets are paved with loose boulders, walking at noonday is a work of the greatest fatigue and of the most painful exertion. Every moment the stranger betakes himself to peaches, grapes, or figs, of which he keeps a pocketful, and, when these are gone, to sherbet, lemonade, or some sort of fruit broth. Imagine, then what delight, what life-blood, the penniless and vagabond draws from a draught at the street fountain.

CHAPTER VI.

TURKISH SHOPS AND TURKISH SHOPKEEPERS.

I AM not going just yet to pronounce a talismanic text of the Koran as an "Open Sesame!" and then plunge, boldly and adventurously, out of the fiery sun into the dim vaults of the Constantinople bazaars, but am merely going to stroll, with my readers at my heels and elbows, through the narrow, steep streets of the Sick Man's city, SHOPPING.

I am *not* about to say that London walking is dull walking, when to me, well as I know and much as I love the pure green country, Fleet-street is always fairy-land, and Regent-street enchanted ground; but still I think English shops are not to be compared to those of Stamboul in their power of affording pleasure and amusement to the itinerant traveller and poetical or artistic vagabondizer, for reasons I will disclose anon. London shops, particularly "your cork-leg shop," "your glass-eye shop," "your Christmas toy shop," "your seal engraver's shop," furnish pretty material to the thoughtful humorist; (and who can be a real humorist without being thought-

ful?) but then you have to blunt your nose against glass, already opaquely steamed with youthful breath, or to sneak about doorways, at the imminent risk of being suspected as a swell mobsman, or a cracksman planning a *coup d'état*; whereas, in the Orient shops, all is open-air life. The shops have the lids off; they are pies without crust. The goods are laid out on sloping slabs, such as our English fishmongers use to display their ichthyological specimens upon; they are small bulkheads, or more generally narrow, open stalls, without doors or windows, and with limited platform counters, upon which robed and turbaned Turks sit, as if they had been acting stories from the *Arabian Nights* in private theatricals the night before, and had not yet had time to change their clothes. These grave and reverend seigniors are always to be seen sitting cross-legged, generally smoking (Ali Baba or Mustapha), and half dozing, taking a quiet, unhurried, kind, and contemplative view of life. Donkeys may pass and bump up against the door-posts; thieves may run by (as I have seen them, pursued by angry soldiers with drawn and flashing sabres); the Sick Man himself may ride past, sad and hopeless, and felon-faced, with the ambassadors he is so sick of—mortally sick of—at his elbows; still nothing moves our friend in the decent, unruffled mushroom button of a white or green turban. Why, if a Job's messenger were to come in and say that his thirty-third

wife was dead, or that fire from Allah had burnt down his villa at Buyukdere, the most Mustapha would do, I think, would be to fill his pipe rather quicker than usual, and, puffing a little faster than usual, tell his beads, and curse the infidels all over the world.

A Turkish shopkeeper's goods never project into the road; he has no outside counter, like our vendors of old books; no old clothes and faded regimentals fluttering obtrusively in a bankrupt, suicide way, at his outer doors. His little quiet shop is flush with the roadside wall; and, sells he mouthpieces of pipes, clogs for the bath-room, or fez caps, they are all kept inside the little bin of a shop, on the floor of which, and at the entrance of which, sits the Turk, the master, with his red slippers before him, where the guillotine window-sash would be in our own "marts" and "emporiums."

Tired of travellers' flatulent generalities, and wishing really to paint truly, brightly, and minutely what I see, I yet know scarcely how to convey a thorough impression of Turkish shops. I *must* do it partly by negatives. They are not enormous cleared-out ground-floors of dwelling-houses, as in London, but rather cobbler-like, one-storied, covered stalls, where lurks a turbaned quiet man, aided by a black-eyed Greek, or fat, brown Armenian boy, who, to prevent the good phlegmatic man using his legs, gets down from shelves, or from the inner vaulted bin, the

striped silks, the sandal-wood beads, the aloes wood, the hippopotamus-hide whips, the spongy bath towels, or whatever it may be your caprice cries for. I feel quite sure that the highly-oiled and lavendered young curates who serve in our West-end shops would, indeed, almost faint if any one suggested that they had anything in common with the "dirty old pedlar," as they, no doubt, would profanely call the venerable Mustapha, who sells Macedonian tobacco, without any greedy hurry, in "the street that is called straight," in the city of Constantinople. To tell them that Mustapha is a worthy gentleman in his quiet, unruffled serenity; in his grave, spotless dress; in his calm, yet fervent religion, which he is proud of, and not ashamed to own, would not, however, I suppose, much reconcile my young Ell, Tapeworm, and Co.'s to the odious "caparison."

You could, I found, hardly imagine a man going to cheat you who was in no hurry to get down his gold striped cloths, who requested you to tuck up your legs on his counter in the way that he did; who sent out for lemonade or sherbet, or called for pipes and coffee. I used always to think, when I coiled myself up to buy some small trifle (a little red pipe bowl, or a pair of slippers, starred with seed pearl to wit), that Mustapha treated me more like some bearded Arabian merchant who had come to spend a month with him, than a "loafing" infidel,

who was in a burning hurry, and had only a sovereign or two to spend. But when that venerable and majestic Turk, sitting with his red slippers before him, began to ask me exactly two hundred times the worth of that pipe and those slippers, my respect for the trading instincts of the patriarchal, old, bearded humbug, increased tremendously; though I knew he longed to spit in my coffee, and to football my unshorn head up and down the knubbly street, all the time he sipped his coffee.

But I cannot describe Turkish shops, and enable readers to decide what age of civilization they belong to, unless I also describe the streets that lead to them and from them, that face them, that back them, that bring them customers, and lame them when they take them away again. In like manner as the nineteenth century Turk is one and the same with the Turk of the seventeenth century, so are the Stamboul streets of 1860 much what the Stamboul streets must have been in 1660. Drive the Turk back to-morrow to his Asian tent, and he would be as fit for it as ever he was. Turn him out to-morrow from the city he stole from Christianity, and you will find the same streets that you would have found when Busbequius or Grelot visited Turkey—no better, no worse. In fact, cramp a Moslem in Paris boots till corns spring out all over him, pinch his brown fists in Jouvin's white kid gloves, squeeze him in invisible green Yorkshire

cloth, scent him, eye-glass him, grease him, uniform him as you like, the Turk will still remain the unimproveable Chinaman of the world, his religion a dangerous lie, his polygamy detestable, every country he governs a dunghill or a desert. I longed to tell Mustapha so when he used to sit so stolid and divinely contemptuous, if I came in a hurry for some tufted Broussa bath towels, upon which, I know, he would have bowed and wished me peace, believing that I was complimenting him in my own tongue. I never could be angry, however, with Mustapha, unless he actually struck me or called me "dog," because, however cheating he is, he is such a gentleman, with his mildness and his courtesy; he never does anything ludicrous or *gauche*, or intrusive, or fussy, or vulgar; he is never pert, never pompous, but looks like Abraham, and Jonah, and Isaac, and Jacob, and King Solomon all in one. He seems to be incapable of fret or worry; and when he dies it will be, I am sure, without a struggle, for he was never fully awake yet.

But to the streets that lead to other shops than Mustapha's. In the first place, they are as narrow as Shoe-lane; yes, even that Regent-street of Constantinople that leads to St. Sophia, or the Piccadilly that branches on to the Hippodrome, is a mere rough path; Stamboul being, like Rome, a city of Seven Hills, half its lanes are five times as steep as Holborn Hill. They have no smooth slabs of side pavement,

no kerbs, no lamps, no names, and no guarding side-posts. They are covered with what is merely a jolting mass of boulder stones thrown down loose as when uncarted, or if sound trottoir for a few yards, in another step or two ground into holes or crushed into something like a stonemason's yard, or a pebbly sea-beach bristly with geological specimens. If a barricade had just been pulled down, and not yet levelled, so would it look; if it were the street of a mountain village, so would it be. As in the days of Adam, and before Macadam was thought of, so are still the streets, barbarous, and laming enough to make a paving commissioner go into a swoon, or to threaten to indict the Sultan and the whole Turkish government as a nuisance.

To ladies impossible, to men terrible, imagine—plus these torrent beds of streets, mountain defiles after an inundation, or a landslip avalanche of shingle—a continuous stream of ox-carts, water-carriers and oil-carriers, ass drivers, bread sellers, carriages with Turkish ladies, pashas and their mounted retinue, pack-horses, children, and Circassian loungers. Then, on every vacant spot strew praying dervishes, sleeping, couchant, or rampant wild dogs, melon-stalls and beggars, throw up above a ball of solid fire and call it the sun, and you have some small idea of the delight of walking and note-taking in the Dying Man's city.

But let us stroll down this street, where the planes

toss their green jagged leaves over those gratings, through which I see the stone turbans of tombstones, with, below, blue and gilt verses from the Koran, and get to this slovenly, down-hill lane, leading towards the bazaars, for in it we shall find nearly every class of Turkish trade, as those Armenian porters, with their knots and ropes on their back, seem smilingly to promise, as they offer to carry home the English sultan's purchases for him; and as for that, I believe they would carry home a house on their backs, if it only had handles.

"Way there!"—what a howl of "Guardia!" "Guard-diah!"—just as I am stopping for a cup of water at a gilded fountain, I am driven into a mastic shop by eight Armenian porters, four behind and four in front, who are staggering up-hill with a gigantic steel-bound bale, considerably larger than a chest of drawers, out of which ooze some yellow webs of silk; it vibrates on two enormous lance-wood poles, thin at the end and thick in the middle. Now, for a moment, these brawny men stop to rest the burden, and wipe their brown, rugged, beaded foreheads. Imagine the difficulties of trade in a city all Holborn Hills, where all Pickford's business has to be done by porters, and honour the sturdy industry of the honest Armenian hammals who stop for no one, not even the Sultan himself, who pass, howling out a rapid caution, through weeping funeral or laughing wedding procession, marching soldiers, anything, any

one, and for a few pence, unapplauded, perform the labours of Hercules in the Sick Man's city.

Attentive to trade interests, as well as to the rights of hospitality, the Turk, in the shop where I have taken refuge, points to the heaps of mastic upon his counter, and I buy a little to chew, because I have heard that Turkish ladies spend the greater part of their lives in this harmless, but unintellectual occupation. Mastic resembles gum Arabic; it is crystally cracked, yellow in colour, like a pale, flawed topaz, and has no taste at all to mention. It produces no effect, opiate or otherwise, and for all I could see, I might as well have spent my time sucking a little pebble, as schoolboys do when they are going to run a race, and want to improve their "wind." It lasted me, however, about half an hour, till I got to the square of Bajazet. At the end of that time, I got alarmed, and, taking it out of my mouth and looking at it, I found it changed to a sodden opaque lump of a dull white colour, which tasted like chewed India-rubber; so I flipped it at a street dog in disgust, and the street dog swallowed it immediately, as he would have done, no doubt, had I thrown him a shoeing-horn or a pair of old braces.

My Turk now wanted me to buy some henna powder for the ladies of my hareem, but I declined, upon which he clapped his hands, as if to call his negro boy, and in bounded a bushy white cat that he

had dyed a rose pink to prove the excellence of his drugs; but even this did not induce me to buy anything, for a clog-shop next door then allured me, and I stopped to see the apprentices with short adzes cleaving the wood, with which they fashioned the wooden sole, and the stilted supports of the "chopines," on which the Turkish ladies clatter across the cold marble floor of their fountain-sprinkled bath-rooms into the inner cells, where they disappear in a cloud of hot steam, from which merry laughing and the splashing of water is heard at intervals. This is quite a West-end shop for Turkey, and they sell all kinds of bath clogs here, from the plain wooden to the rich polished pairs, that are lozenged and starred with mother-of-pearl, in a style fit for Zobeide herself.

How quiet and industrious the workmen are!—twice as vigorous as Spaniards, and patiently enjoying the labour, with scarcely even an eye for passing scenes in the street. No plate-glass here, no varnished brackets, no pattern dwarf boot, or skeleton bone foot; nothing but chips and shavings, and split, split, hammer, hammer; a man at work behind, with some curious glue, is inserting the patterns of pearl into the wooden slabs cleverly enough.

A pipe-shop next. One Nubian and three young Turks, with a patriarch watching them, while he does the finer work himself. One turban and three scarlet fezes, all cross-legged, and the Nubian hold-

ing his work between his bare feet, for his toes are handier than many men's fingers. Good-natured, like all his race, a chronic grin of unctuous content is on his face. A worse specimen of a slave for platform and inflammatory purposes could not be found. The shop is not much bigger than six cobblers' stalls thrown into one, and the wall at the back is lined with pipe-stems, that rest against it like so many javelins. They are surely old Arab spear-shafts, pierced for new and more peaceful purposes. The dark-red ones are cherry stems from Asia Minor; the rough light-brown ones, jasmin saplings from Albania. They are about five feet long, and form the real chibouk that the Turk loves when it is finished off with a small red tea-cup of a bowl, and that bowl is crammed with the choicest tobacco of Salonica. But what are those coloured wire-bound coils, like variegated eels, that twine and curl on the floor, for this is not a serpent charmer's? Those, innocent Frank, making a Guy of thyself with that bandaging of white muslin around thy wide-awake, are the tubes of narghilés, that the Turks love even more than the chibouk to smoke, because they are handier for small rooms, and do not require an orbit of five feet to each puffer.

Look opposite at that coffee-shop, which is a Turkish tavern: see those four men. They are mere poor men, but they come in to lunch off a farthing cup of coffee, without milk or sugar, and a

puff of a narghilé. How dignified they sit till the globular bottles, with the tubes coiled round them, are brought, the tobacco burning red above on the little cups of charcoal! See, only a dozen puffs, and the pure water from the fountain yonder is polluted in the pipe-bottles to a lemonade colour by the smoke it softens, and its bubble and gurgle is soothing to listen to. Miles of that tubing, red, green, blue, and crimson, are made annually in Constantinople. See how nattily the men bind the tubes with fine wire, to make them at once flexible and endurable. A Roman alderman once wished he had a throat three yards long. The Turkish epicure of smoke has realized the wish by making his pinch of tobacco go further than any one else's. Now, having bought ten yards of narghilé tube, with a fringed end, do you want an amber mouthpiece for your chibouk? Old Turks think they make the smoke bitter and harsh, and therefore prefer the plain cherry-wood *pur et simple*, sucking the smoke through it, and not putting the pipe between their lips at all: but tastes differ.

Here is the shop. Cases on the counter, within them rows of mouthpieces, looking like sucked barley-sugar, golden and transparent. The amber is of all shades of yellow, from opaque lemon to burnt saffron. Some of those more shiny ones are only glass, the dearer ones have little fillets of diamonds round their necks, and are worth a purse full of

piastres. Then there are dull green ones for cheap pipes, and meerschaum cigaret holders for the cursed Frank, who had better take care he is not made a fool of, for greasy Turkish bank-notes are all alike, except for the numeral, that it requires practice to read; and then there are besides old and new notes, and bad gold Medjids, and Heaven knows what cheating, in this scorpions' nest of foreign rogues and schemers. Do you want rosaries? Here are talismans made of chips of red cornélian, and aloes wood for incense.

But here a ruder shop, not matted nor cushioned, arrests us. Plain beaten earth floor, rude counter. It looks more like a deserted blacksmith's shop than anything else. It belongs to a maker of vermicelli. The owner, ghostly white in face, is brushing a huge tin tray round and round. The brush must be of wire, or be grooved or toothed, for I see the caked material under which the fire is, is drawn and cut into tubed threads, and he draws it out as it dries, like so much carded flax, dexterously indeed. I see that he knows when it is done by its threads snapping and springing up, crisp and loose, from the tin shield. Good-natured people that the Turks are! He smiles and nods to me, quite pleased at the interest the wandering, spying out Giaour takes in his performance. To-night, I shall be at Misseri's gorging dinner, ladling out hanks of that very sodden thread to my chattering friends. I shall then enjoy

those wet reels of cotton all the more for knowing how cleverly they are made.

Now, moving on, I get into a stratum of edibles, for here, at a window, lolls an immense bullock's hide full of white cheese, looking like stale cream, become dry and powdery. It comes from Odessa, I am told, or is made of buffalo's milk, and is brought by camels from the interior of Anatolia, for butter and milk are all but unknown in Turkey, I long ago found. At the next stall are dried devil-fish, looking horrible with their hundred leathery arms; but here, where swordfish were once a favourite dish, and the people are very poor, what can one expect?

Who shall say the Turks are bigoted and intolerant, when here, next door to a baker's, is a shop with coarse Greek prints, representing Botzaris, the Greek hero, putting to death heaps of Turks; and there are tons of illustrations, in which the Turk is always getting the worst of it. There was a time when to even delineate a human being was death in Turkey, but now——

It was hard times for the bakers twenty years ago, when you could hardly be a week in Constantinople without seeing one of the tribe groaning with a nail through his ear, fastening him to his own shop door. That was the time when women were drowned in sacks in broad daylight, and when the sight of a rebel pasha's head, brought in in triumph, has taken away the appetite of many an Englishman breakfasting

with a Turkish minister. But there he (the baker) is now, floury, ghostly, and serious as ever, groping in that black cave of an oven at the back of his shop, or twisting rings of bread with all the unction of a feeder of mankind and a well-paid philanthropist.

The fez shops are very numerous in the "Sick Man's" city, for turbans decrease, though slowly. They are of a deep crimson, and have at the top a little red stalk, to which the heavy blue tassel is tied, and which always, to prevent entanglement, is kept in stock with a sort of ornament of paper cut into a lace pattern round it. The blocks, too, for fezes to be kept on, are sold in distinct shops. You see them round as cheeses ranged in front of a Turk, who watches them as if he was expecting them to grow. Sometimes you could hardly help thinking they were pork pies, were it not for seeing the barelegged boy in the background, who, pushing the unfinished block with the flexible sole of his foot, keeps it even upon the lathe.

Stationers and booksellers hardly show at all in Stamboul but in the bazaar, and there in a very limited way, in a way, too, that makes the Englishman wish they were away altogether. The tailor, too, does not figure largely, though you see Turks busy in their shops sewing at quilted gowns and coverlids stuffed with down, and you seldom pass down a street without seeing a man with a bow, such as the Saracen of Snow Hill could scarcely have

drawn, bowing cotton, with the twang and flutter peculiar to that occupation, the slave behind being half buried in flock, or emerging from a swansdown sea of loose white feathers.

The jewellers (frequently Jews) reside chiefly in the bazaars, both for safety and convenience. There they sit, sorting great heaps of seed pearl, as if it was so much rice, squinting through lumps of emerald, or weighing filigree earrings, with veiled ladies looking on, and black duennas in yellow boots ever in waiting; but still there are also a few outsiders who sell coarse European watches, with unseemly French cases, and large bossy silver basins for rose-water, or some such frivolous use, shaped like huge melons, and crusted with patterning, much watched over by the Turkish police, who, in blue tunics, red fezes, and white trousers, sneak about rather ingloriously, but for the ornamented holster at the belt, in which their pistols lurk.

It is not possible to go up a Turkish street, if it contain any shops at all, without also finding among them a furniture shop, where Chinese-looking stools and large chests are sold; their whole surface diced over with squares of mother-of-pearl, frequently dry and loose with extreme age, being now, we believe, rather out of fashion in the palaces on the Bosphorus.

But these are the first-rate streets; in the lower alleys, round the gates of the Golden Horn side of the city, down by the timber stores and the fish-

market, the shops are mere workstalls, alternating with mere sheds, and with rooms full to the very door with shining millet or sesame, which looks like carraway seed; with charcoal stores, and fruit-stands where little green peaches are sold, the true Turk preferring raw fruit to ripe.

In these Lower Thames-street sort of neighbourhoods—in winter knee-deep in mud, and in summer almost impassable for traffic, towards the Greek quarter especially—you are sure to find a comb-shop, a little place about as large as four parrots' cages, where an old ragged Turk and a dirty boy are at work, straightening crooked bullocks' horns by heat, sawing them into slices, chopping them thinner and thinner, and filing out the coarse teeth. The workman, powdered with yellow horn dust, perhaps stops now and then to drink from the red earth jug that is by his side, or deals with a mahabiji, or street sweetseller, for that delicious sort of rice blancmange he sells, yellow all through, powdered with white sugar, and eaten with a brass spoon of delightfully antique shape; or he is discussing a shovelful of burnt chesnuts, or a head of maize boiled to a flowery pulp, eaten with a ring of bread, and washed down with a draught from the nearest fountain; or he is stopping, the patriarch master being away, to listen to the strains of an itinerant Nubian, who stands under a mosque wall, yonder, with a curious banjo slung round his black neck, the handle a big knotted reed, the body as large

as a groom's sieve, and of the same shape. Some black female servants are also near, listening; and I can tell from what African province they are by the scars of the three gashes, that, as they think, adorn their left cheeks. Close to where they stand, perhaps, is a shop full of fleas and pigeons, the latter always hustling about and cooing and evidently on sale.

But shall I forget the tobacco shops that are incessant, that are everywhere, upon the hills and down by the water, round St. Sophia and close even to the Sublime Porte itself? In England, I have always from a boy envied two tradesmen, the one the cabinet-maker, the other the ivory-turner; the one dealing with such a dainty, clean material, the other so dexterous and refined in his manipulations; but in Turkey I always longed to be either a jeweller or a tobacco merchant, the one with a stock so portable and costly, the other with a trade so much patronized, yet requiring so little apparatus. The tailor fags his eyes out, but the tobacco merchant buys his skinfuls of tobacco, or his leathern bagfuls of the Syrian jibili, the patient hammal throws it down in his shop; he buys a tobacco-cutter, a pair of scales, a brass tiara of a tray to pile the show samples up in, and there he sits and smokes till a purchaser comes. No heart-breaking change, no docks to trudge to; no anything. Nothing but to drag up brimming handfuls of the saffron thread and to sell it by the oke, trebling the price of course to an accursed Frank. What did the

Turks do (I often thought) before smoking was invented? Did they play at chess, cut off Christians' heads perpetually, or murder their wives like Blue-beard, that vulgar type of the Turk? What did they do before coffee, on which they now seem to live, sipping it all day, hot and black and thick, tossing off grounds and all, without any grounds at all for such a proceeding? Does the fate of nations depend on what they eat? Did frogs lead to the retreat from Moscow, and beef to Waterloo? Such are the questions that keep repeating themselves to me. The Turk's great pleasure is "rest," of which a wise man once said to a lazy one everybody would have enough in the grave. The Turk works from necessity, but, Allah! give him means to be idle, then he strolls out to a stream, sits down, calls for coffee, crosses his legs, lights his chibouk and muses: you can scarcely call it thinking, it is mental dozing.

But what is this shop, larger, wealthier, and more European-looking than its fellows, into which are now entering those three white-veiled, nun-like Turkish ladies, who draw up their rich silks of violet and canary colour quite above their bright yellow, shape-less boots? They go in and sit down like so many children on the low, four-legged, rush-bottomed stools, so full of mirth and mischief, that they at once agitate, and distress, and delight the quiet Turkish sweetmeat-seller and his black servant, who is steeping little oval shelly pistachio nuts in a tin of melting sugar

and oil. The walls of the shop are hung with long walking-sticks, (cudgels, shall I say?) of that precious and fragrant sweetment known in hareems as "rahat li koum," or "lumps of delight," which is a glutinous sort of jelly of a pale lemon or rose colour, floured with sugar, and knotted and veined with the whitest and curdiest of almonds. It is a delicious, paradisaical gluey business, and horribly indigestible, as I found to my cost.

Those fair English friends of mine who nibble at a fowl, and sip hesitatingly at a jelly, wishing to be thought—by all watchful beaux and eligible young men of a few neat thousands a year—mere fragile angels who drink the essence of flowers and live upon invalid spoonfuls of the most refined delicacies, might derive benefit from seeing Zobeide, Scheherazade, and the other fair Persian wives of that renowned pasha, Dowdy Pasha, consume yards—yes, positively yards—of those sweetmeat walking-sticks, washing down the bane of digestion with plentiful draughts of red-currant sherbet, raspberry sherbet, and fresh-made lemonade duly iced.

Then, with a zeal worthy of a better cause, forgetful of this morning's handfuls of rice and fowl, and long, greasy shreds torn with their own fair fingers from a lamb roasted whole, they fall to on piles of sweet cakes, ending with a few spadesful of comfits, laughing and talking all the time, and evidently making light of the whole affair! I wish I could here burst forth with

some scraps of Hafiz or Ferdusi, and tell you how warm and dark their antelope eyes were—how the lucid tinge of a summer daybreak lit their cheeks, but Truth, my vigorous taskmistress, has got *her* eye upon me, and I dare not. To tell you the truth, Zobeide was a whale of a woman, and was ruddled, not merely painted, with rouge; the fair Persian had Indian ink eyebrows, joining architecturally over her nose, and Scheherazade was as white as a wall with smears of loathsome hard paint that marred her once pretty nose and dimpling mouth. Directly they were trotted off in their little pea-green and gilt carriage, guardian negress and all, I went into the shop, about which I had all this time been loafingly prowling, and called, clapping my hands, for some violet sherbet, because Mussulman tradition distinctly tells us that that great Arab epicure and sensualist Mohammed called this his favourite beverage, and now do I greatly desire to tell my readers all that I can about the flavour and flagrance of that well and euphoniously named drink; but one thing prevents me, and that is, that my Turk did not sell it, and no one else that I could find out ever did, so I did not taste it, and cannot compare it to all sorts of things, as I should otherwise decidedly have done.

Wine and spirits would not be sold at all in Stamboul, at least openly, but that British subjects claim that privilege of sale. Raki—a sort of fiery, oily anisette, peculiarly deleterious—is drunk with great

relish by the Greeks, and by those Turks who are lax in their religious observance, whenever they can get it unobserved—"on the sly," as Rocket calls it. I am afraid that tying down poor human nature with unnecessary restraints makes sad hypocrites of men, who find it difficult enough to keep even the great laws, and are always inventing some excuse to slip off Nature's handcuffs. I remember particularly, one fresh bright morning, that I was on the deck of a Turkish steamer that was ploughing through the Sea of Marmora, and just sighting the Seven Towers, beyond which the cypresses and minarets were rising in a great watchful army, guarding the crescented domes of the still sleeping city. The deck was strewn with Albanians in their hairy capotes, with slavish-looking thievish Greeks, and with Turks grave and cross-legged on their prayer-carpets. Here and there, seated on the benches, were two or three half-Europeanized Turks, attempting cumbrously to imitate the ribald ease of their Greek friends. Threading the still half-sleeping groups, stepped the cafegee of the boat with thimble cups of smoking black coffee (half grounds, as the Turks drink it) on his dirty trays. A Greek, in crimson jacket and black-worsted lace broidery all over it, suddenly produces an old green medicine bottle full of raki, and passes it round. His Greek friends drink and look religiously thankful, for the autumn morning is raw. Three times—nay, four times—he smiles, and offers it to the Turk, who

looks away over the boat-side coquettishly. There is a curious constraint in the way he pushes the bottle from him: so Cæsar pushed the crown, according to the envious Cassius; so Cromwell did not push aside the bottle, if Cavalier squibs are true. There is a thoughtful, spurious look about his eye—changing, with the rapidity of a juggler's trick, to a quiet look of content and triumph, as he suddenly accepts the bottle, and, slipping behind a fat Greek, takes an exhaustive slope of its contents. What this man did with hypocritic reluctance, hundreds did, as I was very well assured, without any reluctance at all, under the protection and shelter of a European's roof. They feel the prohibition is absurd; they know the Sultan has bartered his very throne for a champagne flask, as his father did before him: so secretly they drink and are drunken. Indeed, I was told that the more philosophical Turks consider champagne merely a sort of heavenly bottled beer: in the first place, because it froths, which Eastern wine does not; secondly, because it is of a dull yellow colour, when their wine is red. Besides, as long as nations choose the wisest, and bravest, and best of their nation for monarch, must they not follow his example, and (saving the Prophet) get wisely, bravely, and, in the best and most secret way possible, drunk from pure loyalty?

People have often laughed at Chateaubriand's French dancing-master giving *soirées* to the Dog-

rib Indians, and a better subject for a farce could scarcely be conceived; but all incongruous things are ridiculous, when they are not, on the one hand, also hateful, or, on the other, when they do not excite our pity. So, *apropos* of raki, and the Turkish rakes who drink it, I must describe a small English tavern that I stumbled into just outside the Arsenal walls. It was kept by a Greek, and was dirty in the Greek manner; but I found it was specially patronized by the English mechanics whom the Sultan keeps to superintend the Government manufactories. These intensely English men—of course despising sherbet, which they profanely and almost insultingly called "pig's-wash," and detesting raki because it was the secret beverage of "them d——d villains of Turks,"—resorted to this grimy hostelrie, dirtier than the meanest village inn in "dear old England," to cozily wash the steel filings from their throats and the sawdust from their lips with real expensive, oily, bilious, "old Jamaikey," so old that the red and green labels on the bottles were brown and fly-blown, and with "Hollands" in square, black, green, high-shouldered Ostade bottles. It was delightful to see the brave, cross-grained, grumbling fellows lamenting English climate and English taxes, d——ing the Turks, and wishing they were in Wessex and Double Gloucester again, "with all *their* hearts;" to see them turning up their sleeves and hammering on the table for more grapes

and more rum, shouting out, "It's my delight, on a shiny night," and "Don't rob a poor man of his beer," and discussing, with absurd eagerness, six-months'-old English news, reforms long since become law, and treaties long since broken.

I have heard, indeed, that in the days of Mahmoud (the stern father of Abdul Medjid, "the fainéant"), that despotic Turk who destroyed the Janissaries, and introduced European reforms into Turkey, these grimy, bibulous friends of mine had rather a risky, troublesome time of it, for they then stood upon their dignity as Britons, got feverish British beer into their brave, wrong-headed brains, and were once or twice "pulled up" and nearly decapitated in a row for not salaaming, "and all that rubbish," some grand pasha—probably but yesterday a barber's apprentice, or a page about the palace—for Fortune plays strange freaks in the East.

And now, while I am in this tavern den, trying to eat some horseflesh stew—which I have ordered as an excuse for watching Smith, and Brown, and Jones (especially Smith)—there stands before me a ragged Greek vagabond, crafty as Ulysses, voluble as the winged-worded Pericles, who, in hopes of a stray piastre, harangues me and the engineers on a certain English pasha to whom he was once right-hand man. His gestures alone would be eloquence, for he beats his chest, and rends his dirty merino waistcoat.

"He (English pasha) keep white horse, black

horse, red horse, blue horse, every sort horse; and I drive him, whip him, saddle him, break him, 'cos he (English pasha) Sultan grêat friend—every day at palace. I too at palace. I—I eat lamb, pistachio-nut. I eat kibob (very nice kibob)—I drink shirab and champagney wine. I wear scarlet jacket and fustanella—white fustanella—servant under me—horse under me—money—drink—all right—all good. All at once come wicked man to English sultan, whisper ear—say, 'Take care, Anastase, bad man, rogue-man.' English sultan call and tell me, flog me—drive out faithful Anastase—take away horses—everything. Now, Anastase dirty man, poor man, thief man (laughs ironically)—no raki, no kibob, no drink, no eat. Go 'bout, [redacted] rich Englishman for little money. Th[redacted]es) —drink health."

I treated them all round, and left Mr. Smith inadvertently decanting bottled beer over Mr. Brown's bald head, and proposing the health of the unfortunate Anastase.

CHAPTER VII.

MADHOUSES IN CONSTANTINOPLE.

I HAD obtained the Sultan's permission to visit the Government Madhouse—the Demir-Khan—as the Turks call it; and I dreaded, and yet I was anxious for the sight.

I was to accompany a Doctor Legoff, a Georgian born, [redacted]d attached to the Russian Embassy, wh[redacted]eavouring to rouse the Sick Man and his [redacted]sters to the necessity of introducing the European system of treating the insane into the asylums in Constantinople, of which this was the chief. We took two hacks at the door of the Foreign Office, and, followed by our two running footmen, were soon threading the torrent-bed streets of the filthy Jews' Quarter on our way to the Demir-Khan, where a mad world had shut up some of the more flagrant and eccentric of its inhabitants. As we rode along, on those terrible Turkish saddles that propel you forward on the pommel, the huge iron scrapers or shoes being hung so far behind the perpendicular line, the doctor, who is a trifle pedantic, and

belabours you with a good deal of dog Latin, useful to conceal ignorance and astonish the vulgar, told me that the Demir-Khan, like the Greek and other lunatic asylums of the city, was far behind the times. Mere cases of drunken delirium, or temporary aberration, were thrust in there, without any hopes of release. All classes of patients were herded together, cruel restraints were still occasionally used, the keepers were cruel, and treated the patients as criminals. The asylum was not clean, ablutions and lavations were rare, and there was no amusement to relieve and occupy the mind, or avert paroxysms. Indeed, so far was recreation unconsidered, that the only room which commanded a fine view of the Bosphorus and Golden Horn, although Turks are universally and innately fond of scenery to a passion, was barred from the patients and left unused. True that the heavy "catenæ or fetters" (belt and collar) of ten years since were abandoned, but there was still a rumour of underground cells and many remains of old barbarism and cruelty, dating from the times when insanity was considered to be caused by a devil being in possession, or tenanting the patient, which devil only stripes and bruisings would expel. As long as insanity was considered miraculous and a divine punishment, doctors did nothing for it, and what they did failed. Cruelty brutalized the maniac, deepened his aberration, but never cured him. He, Dr. Legoff, therefore, was

desirous of drawing up a report of this asylum and of the condition of its patients, that he might state the ameliorations that might be effected. I jolted on and said nothing, for dog Latin disagrees with me, and pedantry, small or large, is a condition of intellectual pride and vanity I utterly despise. I did not, indeed, wish to discourage the sanguine theorist; but I knew very well that the indolent Sultan, wearied by the perpetual reforms suggested by Europeans, has a way, after endless audiences and petitions, of always staving them off by requesting the delighted men to visit such and such an establishment, and draw up a long report, which is then handed over to the vizier for consideration. This consideration takes so long, however, generally, that the affair never goes any further. The European, zealous for civilization, gets—what (sometimes) is all he wants—his backsheesh of guineas, and the matter is ended—ended never to be re-begun—"it is being considered" stops all further inquiries. It is a crafty means of blocking out the too energetic European, and is worthy of Oriental wisdom.

We are there. It is a large building—once, perhaps, a pasha's house—close to the great mosque of Sulieman, which far exceeds St. Sophia both in internal and external beauty. Our boy-grooms stop a man with his long pipe stuck down his back for safety, the red bowl rising slantingly from between his shoulders, and ask him which is the door to enter at.

The man angrily growls something about "Satan and infidel," and asks if they take him for a patient that has escaped. A second fellow, passing with a stand of roasted Indian corn, yellow and mealy, shows us the gate we desire, and we beat for admittance, looking through the bars into a garden and a long passage ending in an archway and court beyond. Dr. Legoff assumes an official air, just as if a suit of *uniform* had suddenly dropped on him from the clouds. We dismount and leave our horses to our mischievous grooms, who keep slapping the flanks of the gray and of the bay, and exclaiming, "Good horse, chibili!—good horse, Inglis officer!"

There is much parley at the door, which drives Dr. Legoff to violent Ciceronianisms in dog Latin, and to energetic protests drawn from a combination of Delectus, Latin Grammar, and the drawer-labels of chemists' shops. He swears that the Turkish porter, an old man who tumbles out of a lodge that is paved with a feather-bed, must have had more than *aqua pura* that morning; that it was dementia, stark dementia, to exclude a government commissioner; that the porter is a fatuous old senex, febrous with opium, and with paralysis supervening; that he (Dr. L.) will get in even if there is blood-letting; for he must and will see Dr. Tricoupi, the Italian physician of the establishment.

Leaving reluctantly his brass waiter full of rice and fowl, and his pipe and thimbleful of black coffee,

the old porter at last puts on his red slippers and toddles off, fussy Polonius and pantaloon that he is, to tell his master of the strangers, as he might have done ten minutes ago, saving my temper, which is easterly just now, for I am rather lame, and, saving the effusion of much canine Latin—Latin that the poorest scullion of an Erasmian convent would have been ashamed to use.

We pass down the paved passage, through a portico where some quiet patients are sitting, and where servants of the madhouse are drawing skinfuls of water from the fountain, and are shown into a little bare room, in the corner of a yard, where the doctor receives us. Tricoupi is not a bit like one of our own oiled and scented, bland and dulcet, flattering, fashionable doctors; on the contrary, he is a short, small, quiet, sharp-nosed Italian, kindly and rather cautious in manner. A black boy presents us on bended knee, and with a conventional sweep and flourish, with first a chibouk, and then a little cup of burning hot coffee, à la Turque. To the great red saucer-bowls of the chibouks that rest on the floor, another boy, running in like an elf, squeezing a glowing lump of charcoal between a small pair of silver tongs, brings flames and fires the saffron threads of the Syrian tobacco that hang dishevelled over the broad pipe-bowls upon the floor.

I am sure, from Tricoupi's restless manner, and the hurried way in which he shows us specimens of

mad artisans' handicraft, that he knows our *visit* bodes him no good, and that we are, in fact, come to report on the imperfections of the system which he personifies. I dare say, if he dared, he would poison us in the coffee, or throw us to some raging, shaven Orson of a Turkish madman. So he casts down his eyes, the old fox, and fences with Legoff, who tries to look friendly and innocent, unobservant and admiring, parries all our questions, and never even mentions a certain entry-book of cases which ought to be copied to-day for Legoff's report. Legoff asks his opinion about the insurrection; he is a very shy bird, and will not hazard an opinion. "He has heard"—"They do say"—"Somebody thought"—and he hides himself in a chibouk cloud of smoke, through which his thin, long nose looms, and that is all. But one thing he dare not smother up or refuse, and that is, the madmen themselves. Legoff has power to go anywhere in the Demir-Khan, and asking astute Tricoupi's leave is a mere ceremony.

Tricoupi waves us on as if he was showing a wax-work exhibition, and had come to the Chamber of Horrors. Legoff puts on the air of a man who has got handcuffs in his pocket, and will put them on his man, too, if there be need. He becomes great on the different forms of mania, and makes allusions to me in English on the utter want of causality in Tricoupi's head. As for "the occipital portion of the skull," he says, speaking of the little bland fox,

"it is not much below the average, but the sinciput ——." Luckily, Tricoupi cannot speak English.

Here we entered the large courtyard of the Demir-Khan, in the centre of which stood a plane-tree and a covered fountain. Round this quadrangle ran a sort of dirty paved cloister, upon which opened the doors of small cells on one side, and on the other the doors of general dormitories and bath-rooms. From these little huts, listlessly—from the bars of the windows, fiercely—from idle groups squatting with their backs to the wall, torpidly, everywhere—madmen's faces met ours.

"Doing nothing," said Legoff, with a sigh; "no amusement—no occupation—nothing to remove the strain and wear off the one dominant idea that has subjected all the rest."

Tricoupi took all the bright view of things, and patted a ferocious-looking Hercules of a Turk we were passing on the back. "You see," he said, "the religion of my poor invalids makes them patient. Paroxysms are much more rare than with you in Europe. 'Chismet' (it is decreed), they say; and resign themselves to fetters and the shower-bath."

"Every one of them in a state of collapse, prostration bodily and mental!" groaned Legoff, with a glance of pity at Tricoupi, who was pinching the ear of a negro madman with playful familiarity.

Suddenly, Tricoupi, waving aside the pale, absorbed-looking men that paced up and down the

cloister, regardless of our presence, or listening eagerly but vacantly to Legoff's general groans at the Turkish system of managing the insane, flung open the door of a small cell. We looked in, and saw, sitting on a small, poor pallet, in a little whitewashed cabin of a room, a tall, stiff-necked, gentlemanly man, of some forty years old. His head and neck were bandaged, the white cloth gave great lustre to his dark, black moustache and thick, curling beard, and even to his serious, deep-sunk eyes that were fixed on us pitifully yet irrationally. Tricoupi asked after his health, and he returned some restless, complaining, irrelevant answer.

"That," said Tricoupi, turning to us, and lecturing upon the man as if he was only a waxwork figure, "is a Persian gentleman, whose mind became afflicted from some decay of his circumstances. Last week, being forbidden tobacco by his doctor, he cut his throat in bed, leaving on the table a letter stating that he had done the deed himself, fearing his servant might be accused of the crime." As he spoke, the Persian gentleman bent his neck to us stiffly, as if guessing the purport of our conversation. One twist of a nerve, and all the fine machinery of the brain ajar and out of tune!

On our way to the next cell, Tricoupi stopped a moment near a row of men squatting along the foot of the wall, to point out to us a young Nubian black, with a thin, sad face—the face of a mad

Puritan—so rapt and introspective were his eyes, so regardless and forgetful of earth. He was of an olive black, his lips were ashy, and he wore a blanket, which left half his black, bony chest bare. This was a young howling dervish; perhaps some pasha's eunuch turned fanatic, who, having abandoned himself headlong to austerities, and to the hideous demoniacal rites of his fraternity, in which foolish travellers find only matter of ridicule, had suddenly been seized by the notion that he had won by his howls and mortifications the dignity of sainthood; therefore refusing to speak, he surrendered himself to divine influences. Why he should be imprisoned for this conceit I could not see, and looked with pity at the immovable, imperturbable black enthusiast. Suppose a real prophet in a madhouse—an Amos or a Joel—and you have a situation for poetry more sublime and touching than even the blinded toil of Samson in the Philistines' mill.

"Dementia, decided aberratio, a decompositio rationis," said Legoff, much too scientific for pity, much too learned for compassion.

"You have now seen our religious madness," said Tricoupi. "You shall next see our pride sunk into insanity. This is a common form of Turkish madness."

"What have the fellows to be proud of, I should like to know?" said Legoff, authoritatively.

The cell was unbolted by a brutal-looking turnkey

who wore a sort of dirty soldier's dress, and at his very approach I observed the madmen crouched and trembled. We saw, leaning against a window, seated cross-legged on a rude divan covered with some coarse shawling, a venerable, sagacious-looking old man, with preternaturally bright eyes, and a crisp, silvery beard cascading over his dull purple robe. He might have been Haroun-al-Raschid grown old, or Ali Pasha, the Pasha of Albania, with his head glued on again, he bore himself so grandly. He was acting the Sultan, that was his insanity. He looked at us as we entered with infinite contempt; he knew we looked upon him as a mere claimant and pretender to power, but he despised us. Tricoupi, longing, but afraid, to pat him on the back, humoured him by making a salaam, and requested him to write us a firman. He gave it us, but with the air of a man who, though confident of greatness, is the object of ridiculous suspicion. We bowed ourselves out very carefully, and with a sort of spite the malignant turnkey bolted the doors, for the sultan was at times violent and highly dangerous if treated with any want of respect. Poor old man, happy in his delusion!

We had just visited one of the dormitories, when a little peasant child, a cretin, wearing only a coarse tunic of sackcloth, ran to greet us. As he leaped up and down with bare feet upon the stones, kissing our hands, and putting the hems of our coats to his lips,

the brutal turnkey laughing all the time at the drollery of the thing, and at the pleasantry of nature in giving us such children, Legoff was phrenologically feeling the idiot's head, and pointing with lecturer's horror to the hollow cup of a forehead, receding at about the angle of George the Third's, and fingering the enormous boss of a cerebellum. We gave the poor child a piastre, and he instantly flew off swift as a deer, crowing and laughing, to the gate to buy bread.

"Not half fed," said Legoff.

A moment after we saw him racing back to a cell at the opposite corner of the square to share it with his guardian, a tall, haggard Turk, who had remained two years without speaking, believing himself bewitched. We saw the child crouching at his feet in the doorway, smiling as the attentive friend first chewed the baked rings of bread strewn with grains of sesame, and then crammed them into his pupil's mouth, just as if he was feeding a young owl.

It was while we were still watching this operation —Legoff scornfully, Tricoupi with crafty, assumed *bonhommie*—that a madman came up and accosted us. His face wore the agonized, purgatorial stare of sleepless, changeless insanity that faces in madhouses always wear.

"This," said Tricoupi, "is a most curious instance of the decay of some regulating mental principle. Body of Bacchus!. he imagines his name changes

every minute to that of some dead sultan. I will try him."

Tricoupi put the question. The man jogged his turban, and put his head on one side, as if trying to listen, or to remember. In a moment he answered boldly, "Bajazet." We repeated the question slowly; he looked as if he was watching a turning roulette wheel, he replied, "Amurath;" a third time, and he said, "Mahmoud." It was a trifling madness for a world of eccentric people to shut you up for. Why not for picture buying, or coin collecting, or for a walking-stick mania, or for having a fancy for old china?

We had not well escaped from this madman, when a thoughtful looking man, with much of the air of a gentleman, came up to us, and with the air of one who has long been embarrassed with a topic, but at last begins to see daylight in the distance, said in good Turkish to Dr. Tricoupi, who patted him on the back, to keep up his paternal character before the commissioner,—

"I have decided on two millions."

I asked what the madman meant by his having decided on two millions.

The doctor, leaving his mad friend adding up the two millions on his brown fingers, told me that the man standing there counting with his head down, was a Turkish doctor who had gone mad, and in a frenzy murdered at once his father, mother, and two children. The two millions was the indemnity he

had agreed upon, after much reflection, as the compensation the Porte was to pay him for his professional losses during detention in prison. The murders he had quite forgotten, and his crazed mind was now wholly absorbed in complicated compound addition.

"A mere morbid condition of the organ of acquisitiveness," says Legoff, in a stately way, for he always talks of the mind as if it was a little dark cellar, partitioned off into labelled bins.

"There," said Tricoupi, pointing with an affectionate smile to a very ugly old Turk, who was drivelling in the last stage of idiocy in a corner of the cloister, a little alarmed at the turnkey, but otherwise not more wise than an old baboon, "that is the effect of excessive opium; and here"—turning to a lively, healthy-looking young Turk at his elbow—"is an instance of a cessation from the excessive use of the same drug; Achmet will soon get his release."

"Allah be praised!" said the young Turk, his eyes moistening with a sudden gush of grateful tears. Tricoupi pinched his cheek, and Legoff asking some question about the insurrection, Tricoupi thought it necessary to quietly "put him down."

"Dr. Legoff," he said, "I devote all my time to these poor mad children of mine; of all that passes outside these walls among the rich and fortunate, I know nothing. I never compromise myself with politics."

We next inspected the bath-rooms, where upon

violent patients and on new comers small Niagaras are crushed down from great heights; then we moved on with government commission formality to the miserable dining-rooms, imperfectly glazed, and with the beautiful prospect boarded out, much to Dr. Legoff's just and righteous indignation. Next we went to the sick ward, where we found two men washing their faces, and whispering with hideous witch glee in a sort of conspiracy mutter; now and then, as they turned and looked at us, breaking out into "fatuous laughter," as Legoff, always longing to pick a hole in the establishment, called it. From these poor wretches we were drawn by the querulous fears and prayers of a poor old man, who rose from his bed to entreat us for aid, for he was torn with pain, and as he spoke, he writhed and struggled as with an enemy. Coldly, and as a matter of course, the commission, deaf and dumb, passed by on the other side.

"Old man dying of sheer inanition and want of vital power," said Legoff.

"He is a troublesome, bad fellow," said the turnkey. "He eats his food as well as any of them, gentlemen."

Turnkeys are always offended at any sympathy evinced for those under their care.

As we passed out by the yellow-washed fountain into the outer portico, we found the turnkeys watching a quiet, calm Turk, who, under a network trellis of vines in the outer portico of the madhouse, sat

patiently at his task of illuminating a sheet of white paper in the Persian manner. He hardly looked up as he saw us, but with a self-satisfied smile went on with his curving flowers, azure flourishes, and crimson tendrils, which made the cretin boy clap his hands and stamp his naked feet with delight, and even the bewitched man to gravely smile, though as for the negro saint, nothing could allure him from his fakir attitude and meditative torpor.

"That poor fellow," said Tricoupi, as we walked back to the doctor's smoking-room, "is a house-painter; at home he tears everything to pieces, and threatens to murder his wife and children, but directly he is brought here he becomes soothed and tranquil, and sits down to his illumination. I have much of his work here (taking down a roll of drawings); and it is remarkable that all these were executed by him without sketch or measurement. He begins at the left-hand side of the paper, and covers it all over after some days' work with a perfect, harmonious, well-balanced pattern."

"Here," said the doctor, putting his hand into a cupboard, like a man who is dipping into a lottery, and producing a sort of long glass pickle bottle, with something swimming in a dark juice, that I at first mistook for some large, oddly-shaped preserved fruit, "do you see this, signori?"

We said we did.

"Look closer at it, signori."

Inshallah! why, as we stared through the dark liquid and held it more to the light, we saw it was a human foot cut off below the ankle, and now, pale and shrivelled, floating in the antiseptic liquid.

"That," said Dr. Tricoupi, smiling rather triumphantly, as antiquarians do when they show you some doubtful certainty, "that is the foot of a dervish, one Mustapha Aga, cut off by himself. He had turned Christian, and, after that, became rather crazed on religious subjects. It is supposed that the text, 'If thy foot offend thee, cut it off and cast it from thee,' &c., had been perverted by him, and led to this dreadful act."

Then we rode musingly home, talking now of the mad painter, now of the foot of Mustapha, Dr. Legoff impressing upon me strongly the necessity of instant reform in the Demir-Khan, and especially of ousting that false, self-reliant, ignorant man, Dr. Tricoupi (whom I rather liked, but dare not tell Legoff so). My violent medical friend then began talking of the state of the government madhouse we had just seen when he visited it first, twenty-six years ago. It was bad enough now, with its unglazed windows, dirty, pigeon-infested roofs, unclassified maniacs, and brutal turnkeys; it was without padded rooms, amusements, or annual inspection. Men were still picked up raving in the street, and thrown in there, and left to come out when they could persuade cruel men, interested in their detention, that they were

sane. "In the very first room," he said, "that he visited in 1833, there were four men chained by massive iron collars to rings in the four corners. They were crouched on the sunken stone floor, benumbed with cold, nothing on but a scanty blanket; their eyes were staring and fierce, their mouths sullen and savage in expression. The first I spoke to said he should be quite well if once outside the walls; that, two years before, he had been brought in when drunk, and that he was no more crazy than the keeper. The second told me he was a captain in the Turkish army, and had been brought there when delirious with fever. He did not know why he was still imprisoned, but there was no appeal to be made. In the next cell was a half-naked Turk, an idiot, dying of dysentery. There he sat, careless of death, shivering with cold, yet chattering like an ape to himself, and breaking out every now and then into shrieks of laughter. Close by him sat a young man with the face of an apostle, as Mr. Willis, the American writer, who also saw him, truly observed. He had tied up his chain to the grating, to relieve himself of the weight. The cells were all cold, wet, filthy, and miserable. The inmates were fed, like beasts, at certain hours, and the doors of their cells kept open, that visitors might indulge their curiosity. The keeper, with stolid indifference, showed us, I remember, one poor wretch, a dervish, who had been chained in the same corner for twenty years. He

never slept for more than a few minutes, and repeated prayers incessantly; his hair was tangled like a wild beast's mane, his nails had grown to claws. Near him was a well-dressed, rational-looking, renegade Greek, who told Willis he had lost his reason, and was glad that he was carefully confined. The boys who came with the visitors tormented him cruelly by looking through the grating of the cell and pulling his chain.

"In fact," summed up Dr. Legoff, "whether dementia or mania, aberratio or determination of blood to the head, chronic or temporary insanity is a most painful and alarming visitatio—and is still rather, I must confess, an opprobrium medici; how long it may so remain, I cannot tell. Whether it be a little too much or a trifle too little, the gorging of a brain blood-vessel, or the exhaustion and vacuity of cerebral passages, it is equally calamitous. Certainly, however, with us, in cases of an excess of intellectual labour, timely bleeding, medicines, and exercise, would save thousands."

Then I stopped the doctor's thinking aloud, by telling him how, thirty years ago, a friend of mine remembered as a boy in a Gloucestershire village, being taken with painful pleasure to see a farmer who had gone raving mad, and was chained on the floor in a room of a small cottage that formed one of a row of almshouses; there he wallowed, gnashing his teeth at the laughing boys who looked in and

teased him through the window. He remembered, too, with nightmare horror, how, with great strength, the madman tore and dragged at his chain, and beat it on the earthen floor of the cabin, and now and then lapsed suddenly into momentary fits of frightful torpor. He remembered how he used to spit on his finger, and holding it up say, with a roar of inquiry, "Is that gold, or is it a bunch of fleas?"

Just as I had completed this story, our horses, of their own accord, stopped at Misseri's hotel, and our groom began bawling for "backsheesh."

The next madhouse I visited in Constantinople was the Greek one, which lies out far beyond the Seven Towers, and outside the walls. I went alone, with a letter of introduction to a Dr. Morano, a native of Salonica. I could get no information at first where the Greek madhouse lay, nor, indeed, did I even know that it was a Greek establishment I was going to visit. All I knew was, that Dr. Morano presided over the Demir-Khan to which I was bound.

I asked a score people, I walked till I was foot-sore. Every one knew where it was, and showed me a different way. I went every way I was told, and nowhere found the Demir-Khan. I found myself in the old clothes bazaar, in the tent bazaar, in the street of the coppersmiths, among the pipe-makers, in the horse market, in a mosque court, railed at by an old Turkish priest, on the Bosphorus, in the cushioned cradle of a caique, in the valleys, on the hills,

threading an aqueduct arch, where fig-trees grew leafily out of the walls, in burial-grounds among cypresses, near barracks—but never at the madhouse.

At last, just as I was resting to take some sherbet at a stall, almost worn out, my head feeling dry and crusty with the heat as a well-baked quartern loaf, I saw in the distance a Turkish doctor, whom I had once met at a prison hospital, riding along, preceded by his pipe-bearer.

May my shadow never be less, and the hairs of my head never decrease, I am welcome. Demir-Khan? Why, miles away outside the wall, out by the Sea of Marmora, beyond the Seven Towers.

I thank him, hire a horse from one of those numerous rows of hacks that stand ready saddled in every public place of Constantinople, and push off, calling out "Demir-Khan?" inquiringly to everybody I meet, be he pasha, or peach-seller, Turk, infidel, heretic, or heathen.

Miles through lonely suburb streets, rough-paved and shadowy, and I at last emerge, in full blaze of broad sun, through a city gate into the open country beyond the Seven Towers, and strike far to the left, beyond all those long regions of leek gardens and melon beds, and the rows of samboas and cherry-trees that follow the triple line of ruined wall that girds the old city.

Here I get "warm," as children say, in a double sense—literally and figuratively I am getting near

the Greek Demir-Khan. I pass an Armenian convent overlooking the blue sea, and there alight to let my horse drink at a delicious fountain sparkling cold and pure. I trample down the wild gourds and other weeds to reach the edge of the cliff, and there, looking over to the beach beneath, see some Greek fishermen ankle deep in water, joining hand in hand, and dancing their national Romaika, not without shouts and splashings, being in the spirits that dabbling in sea water without any clothes on seems always to produce.

I arrive at the gate of a huge inclosure, and, going in, passing up through a garden that seems all mulberry-trees and sunflowers, find myself being informed that the doctor is not at home, but that the superintendent, a little servile man in a brown-holland pinbefore, will be proud to do the honours.

He claps his hands in the Arabian Nights manner, and instantly appears "to him" an agile Greek in white, voluminous, plaited kilt and black embroidered greaves, who bears in one hand a sort of shovel full of hot charcoal upon which lazily smokes some incense yielding a fat blue fume and a pungent ecclesiastical odour.

He precedes us for sanitary reasons, and leads us about the huge charity, first to the old men's ward, then to the school, from room to room, but not a word about the mad people. I believe, after all, I have got to the wrong place, for now the lean, dried-

up pedagogos makes the classes of coarse young Greeks go through various manœuvres to surprise the visitor. One young Anastase is held up to me as the object of special wonder, from his progress in acquiring Greek hymns and for his power of singing them, which I am afraid he is going to do for my edification; but I am preserved.

I descend at last and go down among the madmen, who scowl and gibber at me, pray at me and curse me as I pass. The special sight, as the turnkey thinks, is what I am at once taken to see, the smoking incense preceding me in a small pillar of cloud that sets the madmen whispering.

It is a Greek sailor chained down in a chair in a state of paroxysm, hands tied, feet tied, and a girdle round the waist; yet still, he contrives, as we enter, to swerve round to us, and, half raving, half crying, to roar at us, and tell us he is a Greek admiral kept there by the Turks—for "nothing—nothing—nothing!"

On pallets round, or on the stone floor by the grated windows, were other gibbering madmen, chattering together about the follies and inconsistencies of their "noble chairman." It reminded me of certain charitable dinners I had been at, and of the intriguing whisperings and backbitings that go on till Mr. Toole, from behind the great wooden head, beating a tattoo with an auctioneer's hammer, roars out in a paroxysm of enthusiasm, "Gentlemen, silence for the chair! Gentlemen, charge your glasses!"

As the poor bound, possessed man still kept writhing with his fetters, and tossing his poor distracted head backwards and forwards, now screaming and cursing, now whining, and drivelling, and crying, we thought it better to pass on to the women's ward as soon as possible. There, with the exception of the total want of bonnet-making, or straw-plaiting, or any of those humane and wise employments which women in Bedlam are occupied in, the scene much resembled that of any English lunatic asylum. There were certainly no long airy corridors, clean as Dutch palaces; no pleasant, lofty windows; no sense of watchful, prudent care, and of almost religious regularity and order. But still there was every decency preserved, and, for a Turkish or Greek establishment, it was neat and trim. Three of the female attendants were resting, in their own side rooms, on Turkish cushioned divans; but the patients seemed tranquil and reasonably content. There was, as there always is in asylums, the woman who comes up smiling, then slyly tries to run a pin into your arm; and the dramatic, talkative woman, with wrongs; the religious maniac, ever at prayer; and the noisy, vain maniac, who all day ties bows and arranges her dress. The dramatic woman, standing up before me, with long dishevelled air, and arms crossed, looked quite the Pythoness as she poured forth, in mellifluous Turkish, an endless stream of statement, which, for the mere babble of its music, I could have listened to

for an hour; but it is rather nervous work standing among a crowd of mad people, when you feel that were there any co-operation among them you were sped.

As we passed out from the wards, leaving the astonished mad people in a mutual stare, into the small palisaded paddock where the insane promenade in a sort of restricted Rotten Row of their own, a little old woman followed us, whining as piteously as if she were being loaded with stripes. Nothing could appease her. I tried her with all Turkish words of rank and title, to soothe or propitiate. I offered her money as she squatted down crying under a wall, and she threw it away, whining and fretting like a child put in a corner, at which all the turnkeys (who have a sort of fine vein of humour that would turn a friend's suicide into a joke, and a mother's funeral into a source of sociable amusement) laughed till their red fez caps nearly dropped off, as if so "funny" a thing had not happened before in their time. But when, as one of them cautiously unlocked the paled gate, and opened it scantily to let me pass, the old woman suddenly burst through, and scudded, crying and howling, among the huge golden sunflowers in the garden, like an old Eve regaining paradise, they fairly laughed till their jacket buttons sprang open at the exertion.

Last scene of all was the madmen's evening service in the little Greek chapel attached to the asylum.

There the brutal-looking priest bowed and sang through his nose. There, in stalls, as in the choir of cathedrals, the maniacs sang also through their noses, and behaved quite as rationally as either priest or people at St. George's-in-the-East. There, among tinselled candlesticks, burning in bright noon —to help God's sun, I suppose—and among millinery flowers and dirty pink ribbons, each of them by turns went up to the screen, and kissed the tinselled barbarous pictures of the saints. My last remembrance of that asylum is a spicy wave of the chafing dish of incense as I leaped on my horse, and shook its bridle, which was strung with Turkish talismans, and a parting howl from the windows in farewell, as I cantered off down the approach, between the great sunflowers with the downcast faces.

Dr. Legoff looked remorselessly severe when, even by comparison, I praised the Greek asylum.

He said, "Bad, *bad*. No. 1 ward, with ten beds, and a space only fifteen feet square; ventilation, infamous; diseases, prevalent; generally five under restraint; water-closets in the very rooms. Horrible! Floor, stone; windows, enormous; no mats; quilts, in winter, thin and insufficient. Shame! Women, when I went there, chained by the neck to their bedsteads, and bled perpetually. Inhuman!"

I saw a light in Dr. Legoff's eye at that moment that cried loudly, "All this shall be reformed."

CHAPTER VIII.

TURKISH PRISONS AND TURKISH GALLEY SLAVES.

ONLY last night I was miles away, in a lonely bay of the Sea of Marmora, listening to the boatmen's self-encouraging shout of "Allah!" and watching the sea boil into white dripping fire, as the strong oars dipped simultaneously in the phosphorescent water. To-day I am safe in Galata, drinking Scotch ale for luncheon at a downright British store, and discussing Burns' songs with a discontented Glasgow man, Mac Phun, who is a humorist upon compulsion, and famous for his "wut" (N.B., among his countrymen). Suddenly an Armenian porter comes for me from the Bank, and, going there, I find Grimani, the dragoman to the Kamtschatka embassy, and Dr. Opinkoff, the Russian doctor—a blunt, kindly, sagacious man, and my special ally in the land of turbans. They were holding a great palaver about the state of the Turkish prisons, and the necessity of some reform. Dr. Opinkoff and Grimani were just setting out for the Bagnio, the prison of the galley slaves, the horrid den of wickedness so vigo-

rously depicted in that dear, oft-read novel of my youth, *Anastasius*, the truth of which clever book every resident in the East has testified to. The doctor was obliged to pay a periodical visit to this hell on earth to report upon any Russian subject who had had the misfortune to fall into its terrible jaws. Grimani, as a dragoman, was obliged to accompany him, to help him to converse with the prisoners. Would I, as a searcher for truth, even in dark places (here followed other compliments), favour them with my company? I should see what prisons were two hundred years ago, and understand what Howard had done for England. Of course I would go, in spite of vermin or fever. One can see happiness every day.

Off we went, hiring the kijik of "Pull-away Joe"—a well-known old Turk, much patronized during the Crimean war—who, grinning perpetually at us, and continually repeating the different imaginary sums he expected to get, which, put into piastres, would have gone a good way towards buying a sheep, landed us soon in water, black as the Thames, from the disemboguing sewers of the prison, at the steps nearest to the Bagnio, and close to the Arsenal, where, as in all other arsenals, timber was dragging about, and adzes splitting and chipping, just as Dr. Opinkoff was telling me how many stabbing cases he had among the Turks and the Greeks, and how specially dangerous and past surgery these knife wounds generally were,

being always aimed with dreadful, bloodthirsty, anatomical instinct — "downwards, inwards, and upwards."

"When they strike they make sure," said the doctor, with a sort of professional approval, a little checked by his moral convictions not quite going all the way with him; "they go straight for the heart, and generally find out where it is." Then, assuming a confidential and chatty whisper, he went on talking of the prison diseases. "We have elephantiasis here, some low fevers, and a good deal of insanity. The Turkish practice is wretched; nothing but burning verses of the Koran, and then making the ashes into medicine. I have known a pasha call in six doctors, consult them all separately, and take all their medicine at once mixed together in a basin. I have——"

Here the prison gates opened, and Grimani went up to get leave of the pasha, who was smoking in some snug kiosk, undisturbed by the curses and quarrels of the galley slaves, or the purgatorial clink of their heavy chains. We waited in a sort of vestibule between the palisaded gates, the turnkeys swinging their keys upon their fingers, while Grimani, the stalwart, with the bearing of a Crusader, strode off with his heavy whip under his arm, more as if he were going to bastinado the pasha than to beg a favour of him, and load him with flowery Eastern compliments.

Here, on strolling out to chat under the shade of a large, jagged-leafed plane-tree (favourite tree of the Turks) that stood on the shores of the Bosphorus, not far from the prison gate, Dr. Opinkoff prepared me for what I should see, as he could not, he said, tell his companion a prisoner's crimes before his face, or in the transit from one part of the prison to another.

I was not to expect trim iron doors, neat turnkeys, shining, clean floors, and quiet, separate cells as in Europe. This was a prison of the middle ages, such as "Mr. Williams Shakespeares" had sketched in his *Measure for Measure;* here the prisoners of all crimes, and all ages, were thrown together in one festering heap of vice and misery, to be tried when this pasha chose, and, if acquitted, to be released when that pasha found time to write out his release.

"Good Heavens! what, no habeas corpus, sir?" shouts Alderman Grampus.

"No, Grampus, no habeas corpus, no trial by jury, no solitary imprisonment, no gaol deliveries, no Court of Chancery, (need I say more?) no chivalrous barristers ready to plead for whoever pays them—in a word, no justice."

"I should see," went on Dr. Opinkoff, "pashas of rank herding with men who had committed murders that only God could count up. Either here or at the Zaptie, a temporary prison only, there was a pasha who was seized last week for forging (*keiman*)

Turkish bank-notes. Did I see that grave gentlemanly man now leaning against the bars?"

I said I did.

"Well, that is a feverish subject, patient of mine, once a pasha of high rank, but he robbed a government courier of a large sum of money, which his official position gave him opportunities of knowing was to be sent on such a day from the capital to some distant pashalik. His accomplice was a sort of steward of his; perpetually afraid of being betrayed, he could not rest night or day till he had got rid of this instrument of his guilt. At last, having the steward seized, accusing him of some imaginary crime, he had him kept three days in a dry well (like Joseph—so unchangeable are Eastern types), and then sold him as a slave into Circassia. There he would have pined out a miserable life, had not Fortune chosen the poor slave as a special subject for her bounty, and the avenging angel have selected the guilty and too confident pasha as a sinner peculiarly ripe for the sword of Heaven. By some singular chance, the 'destiny,' as the Turks call it, of the slave led him and his master down to Trebizond, where, while working on the quay, he was seen and interrogated by an old Constantinople friend, who was astonished at seeing one alive whom he had thought dead. Horrified at his story, the good Turk hurried home to Stamboul to disclose all, to procure the restoration of the innocent sufferer and

the punishment of the guilty pasha. You will see my patient, next week, in rags, chained by the leg, or playing at cards with some half-crazed desperado."

So we chatted under the plane-tree, but to us thus chatting, not forsaken by the gods, came swift-footed Grimani, and, with winged words, said:—

"Come, look alive, you fellows! it's all right with the pasha. Come!"

So we entered the portal where Hope never enters, but sits weeping day and night, clinging to the outer bars. While I was thinking how "Lasciate ogni speranza voi ch'entrate" would look in Turkish, and wondering how Dante's being a Turk would have affected his *Divine Comedy*, the turnkeys ground open the locks with a brutal smile, and we entered the inner court.

"Febrous, febrous!" groaned the doctor, sniffing the thick air of the turnkeys' room as we passed the portal and found ourselves among some two or three hundred wondering wretches, the very lees and dregs of the Sick Man's city. The turnkeys at first kept them back somewhat from us by penning them within a space, along the edge of which the warders kept running backwards and forwards, like sheep-dogs along the wall of a sheepfold when the hurdles are taking up. The ruffians—some, but few, unchained—fell back, as if we had lopped at their necks with naked sabres.

Beyond this heaving, restless, half-aggressive herd I could see, in the distant yard, outside sheds, or seated on logs of squared arsenal timber, unkempt Abhorsons, wrinkled, treachery and murder lurking in their eyes, cheating each other at greasy and almost illegible cards; others (old men), pipe in mouth, trying to snatch pleasure from drones and drowses of short sleep, tormented by the bystanders, or derided by the thievish mocking youth of the prison; and wretches leering at each other in horrid mockery of love and friendship, with their arms round each other's neck, and whispering in each other's ears stories of past crime or plans of deeds yet to be accomplished.

"Where's mad Costanji?" cried suddenly Grimani the stalwart, making gestures for the loathsome crowd to stand back from us to give us room to breathe, just as a shepherd would call to his dog to single out a special foot-rotted sheep, or as Charon might be supposed, from the pale, trembling crowds of dead, to pick out one who has waited long for the first seat in his black Stygian barge.

The crowd parted, as the mob of a ballet, to let the première danseuse swivel down between its files; they made a lane with grins and nudges, and wicked merriment, and sham respect, as if a pasha was going to sail through them in his Damascus silks and turban of gold tissue. The mad Costanji limped through—a squalid, gaunt, giant Greek, old and lame,

with a great iron bracelet round his ankle, fastened to a cumbrous chain with tremendous links, that was hammered round his bony waist. Madness brooded in his hollow eyes; clotted, ragged hair hung about his pale, craving, hungry face. I saw in this butt of the Bagnio a fierce fanatic of strong passions, and with a sleeping tiger in his blood that, when it woke, roared till it slept again for human flesh. Costanji was a murderer by instinct, habit, and inclination, and the fanaticism of a debased and animal Church had persuaded him that these murders were doing God's works. As he limped forward and showed the sores that the rubbing of the chain had caused, and pointed whiningly (for the tiger was dead asleep now) to the thin, greasy rags that hung scantily over his old limbs, Dr. Opinkoff drew me on one side and reassured my mind.

"Take care," he said, "for there is a good deal of fever always among these men. The drainage is open, and they are badly fed, having only a piastre a day if they choose to work, and, if they earn it, it is never paid."

Leaving the doctor to bluffly chide and restrain the noisy crowd, to refuse or grant the petitions of some dozen thieves and murderers, Grimani turned to me, and, speaking low and in English, said:—

"This mad Costanji is always here; he was in once for five years, then again for fifteen, now he

is in for nine, and will probably die in chains. He is certainly mad, and, at all events, very dangerous. No one knows how many men he has killed. He is here now for stabbing three men on the Greek feast last Epiphany, down the Bosphorus. They have a custom at that time, I believe, of throwing a cross into the sea, and a fight ensued in the water for the cross; some would pull it out, others would have it in. Upon this, Costanji, as usual, went mad, and killed his three men."

"What about his leg, doctor?"

"The fellow's bone is going, it is rotten now, rotten as a pear," said the doctor, bending down and pinching Costanji's knee-cap and shin; the poor scoundrel, giving a dreadful scream, went clinking off into his shed, at which all the galley slaves yelled with delight till their very sides shook again. Such merriment must be in hell's gateway when a tyrant enters, his crown removed, his sceptre left behind.

"Where is that rogue who is in for burning houses?" shouted Grimani sternly to the crowd. A dozen hoarse voices, a laugh still ground-swelling beneath them, called out that he was sick somewhere. Half a dozen born parasites, long out of work, ran to search for him in the upper rooms of the shamble stables that the prisoners sleep in.

"Is Walsh here?" inquired the doctor.

"No, thanks be to Allah! In the Zaptie," cried the villain chorus, bursting into a debauched, ribald

laugh, as if Walsh were some comedian whose very name turned up the corners of the mouth.

"Is that an Englishman?" I asked, sympathisingly.

"Indeed he is," said Opinkoff, "and as troublesome as ten of our Russians. He is the pest of the place, and talks like a parrot."

"Ah! Massa Walsh he *do* talk—talk debblish," said a grinning Nubian in the front row of these *âmes damnées*.

"Hold your tongue, Mustapha," growled a turnkey; who then whispered to me, the whites of his eyes still turning to the crowd, "Be on your guard, Chilibi, for these villains sometimes mob you. There are more than three hundred of them, and those chains are heavy enough to brain a man."

"Yes, only last week," said the doctor, "they got up a plot here to break loose and murder all the keepers, as they have done before, and the affair was only found out at the last moment. Katergee, the Smyrniote chief, who is chained to a post in that last shed there, was at the bottom of it. These men are quite free inside the walls; they may smoke, talk, play at cards, fight, work, or not, as they like, so they remain prisoners. You may easily imagine what a hell on earth it is. Don't let that Maltese fellow touch you, or you will go away richer than you came. But here comes the Bulgarian with the low fever."

This time the crowd did not cleave apart; but Grimani, led by a little shy Albanian, in for stealing a watch, brought us forward, followed by the seething scum of the crowd, to the dark door of one of the stable-like sheds.

We waited, but no one came. There was much talking among the prisoners. At last, a pert, effeminate-looking Cephalonian man, in for "nothing," the usual crime in prisons, was pushed forward as spokesman, and said that Balashan was too ill to come down, he was upstairs in one of the top rooms; would we go up? he thought he knew where to find him.

Grimani set a step forward.

"Don't you go," said the doctor, bluffly, slapping his hand on his shoulder, "you'll come out covered with ——, and the place is a nest of fever. Here, you fellows (in Turkish), let the man be brought down, I say, do you hear?—look alive, too—let the man be brought down! Who's going up there?"

Half a dozen cowed murderers ran to do the doctor's errand. The bolder, more selfish and more shameless, stayed to see the fun.

"Here's the Bulgarian, by George!" in a moment cried the doctor, shading his eyes with his hand, to enable him to penetrate the deep, dark gloom of the stable, and to see the sick man and his supporters advance.

And, by George! as the doctor said, there he

was. Oh, that I had the pen of Sterne, and the heart of my best friend, to enable me to describe the horrors of that sight! How pale, how wan, how woebegone, how many fathoms below the last glimpse of hope was that poor creature's face, as they led him, like a Lazarus from the cave, towards the blessed light that flows like a visible blessing through God's world! Poor Lazarus! had the knife of instant death been in our hands, could he have looked more sadly and beseechingly at us? He was wrapped in a thick, dirty capote, while bloody bandages of a dull red were round his brow and jaws. He could not stand unsupported, but leant groaning in the arms of two stalwart, smiling thieves, who seemed rather pleased at the important part they had to play in the day's performances. Wretches! there was not a man there that would not have sold his father into slavery, and untombed his mother's corpse to sell to the surgeons.

By means of an interpreter, also in for "nothing," the doctor asked his patient his symptoms; the poor fellow was so weak, he could hardly put out his tongue; feebly he groaned out the statement of his case.

"Take him back," said the doctor, professionally (only) hardened; "he won't live; yet it is only weakness, nothing but weakness. I can't do anything for the man." Then, appealingly to the galley slaves: "How *can* I do anything for this man?

he's dying; take him back and leave him alone—quiet!"

"Alone—quiet!" what tears in those simple words!

Grimani, who shouldered back the mob, and looked rather grand and dragomanish—which is worse even than donnish—shouldered his heavy hippopotamus whip.

"Now, let us take you to see the great Smyrniote robber, Yeni Katergee," said Grimani, ploughing a way to the further building, whose black door we entered.

The robber stood unflinching, chained to the post of one of the stalls that divided a long stable into separate sleeping bins. He was short and thick-set, and seemed totally indifferent to his fate, for he smiled as we entered, and bowed to Grimani. Yes, that stalwart, indomitable man, was Katergee, the robber chief of Smyrna, the idol of the Greeks of Asia Minor, who looked upon him as a sort of Robin Hood patriot, hostile only to Turks. He was originally a courier, which, in the East, means postman, carrier, agent, and commercial traveller. He had a train of horses, and was entrusted with piles of piastres and sacks of purses. He had had some education, and was always honest and trustworthy; but some pasha robbed him; he became poor and an outcast; from want and revenge he took to the road, hoping, perhaps, to collect ransoms enough

from Smyrniote merchants dragged up to the mountains, to escape to Greece, and there live as a country gentleman. He must have collected large sums, for even his cotemporary, Simos, used to ask *five hundred pounds* (*six thousand piastres*) for the release of his prisoners. Katergee surrendered at last on the clear understanding that he should be made an officer in the Turkish army, an employment that, no doubt, he would have bravely and honestly performed: and, of course, this act of injustice and treachery will prevent, for years, any robber chief coming down from the Smyrna mountains to surrender himself. There, Prometheus-like, chained to that post at the end of the dirty stall, fenced off from the next, he stands, with unbroken spirit, sending messages to Ismail Pasha, and other old enemies of his, that he shall some day escape, and that the first thing he will look after will be their heads. The Turks fear him, for, though chained, he is the ruthless king of the Bagnio.

"You have looked enough at that thick-set, smiling ruffian, who shrugs his shoulders when I tell him he is here for life," said Grimani, suddenly snapping round at me. "I will tell you the sort of men we have here; there is a coffee-house keeper from Smyrna among that horrible crowd of wretches; he and his waiter were suspected of murdering a money-changer who lived opposite to his shop. The pasha (a Greek by birth) determined to discover the

crime, and went to work with all the relish with which a detective enters upon a difficult case. All that could be learnt from the waiter was, that he had seen his master with two bags of gold. The pasha said nothing, but sent one evening to the prison to borrow an antique signet-ring of the cafigee to compare with one of his own. This ring, sent to the cafigee's wife, induced her to give up the specified gold. Next day the pasha shows the cafigee the gold, and tells him that the waiter has confessed everything. The cafigee, outwitted, becomes enraged with the servant, and tells all. He confesses that the money-changer had been, like several others, murdered and buried under the coffee-house floor. The two men were not executed, because the dead man's heirs accepted the price of the blood; but they were sent to the Bagnio, to be released probably as soon as they can bribe some pasha."

No man is put to death in Turkey unless he has been seen to commit the crime. The men I stood amongst were, literally, men condemned to death, but imprisoned only, where with us they would be hanged. Yet, physically, the wretches are not ill-treated; they need not even work unless they like. The court is small, and so is the two-storied stable where they sleep on the earth; but then these are men who, perhaps, never got between sheets, or lay on a bed in their lives. They may talk what they like, and when they like. They have a mosque, a

Greek chapel, and a Roman Catholic chapel. They can have coffee and tobacco, and if they work, are paid for the work, or at least ought to be. There is no treadmill, no crank, no solitary cells. Close to them is the Arsenal, where they work, and where the Sultan has a pleasure kiosk paved with marble, and shadowed with planes. Half the prisoners are Greeks, and, according to Admiral Slade and other thoughtful and reliable authorities, are generally led to crime, particularly murder, by the fiery raki sold in the spirit-shops, kept by English subjects in defiance of Mahometan law. Altogether, it is a sorry sight to see these murderers pigging together in dens that anticipate the horrors of hell, unpunished, unimproved, rotting there, till released by the great liberator, Death.

As I turned to leave the modern Prometheus, whom, for some touches of greatness in him, I could not help pitying, in spite of his freaks with boiling oil, and the panic he spread among Smyrniote merchants, I caught a glimpse of the dim Greek chapel which is placed at the end of a long passage of this horrible prison. It was just a breath of blue incense—a glint of light on the cord that held a faint yellow oil-lamp, that struggled with the darkness—just an instant's glitter on some gilded pictures of saints—and again the darkness hid it from my eyes, again that heavy night of despair gloomed over the chained and torpid murderers. Those glimpses,

even of a superstitious faith, still came to me as kind words have come in moments of agony and suffering —they came to me as gentle flowers seen smiling amid an Arctic winter.

Before anything more could be done, we all agreed that we must recruit our forces. The doctor and the dragoman both knew of a certain confectioner's near the Sublime Porte (an actual gateway), where one might find fodder. After some painful experience of broken pavement, rough as a torrent bed, we reached the shop, and, seated on low stools, were waited on by a black slave, who emerged from a back oven cellar where he and his master were tormenting a fire and forcing it to do their bidding in the matter of certain sugared almonds.

Recruited with cherry sherbet, Grimani, armed with about a yard of "rahat likoum" (lumps of delight), stuffed with pistachio-nuts, and the doctor's pocket filled with scorched nuts, we made straight for the Zaptie, or second prison of Stamboul, and arrived in a few streets at the door of the "house of detention" as the Turkish word Zaptie means.

A few whispers at a grating, the unbolting of a door, and we are let into the prison. We pass up a long passage like the path to a livery-stable, through a double door, overlooked by high walls, with barred apertures, where, I believe, female prisoners once were detained, and we reach the inner portal.

It is a dim, vaulted-over doorway, dark beyond all

reach of sunlight. It is barred up to the roof with huge wooden bars, enclosing between them a sort of square room, where the turnkeys sit and smoke, and where tobacco-sellers come and display their goods to the prisoners, opening by small wickets on one side to the courtyard of the prison, and on the other side to the entrance passage I have just mentioned.

In this dismal sort of giant's cage, such a crate as an ogre might have kept his Christian knights to fatten in against feast-day, were two or three tame prisoners of high rank, and an itinerant dealer or two, carelessly bragging of his goods, and alternately singing scraps of Greek songs, and stuffing proffered packets of saffrony tobacco through the wooden bars, as a young lady feeds her canary-bird with eleemosynary lumps of sugar; a few dirty sabres, hung up, were the only indications of guard or durance, though the bars certainly gave the place rather a wild-beast character; but suppose it a mob of poor, staring and elbowing round the gate of a charitable pasha, and prison and all thoughts of it vanished from before your eye.

I scarcely know who the favoured prisoners were, who were sharing the turnkey's prerogatives with quite a Macheath dignity, though without the rollicking cavalierishness of that unfortunate brave man: some pasha, for counterfeiting state papers, I think, and some morally illogical man, who had stolen something so grand that it made a sort of state

prisoner of him. As for the turnkeys, they were more Turkish and dressing-gowny than those of the Bagnio. No white trousers here, no barrack-cleaned sabres, no close-fitting red fezes with bunchy blue tassels; but rather a general sponging-house laxity and Arabian Nightishness, the air indeed rather of an amateur prison than of a government stronghold, where all the lees of Stamboul were dunghilled up into one reeking mass of infamy.

Does any one remember a legend of some early saint, one of those good men, those vivacious historians, who furnished our story-books for so many centuries with Jack the Giant-Killer wonders, that relates how a wicked hermit, led down through some Irish cavern into hell, was there kept a day in a golden cage guarded by angels, while the devils of every region of sin howled at him through the bars, and clawed in their hands at him, and poked at him, but all in vain, with red-hot pitchforks, till night came on, and the white angels led him away again in the darkness to sneak to his hermit cell and his vegetable soup, a better and a leaner man? If they do, I need not go into it at length; if they do not, I pity them.

Well, something like that caged bird of a saint I felt, as I stood in that probationary sort of a paddock, shut in like a Smithfield prize ox, and stared at by those hideous Turkish faces, now mocking at us, now threatening us; the foreman, a wretch with a sore mouth and one eye, occasionally pointing at us, then

turning round and shouting some joke, which made the great mob of thieves and murderers roar again, like a band of laughing hyenas arranging a night attack on an Arab encampment.

Now, at a signal, the big bolts grind back, the wicket opens narrowly, cautiously, a rush of the turnkeys drives back the villanous crowd of the non-elect with the mark of the beast visibly written on every low brow and in every eye, and they are shut within a second enclosure, the door of which is kept by a gaunt, gigantic negro, who, with stern, cruel eyes, and laughing, hideous mouth, chides and scolds the rabble into silence, and stands, with the handle of the latch in his hand, ready to let out any special prisoner we choose to call for.

I was anxious naturally to know if there were any Englishmen there confined, knowing how hopeless a prison must be where a beggar suffers the same fate as a murderer, and where the term of confinement depends on the caprice and memory of a selfish and ignorant pasha. Instantly I had said this, a hearty, cheery voice called out, in a slight Irish brogue, from the very midst of the crowd, and a bare arm waved to us a signal,—

"And sure I am here, your honour; only let me come to ye."

Before the doctor could well exclaim, with a look of vexation and horror, "Oh, that's Walsh!" the voice exclaimed again,

"It's me, yes, Patrick Walsh, docthor—unjustly detained by these thaving Turks."

"Let him out," said the doctor, with the faint voice of a man yielding to a necessary annoyance, and half angry with me for expressing a purposeless and ignorant compassion.

The crowd clove asunder, breasting it like an audacious swimmer, and pushing aside, in an injured way, the sturdy black warder, stepped out Walsh before us into the cleared courtyard.

His step was light and free as William Tell's (on the stage), and his bearing innocently bold, almost impudent. In dress, Walsh something resembled Robinson Crusoe, for he had nothing on his body but a tindery, ragged pair of trousers, and a chain that he carried ingeniously, to lighten the weight, on his right shoulder. He was a fine-grown, athletic young man (say of five-and-thirty), with a fresh, brown, manly, frank face, (how I dread your affectedly frank man!) square wedge of a red beard, clear, gray, rather staring eyes, and a cleverly put on air of a deeply wronged being. As he loquaciously began a history of his grievances, thrown dramatically into the form of questions, the doctor turned away, shrugging up his shoulders, as a traveller does when the shower sets in fixed and pitiless.

"English subject? In course I am," ran on Walsh, "and, what is more, a Britishman born, though my pereants is far away in the British Indies, and one of

them is in Canada in Americay. Please the honourable gentleman, (and rest his sowl in heaven, and his children after him!) all I want, your worship, is to know what I'm in here for, and let me tell you there's spies—spies in this 'ere prison, for five of us were sent to the galleys only last week for fighting, or some nothing of that sort—curse them! Father in Heaven, if——"

"Stop that villain's tongue," cried the doctor, suddenly pushing forward to confront his old bugbear, and disdaining all my expressions of sympathy. "I'll tell you what you are in for, Walsh. You've been a sailor, and you left your vessel as I suspect. You are also a runaway soldier of the 93rd Foot from Corfu. The Turkish authorities found you a vagabond, suspected of thievishly loitering in the streets, and they transported you to Malta; from there you ran away again, and came back here to lead the old life."

"Oh, be asy, sir. Docthor——"

"The fact is, Walsh, you gave us all up, and determined to turn Turk, so we left you with the Turks, and this is what they have done for you."

"Turk! Is it me Turk? Turk is it?" screamed Walsh, putting on such a stare of innocent surprise and frank astonishment, that it at once beguiled me. "What have I done?" he went on; "they've never told me. Oh, docthor, ship me off to join my percants in the British Indies, and, bedad, you'll never set eyes on me again."

"Walsh, you are a bad fellow, and one of the devil's own, I fear," said the doctor, as at a Rhadamanthus signal the great black hustled the runaway sailor through the portal just as a farmer does a sheep who, having the foot-rot, and being duly cut and surgeoned, is again dismissed among the flock. Talking his loudest and impudentest, pelting us with "slang" and "chaff" of the vilest, Walsh was again lost amid the waves of dirty scum that seethed and tossed behind the palisading, every third man now struggling to get to the front and present his verbal petition. Talk of hope never passing the prison gate, as I foolishly said but now! Why, Hope, I see, lives in a prison, and no winged angel of heaven visits it half so often.

I shuddered to see in the front rank, for a moment, till it tossed and changed, a little, pale, Circassian boy about twelve years old, in for picking pockets in the bazaars, and for this bit of venial socialism thrown in here among branded murderers. A dreadful squint now calling out to us that he was a Zante man, the doctor said to me, "That man's eye must be punctured —he's got bad —— (some dog Latin name). I will see to that. Mind, Alishan, I do. What about that Walsh, and what can be done with him?" continued he, turning sharp round in his kind, brusque way on Grimani.

Grimani burst out at this worse than the doctor, who had only pretended to be truculent.

"He is one of our 'abandoned,'" he said, foamily; "we have given him up, we wash our hands of him. (Here typical and suitable gestures.) He would be a Turk—let the Turks have him. Only last week Father O'Mally went to him, and he told him if he once more got away, never to return."

"'Won't I, bedad?' says he; 'there are more ways than one here of getting a livelihood.' I say, let him rot in prison, doctor."

A little weak man's cry of "Inglis subjek!" at this moment caught our ears, and broke off the conversation.

"Let him out, Ali!" cried Grimani sternly, after his official manner.

He tripped out, a little Greek cobbler, perhaps from Zante, or the currant fields of melancholy Cephalonia. He stuck himself oratorically before us, and exclaimed, in a loud injured voice, "Inglis subjek!"

We put to that intrepid little Lord John of the Zaptie many intelligent questions, to which he thus simply but boldly replied:—

"Which of the islands do you come from?"

"Inglis subjek."

"What are you in here for, my man?"

"Inglis subjek."

"How long have you been here?"

"Inglis subjek."

"Don't you know any more English than that?"

"Inglis subjek."

"What the deuce language *do* you speak?"

"Inglis subjek."

"Get away!"

"Inglis subjek."

The little Lord John of the Zaptie had evidently one great predominant idea, and that was, that repeating those two talismanic words "Inglis subjek" would somehow or other release him from the durance to which he was no doubt most deservedly restricted. At intervals, for some time after, that piping little voice, crushed by the stronger mob, kept repeating, "Inglis subjek."

"Oh, he comes from Salonica," said Grimani, referring to a list, "and is in for arson and murder. He wants a good bastinadoing; that would quiet him." (Grimani was late for dinner—how that does spoil a good Christian's temper!)

Grimani thought we had seen enough, and now assumed an air of disgust at the interest felt by the doctor and myself in such wretches.

The doctor, with all his bluffness, was, however, a sturdy performer of his duty, and he would not budge till he had seen all the Russian subjects then in the prison. The negro pointed them out behind the palings, as well as a murderer of two men, and other moral phenomena, for my edification.

Grimani growled, and asked, turning to the outer door, whether we had had enough *yet?* The doctor

smiled at his impatience, and said, "No, Grimani, I am not going till I have seen more of the sanitary state of the prison where five hundred and sixty men are confined. Turnkey, show me that little room under the stairs, some eleven feet by seven, where the twelve men sleep."

We went there. O merciful God of Heaven, whom we pray to for forgiveness, and are heard, what a torture-room for sleep!

On emerging from the Zaptie, we passed across to the Turkish police courts, where rows of shoes at every curtained door indicated the exact number of prosecutors within; and from there went with Dr. Opinkoff to the thieves' hospital, where a chatty Italian physician received us with as much cordiality as if we had been patients suffering under some hopeless and profitable disease. The rooms were mean as those of the poorest English cottage, but they were clean and business-like, and everything was decently marshalled and ordered. He led us upstairs to the wards—mere small cottage bedrooms —talking to us the jargon of Molière's physicians, which in Constantinople passes for Frank learning. We visited all the beds, we looked to see if this hemorrhage had staunched, and whether that one's bandages wanted renewing. Suddenly, we stopped at a bed; as we stopped, a boy with frantic ly staring eyes rose half up and greeted us

"Can you tell, gentlemen," said the doctor, "from

your physiognomical knowledge, to what crime this boy has a tendency?"

We looked, and could make nothing of a squinting, half-idiotic stare.

"Diseased acquisitiveness," said the doctor, triumphantly, as if pleased at any morbid condition more than usually abnormal. "That boy is the chief of a gang of Turkish thieves, and is now recovering from a typhoid fever, almost inveterate enough to be called plague."

We were, I believe, all reasonably brave men there, but we certainly left that room rather faster than was dignified.

In the next room we stopped to talk with a poor German sailor, who was sitting up in bed, reading Luther's noble translation of the Testament.

"Armer Preusser," he said, when I asked him what part of Deutschland he came from. Poor fellow! he was only in for begging, a profession that has had respectable men in it, though it is difficult to realize a large fortune by it.

"Ah! fifty years ago," said Herne Bey, that night to me, as we walked by starlight on the lead roof of Misseri's Hotel, "I have heard friends of mine, now dead, (rest their souls!) say that the Bagnio you saw this morning was horrible indeed. At that time it had two divisions, one for Turkish galley slaves waiting to be sent on board the fleet, the other for the general criminals of the city and pashaliks.

There you found Turks, Greeks, Armenians, Jews, and gipsies; four or five religions and a dozen nations had its representatives there. There, under the dreadful rule of Achmet Reis, a liberated galley slave and the chief inspector, you found thievish beggars, homicides, fraudulent bankers, quack doctors, robbers, cheating tradesmen, Greek pirates, disgraced servants, all groaning under a common torture. Then, even at a word of complaint, the turnkeys would run in and fell a culprit with their clubs, or load him with fresh chains."

So spoke Herne Bey, that wise Frank whom Turkey has admitted to her councils. Like other Orientalized Englishmen, I must, however, tell you that he is easily pleased with a country he seems determined to like; for the next time I saw him, when I began to say that Turkish prisons must and should be reformed, he said,—

"My dear fellow, learn to take things more quietly. *I call the Bagnio a very comfortable place.*"

CHAPTER IX.

TURKISH BURIAL-GROUNDS.

If I were to go to-morrow and stand tip-toe on the sharp horns of the great golden crescent that caps the dome of St. Sophia, and being in that painful and acrobatic position, had nerve enough to look round me, I should see, stretching on every side of Constantine's great city, a black belt of cypresses girdling the town, like some vast funeral procession, such as would befit the dissolution of an imperial dynasty or the downfall of a nation, a race, or a religion. It scarcely matters whether the sky is gold or crimson, for the trees never cease their sentinel watch and ward, and Stamboul, the sultan's city, is kept permanently in blockade by them. But for the gorgeous sunshine, and the perpetual smile of sky and sea, they would succeed in giving an undertaker gloom to the whole place, and would in the traveller's gayest moments strike thoughts of wormy, shrouded, and coffined Turk, into the most laughing heart.

There is no escaping the sight of those dull, grim trees, that seem like so many horrible repetitions of the warning word "Death," written with black ink,

and in some ancient, upright Arabic characters, all over the map of Constantinople. I grope up the Seraski Tower, where the fire watchmen stare out of the windows night and day; still I see everywhere those circumvironing cypresses, those steadfast friends of Death, that great nursery gardener who is always so busy sowing seed in his silent garden. There they are, miles of them, besieging the city walls from the Sea of Marmora and the Seven Towers, right away to the Blachernæ Palace and the Golden Horn; but on the Sea of Marmora side, the old ramparts come down too close to the green water to allow of graves, and next them come the Seraglio gardens; while the warehouses and the littering shops of the Greek and Jews' quarters press too closely upon the third side of the triangle, and verge so crowdingly to the shore, that there remains no burying-place but the Golden Horn itself and its waves, that are silent about secrets.

But to explain the city in a true geographical manner, let me illustrate its shape by a simile. It is for all the world like one of those sippets of bread that garnish hashed mutton. The sharp point, the beak, or nose, or promontory, is where the Sultan's old disused palace and gardens stand; the left-hand side is the long line of wall washed by the Sea of Marmora; the base of the triangle is the triple girdle of rampart (miles long) with the Seven Towers at the one end, and the Blachernæ Palace at the Golden Horn extremity on the other, and on this right-hand

border of the sippet flows, too, the Horn itself, where the bridge of boats joints Stamboul to the Frank quarter of Galata. Opposite the sharp end of the sippet, you must imagine Scutari sloping up from the blue water's edge with its thousands of cypresses rearing their black lances; for the Turk has a special love for the Asian land, and will always be buried in Asia if he can afford it.

And now, the spider critic, the man who reads to discover faults, and runs mad on his logical ladder if there is but a letter turned upside down by the printer, thinks he has me, and wonders how a four-sided city, or a three-sided city—"if Stamboul is, as the gentleman says, a triangle"—can be said to be surrounded with cypresses and burial-grounds. How, "on his own admission, on his own argument, can a city," says the swollen spider, shaking on his Catherine-wheel of ladders, and running fretfully and fussily spiteful up and down his editorial rigging—"I put it to any one—be said to be surrounded, when, on this writer's own showing, it is wave-washed on two sides out of the three? This writer must surely be first-cousin to the Irish policeman who, being asked how he succeeded in arresting a violent drunken and incapable man, replied to the worthy magistrate, 'If it plase your honour, I *surrounded* him!'"

Spider, be silent! keep your vile poison for the flies you live on. I know what I mean, I say what I know, and I know what I say.

Stamboul, I repeat, is a city of live men, walled in by dead men. It is true that the old city of the Greeks has but one long side closely hemmed in with blockading cypresses; but get tip-toe on the aforesaid airy crescent, and you will see them reaching—in rank and file, a funeral army—everywhere all round to the very dip of the horizon. Over in Galata, across the water, I see them, dark and close, on the Grand Champ and the Petit Champ, where, at Easter-time, the Greeks have their noisy musket-firing holiday—places of drunken revel and tumult; I see them low down on the hill, and also high up close to where Mahmoud, Abdul Medjid's father, used to practise archery with his Circassian favourite; I see dark patches of terebinth-tree, and plane too, where the dervishes bury their madmen, and where the Armenians rest from cheating. I see the same dreary, one-idea'd cypress trees, one hundred thousand strong, drawn up even three miles away yonder, on the slopes of Scutari, where they appear like regiments of grave-diggers, waiting, as vultures wait, for the great Armageddon that is to clear the once Christian city from the unimprovable Turk. There were great burials when they came here first, they say; there may well be sexton festivals when they depart, for great wrongs must have great expiations, and the Archangel's sword, from all I can see, is already ground sharp ready for that red harvest of wicked turbaned believers in a lying creed.

It was a Moslem custom, in the days of purer faith and more ardent zeal for Mahomet, for Turkish parents to plant a cypress-tree on the day a child was given to them; and again, on the day of death, the children of the dead man planted another tree on the head of his grave. It was a custom not without poetry, and it accounts for the great cypress forests that girdle the Sick Man's city. It must have been an improving occupation for serious moments to have gone to look at one's birth-day tree, and marked its green spire, rising, rising, its husky rind swelling, swelling, reminding the Turk of Time's flight, and of the summers that form our lives, that that villain Time plucks one by one, as an idler does the red leaves of a rose he has grown tired of; it would grow and become a home for doves and a stiff harp-string for the breezes of the Bosphorus, it would grow gold and ruby in daily sunsets, and a silver column, like a frozen fountain, in nightly moonshines; and then, when the birthday tree had distanced its human rival in the life race, and grey hairs and infirm limbs had come to the old man, there would be the cypress, still green, fresh, and unscarred, contemptuously waiting till the grave should open, and that other tree, its young companion, so long waited for, come to rise beside it, perhaps to outlive its predecessor, and triumph in its turn over death and decay. No burial or birth trees are now planted round Stamboul, but the forests reproduce

themselves, and they spread and widen, as Turkish conquest once spread and widened, as some day, perhaps, Christianity will advance and widen over the Mohametanism that, since 1453, has kept it under its Tartar foot. I never entered those solemn cypress woods round Constantinople without thinking how curiously they resembled the dark forests where, centuries ago, Ptolemy tells us the nameless and despised Turkish ancestors of the conquerors who slept beneath my feet dwelt, when they were mere half-naked robber hunters who hid themselves in the woods round the Sea of Azof.

How often, in the hot hush of the day, sheltered here by the very shadow of death, have I sat under a turbaned head-stone, listening to the motherly cooing of the doves that spread brooding through the trees, hoping that some old Arab magician would come, and, sitting down beside me, near some gaping grave, suddenly rise up, and, snatching a serpent gliding through the crocus flowers, turn it into an enchanter's rod, and, waving it over the burial-ground of Scutari, bid the vast army of dead arise and defile before us.

Then should I have selected a class of the turbaned dead, and examined them in Turkish history; because, when I get imbecile and shaky, and incapable of invention, I, too, intend to turn historian. There, out of that million or so of white faces, I should have met men who had driven the fifty pair of

sluggish oxen that dragged the great cannon of the conqueror Mahomet; men who had headed the twelve thousand Janissaries who poured through the Seraglio gardens, and forced Mahomet's heir, Bajazet, to surrender the throne to his fierce brother, Selim, the conqueror of Egypt. This first class dismissed, I should have then selected from that great sea of white staring faces rude soldiers, in whose arms Soliman the Magnificent had died, in his tent before a besieged Hungarian fortress; and galley-slaves, who had pulled with gory hands at the oars of Turkish vessels flying from Lepanto to bear the news to Selim the Second. Nor would I here have been satisfied; for that snake-rod should wave inexorably till I had heard truly how Amurath warred in Poland, and Mahmoud in Hungary; how Achmet signed an inglorious peace, how Mustapha was deposed and Osman murdered.

Class after class I would have called up, hearing in that place of graves "strange stories of the death of kings," and all the phases of a dynasty that, as I have heard the Greeks say, "came in with the sword and will go out with the knife." I should have insisted on knowing why Amurath the Drunken tormented Persia so, and why Ibrahim was bowstrung? Whether Sobieski defeating Mahomet the Fourth's army really saved Christendom, or Prince Eugene's great victory on the Theiss in 1697?

Nor would I have dismissed, indeed, that great yawning multitude to their dry clay beds before I had severely cross-examined them. I should ask if that hot madman Charles the Twelfth really tore the silk robe of Achmet the Third's vizier, because he would declare peace with Peter the Great; why (I should insist on clear answers)—why Mahmoud made peace with Austria at Belgrade, and wherefore Mustapha the Third allowed Russia to conquer the Crimea so easily; and no, not if they grew ever so impatient, would I let the last men sneak back to their narrow homes before I heard whether Selim the Third was much beaten by the Austrians at Belgrade in 1790; and, lastly, whether the twenty thousand Janissaries put to death by Mahmoud, the father of the present Sultan (hundreds of them are here resting under their defaced tombs), deserved their fate or not; because Admiral Slade tells me they were the defenders of Turkish liberties, and my other friend, Herne Bey, says they were rebels, murderers, and robbers to a man. Which am I to believe?

But now, dismissing my turbaned spectres to their narrow beds under the dark trees that know no spring, let me describe in any way, both by showing what it is like and what it is not, the great Scutari resting-place of the bulk of the Turkish nation. But, first, let everybody dismiss all thoughts of the "God's acre" of the English country church. There is

no funeral yew-tree here, dotted with red pulpy berries, like a hearse plume sprinkled with blood; no mossy tracery round old Gothic windows that are gold-plated with the sun, or silver-frosted with the moon; no old stone nest of a tower for dead monks' bells; no mouldy chapels, with smell of the grave about them, where alabaster knights lie recumbent with ever-clasped hands,—

> As for past sins they would atone,
> By saying *endless* prayers in stone.

There are here no green rank growths of nettly grass between the turfen mounds where the village boys play. All here is wide and national; no man can say, "I will lie among my kindred." The Turk has no quiet, peaceful contemplations about the grave; to him it is a place of terrible purgation, a prison, a spot of horror and ghastly fear after life's fitful fever. "*They* sleep well" is our thought when we tread softly through a country churchyard, reading the last epitaph, with its scraps of stale warning, and incoherent, well-intentioned, but vague praise, expressing the first enthusiasm of the legacy receiver before he has thought over how "much more" the "dear creature" might have done if "he had only——"

The Turk—not from the Koran, but from one of those doubtful traditions of the Prophet which are so numerous and so rabbinical—believes that when Mustapha his father, or Hassan his son, is dying,

Azrael, the terrible angel of death, approaches the groaning man's bed with his sword drawn. At the point of this blade are three drops of gall, which the dying man swallows: the first turns him pale, the second kills him, and with the third decomposition begins. Death, who with us is a wormy skeleton, clattering like castanets as he moves, and leading off, now the old man, now the child, is, with the vague and more imaginative Turks, a cloudy-winged, gigantic angel, striking with his sword, now the sultan on his throne, now the serf at the plough. With us death is a cold, horrid business; we connect it with slabby clay and heavy, rain-soaked earth, with rotting wood and rusted nails, at gentler moments, with golden-eyed daisies frilled with white, and with sunny grass, and with the dandelion's globe of cobweb down, with playing children, gentle memories, and the dewy benediction of April, playful in her half-forgotten grief.

But our grave friend the Turk has other thoughts of the dark pit; and though no bleak, damp climate lends terrors to the grave of the Moslem, and he knows Mustapha and Hassan will quietly resolve themselves in time into earth, dry as the desert sand warmed by an eternal sun, now crimsoning into anemones, now yellowing into the autumn crocus, yet he treads the ground between these dark trees with awe, because his religion tells him such places are the scenes of the dreadful ordeals of the dead.

Not but that the loving mother or wife, in Turkey, as in England, is not often to be seen weeping over the grave, for the cypress, like the yew, thrives on the tears of love; but still I mean to say that, while the English woman sees angels hovering round her as she mourns, ministering to her with words of compassion, soothing, and hope, the Turkish woman is visited only by spectres, that her mind, burrowing like "the demon mole," discerns struggling under the very grave she watches.

The Turkish tradition runs thus, and it is best understood by remembering the papal legends of purgatory, which are also of undoubted pagan origin. The mullahs (priests) say that when the dead Turk is laid in the grave, hooped over loosely with boards, jammed in and embedded lightly with the dry dusty earth of the Scutari cypress grounds, as soon as his pale eyes have struggled open and got accustomed to that boiling darkness, an angel appears to him, and bids him sit up to be examined as to his faith. The dead man sits up, trembling; instantly the two examining angels—black and livid monsters, Monker and Nakir, carrying huge iron maces such as the pre-Adamite kings wielded, or such as the Ginns war with—appear, the one at his feet, and the other at his head. In a searching voice they demand the dead Mussulman's opinions as to the unity of God, the mission of Mahomet, and the truth of the Koran.

If the dead man answer well, the black angels depart, and he falls again into a balmy sleep, fanned by the breath of paradise; but if he have infidel or Jewish tenets, those angels beat him on the temple with their maces till his cries are heard all through the world and by all creatures but the accursed genii; and his great sins changing into dragons with seven heads and snakes, and his peccadilloes into scorpions, he is thrown amongst them, and is stung, and bitten, and tortured by them till the resurrection. This legend resembles much that of one of the rabbis, who, however, make the examining angel smite the sinner to dust with three blows of a chain, half fire and half iron, scattering the bones, which are then collected by the angels.

But need I say that some of these undertakers' legends — easy to believe as they appear — have sceptics who reject them, as the Motazelites do. Indeed, there are many opinions in Turkey among the religious and the learned as to the abiding place of the soul after the body, its house, has gone to ruins. Some say that it remains lingering near the grave of its lost companion—a supposition which even in Europe has originated countless ghost stories. Others, not unadvisedly, assert that the souls of Mahometan martyrs become green birds in the gardens of heaven, that others rest in the fountains of Eden, while the souls of the average good are placed in the trumpet of the archangel, the bad remaining

prisoners under the devil's lower jaw. About all these things which pass the sense, the Koran readers have doubts; but they all agree that one obscure and dishonoured bone of the human anatomy—the os coccygis—is alone indestructible, and from that, at the last day, after two months of heavy rain, will sprout up the body, the germ of which is in that bone, as the flower is in the seed.

It is, therefore, for the kind purpose of letting the dead man sit up and pass his examination, that the Turk is buried without a coffin, and that is why his grave so often cracks, gapes, and falls in, much to the horror of all but undertakers, much to the comfort and convenience of the wild dogs; and to shorten the period of suspense before the examination (when the soul is said to be in pain) is why the Turks, usually so grave and slow, run at a funeral; and, as if drunk with joy, rush down steep and stony streets with their ghastly burden, dreading all the time lest poor Mustapha may have to eat of the tree Zaccoum, whose roots fill hell, whose fruit resembles the head of devils, and on which the lost are to feed, washing down the food with boiling and sulphurous water. The first time, however, that I met one of these running funerals, in spite of the stiff body under the sheet, and the turban stuck on a stick at its head, although I knew the Koran by many readings, and was not unversed from a boy in Moslem legends, I confess I felt inclined to laugh, for I

remembered with pride our own stately funeral processions on the Kensal-green Road, the red-nosed men in crape weepers, resting brass-headed truncheons on their bony hips, the depressed horses with the tails dyed black, the sable firescreens, the waggling ostrich feathers, the Hessian-booted, serious coachmen, and the general tone of grief, cheap at the lowest price of 18*l.* 10*s.* 3*d.*

Another cause of the Turkish grave falling in is from the custom of leaving a hole in the earth from where the corpse is to the surface—a dangerous practice, giving the dead a weapon with which to kill the living, and bring them to their own condition. This hole is said to be left in case the dead man wish to make any communication, but I believe the truth is, that it is a remembrance of the old custom of the Greeks and Romans, and probably the men of the Lower Empire, to leave a hole in the upper floor of some of their double-roofed tombs to pour down libations of honey, milk, and wine into the grave chamber, as offerings to the dead man's manes. It was these manes that Christianity invested in semi-pagan times with demoniac life and power, and turned into our old friends of the night—the ghosts. It is to remove the danger of such breathing places of pestilence—more terrible than even London pews built over festering vaults—that the cypresses were planted originally in Mahometan burial-grounds, the aromatic odour of those resinous, mournful

trees being thought to neutralize all exhalations. But the shrewd infidel has taken wiser means than this of avoiding pestilence, which a thick forest would, I think, rather concentrate and help to breed: he does not line his thickly-peopled streets with dead bodies, nor does he fill up the chinks between his close-packed buildings with corpses; but he takes his dead far away outside his walled city across the Bosphorus, or to the tree'd slopes high above the sea, to wide tracts outside the ramparts, or to the sides of hills, looking down upon the breezy harbour. Not that the Turk has been wise enough to resist all pretensions of pride, or all gnawings of cupidity, nor has it altogether happened that places, once perhaps safe country places, have not now been built over or rendered dangerous, for the Armenians have their terebinth-trees still in the very heart of the Galata warehouses, much, perhaps, to the decimation of fraudulent merchants; and the Jew burial-ground, not long since white with the tents of families rendered houseless by one of those fires that periodically scourge Stamboul, looks down upon the Golden Horn.

In every rite connected with the dead the Turk differs from the Englishman. He refrains as far as possible from burying near a great city. Dead Ali does not crawl to the grave with hypocritical hirelings: but friends bear him on their shoulders, quick and cheerfully; partly because they think the dead

man's soul is suffering till it undergo its examination; partly because the Koran says that a man carrying the corpse of a true believer, even forty paces, obtains the expiation of several sins. The Turks do not burn coffins, so as to make room where there is no room, but never bury twice in the same place, if they have any proof of previous interment. Severe predestinarians, they never lament a death. They do not call it a loss or a misfortune, or become inconsolable, or faint and talk of the "dear departed," or write flowery epitaphs on rogues and money-lenders, but they say, "Khismet" (it was ordained, it was God's will), and therefore must be right; and all they do is to sing verses of the Koran, and heap blessings on the head of the chief mourner.

They bury the dead at the hour of prayer, either at noon or sunset. The body is then brought to the mosque, and followed by the congregation, or part of it, to the grave. Friday, the Moslem Sunday, is the women's periodical day of mourning; then you see veiled mourners, faceless as Banshees, bowing and rocking over the earthen mounds, watching the jasmine flower or the rose, with its "paradise of leaves" set in the little chiselled-out water saucers on the tombstones, that are scooped out for that special purpose. Just after the muezzin has chanted out his summons to prayer from the high balcony of the minaret, I have met the lively funerals at these appointed times, but I never dared to follow the Moslem to his

last resting-place, because it would have polluted a true believer's grave. How can I, who have been in various countries treated thus intolerantly, ever myself be again intolerant?

But let me get to my actualities. What sort of a place is this great burial-ground of Scutari, with its nations of dead, its owl and dove haunted cypresses? I will tell you. First, let us slide down the steep street that runs from Misseri's to Tophana, the Arsenal gate, and take boat. I am in the caïque's cradle, I cross my legs, and am jerked across the Bosphorus. I leap on shore. I am in Scutari, just under Miss Nightingale's Hospital, and the English burial-ground, whose white tombs range along the sea-cliff. I throw some great copper pieces on the caïque cushions, and the boatman lets them lie there as contemptuously as the cabman the shilling I yesterday left for him on my doorstep. I scale the steep street of Scutari, buy a great hatful of sticky grapes, and find at the door of the fruit-stall, which the soldiers of the opposite hospital (now cavalry barracks) much patronize, some Turks sitting cross-legged, dozing in the shade of a plane-tree. They are enjoying the Turk's highest pleasure since opium-eating has grown obsolete. They sit with the mind asleep, but the body and eyes open; this is what they call "taking kef," and they do it when we should be cricketing, partridge-shooting, riding, or boating. It is the miserable amusement of a worn-

out race, of the Pagan usurpers of a Christian city. If they were driven back to get their bread by tilling the desert paradises of Asia Minor, these Turks might find less time for "taking kef," and more for honest work. I strike high up to the right, passing sleepy country-houses, generally painted a dull Indian red, with windows projecting and shut in with unpainted wooden lattices, close as cages, so that even a canary could not get out. I reach the skirt of the cypress woods through an up-and-down bare parade seamed with cracks in the earth. This was once burial-ground too, says tradition.

I shun a blue-coated, stunted Turkish regiment on drill, just approaching, with yellow flags and undulating bayonets, and I pierce in between the cypresses, many of whose husky and flaking stems are of gigantic size and unspannable, at all events, by my arms. I see no owls, though I am told that at night they fill these Acherontic woods with demon hooting, such as you may have heard in the Incantation scene in *Der Frieschütz*, when Zamiel appears, wrapped up in red, and suffering severely from chronic bronchitis.

I find myself in a great region of death, sown thick with sloping tombstones, every third one crowned with a stone turban. There are literally hundreds of thousands of them, in all stages of gentle decay, and they look as if death had, as a ghastly joke, turned the place into a skittle-ground

for quiet moonlight evenings; a game seems just over, and the pins are not yet rearranged, but remain tumbled about in dire confusion; miles of tombstones, which are shot about at all angles like so many crystals, like so many white pages plucked by Azrael from the great book of life, each with its square or round turban, or its red painted fez and blue tassel, its ledger-lines of blue and gilt letters, and Koran verses; around us everywhere rise the black spires of the cypresses, which receive the sun, as the dusty surface of a pall does.

An outlaw might remain hid among these tombs, and be seen by nobody for days; but still there are great roads bisecting the burial-ground, wide, dusty, silent tracts, with loose tombstones paving them, and fractured stone turbans rolling about their banks like gathered fruit. Here and there, even at the edges, you come to a coffee-shed, a Turk digging a grave solemnly, a dervish praying and swaying, and telling his beads, over a tomb; or a black slave rides past, dead asleep (*sic*) on a donkey; or some soldiers lounge through, and talk to the people going by to market. Otherwise, all is death, though you are here but half an hour from the very heart of Stamboul.

But burying in the city is not quite so rare as some writers, partisans of the Turks merely because they dislike the wily, dangerous Russians, have declared. In dozens of quiet Stamboul streets you suddenly

find the shops fading out, and come upon a yellow dead wall suddenly pierced with gratings, through which are visible blue and gilt tombstones, shaded by plane-trees. You see graves in mosque yards; and, going in, find the tombs littered up with rags, and old boxes, and turned into shameful dunghills, as loathsome as anything your London churchwarden can show. Then there are the mortuary chapels of the sultans, which I shall refer to again, where you are shown the royal coffins covered with gorgeous Persian shawls, and decorated with royal turbans, on which the agraffes of diamonds still glitter starrily.

At Galata, too, half up that dreadful hill to Misseri's, on the right-hand side, is a dervishes' burial-ground, where planes grow green, and the tombs hold up their inscribed tablets warningly to your eyes.

But the greatest place of interment, next to that at Scutari, is the long range of ground that follows the triple ramparts from the Seven Towers that look out on the Propontis to the Palace of Blachernæ, that commands the Golden Horn. It begins with vast levels of kitchen garden, which gradually give way to turbaned tombs, which border the carriage-road, as the Roman graves do the Pompeian road and the Appian way. There, where knots of young Greeks now wrestle, and run the gauntlet, and dance in rings, flows the white river of tombs, out by the Janissary barracks, and on the road to the Greek madhouses,

and down to where the street slopes to Eyub (Job), that brave adherent of the Arab Prophet, whose grave still makes the potters' suburb of Stamboul a sacred and a holy place.

CHAPTER X.

THE VALLEY OF THE SWEET WATERS.

I SHOULD, perhaps, rather say *valleys,* for Constantinople has two parks of this name—the one, the valley of the Sweet Waters of Asia; the other, that of the Sweet Waters of Europe—the one, the resort of pleasure-seeking Turks; the other, chiefly of pleasure-loving Greeks.

The first is far up the winds of the Bosphorus, and just opposite the ivy-wreathed Castle of Europe; the other is far up the Golden Horn, in Roumania, and is on the Scutari side. To both you must go by boat, which, in Constantinople, where the caïques number, not hundreds, but by thousands, is as ordinary and fashionable a mode of transport as in London in Elizabeth's time, when you could not see the bear-baiting in the Borough, or Shakespeare's *As You Like It* acted, or the Queen passing from Whitehall to Greenwich, without taking boat. The Stamboul boatman is as important a personage as the Elizabethan waterman ever was.

I had heard much from those "gushing" and

imaginative creatures, book-making travellers, who are always stopping away from dinner (after a heavy lunch) listening to the "bull-bull" lamenting the picking of the rose, of the ravishing loveliness of the Turkish ladies, of the Sultan's seven hundred houris, of their slippers of seed pearl, of their black hair flowing in dark cascades down their backs, of their complexion soft and clear as rose-leaves, of the diamond flowers upon their turbans, of their grace, and of their spangled trousers, and I credited as much of it as I could. I do not believe in polygamy or in slavery, and I cannot think beauty of the mind can spring from either, though the skin be white, and the nails a red orange colour. So I put the subject on a high shelf in my dark brain-cupboard, and waited till I could see for myself. On the Turkish Sabbath I would go to the Sweet Waters of Asia, on the Greek Sunday to the Sweet Waters of Europe. "There," I said to my quiet inner self, that is always ready to listen, "I shall see all the Greek and Turkish beauties, and will judge for myself." My impression was that they were wax-works hideously blanched, with cheeks ruddled red, and thick corked eyebrows; what they really were I must not tell you yet.

I was told the right day and hour for each place—the Turks going in flocks, like wiser people nearer home, and driving out in their very Rotten Rows all together or not at all—though they (like us) are fond of nature, and have nature worth looking at. A thou-

sand of the most beautiful Turkish ladies (wives of pashas) and Sultan's daughters-in-law, &c., were to astonish my eyes when I had got over the first dazzle of a thousand different coloured satins, and ten thousand sprays and clasps of diamonds. I half resolved to prepare for the sight by stopping two previous days in the dark.

But the time has come; and I must start for the Sweet Waters of Asia, for it is only on a certain day (Friday, the Turkish Sabbath) and at certain hours (from about three to six) that the full concourse of ladies is to be seen. Escaping being torn into pieces by the rival boatmen of Tophana, avoiding a boat that has for its cushions a dirty old feather-bed, and another with a dirty doormat rug, I tumble down into the cradle of "Pull-away Joe's" neat caïque, which, because it is a pattern boat, I will describe. It is long, and sharp at both ends, and at both ends is boarded over, to prevent shipping seas, with varnished planks, crossed at the top with little crowning rails of gilt carving, very dainty and very smart. The cradle where I lie, my back against where the coxswain would be seated in our English wherry, is lined with neat red cushions and white lamb-skins. There are two boatmen, because the Sweet Waters lie far up the Bosphorus, and Windybank, the projector, is with me, holding forth on the stock subjects of the white minarets and dark cypress-trees of Constantinople, on the blueness of the water, and

on the Neapolitan look those whales' backs of islands out in the Sea of Marmora have, reminding us, as they do, of Capri, the lovely den of Tiberius.

Windybank, who affects the cicerone, bids me observe how the caïquejee (boatman) fastens his oars by a leather loop to a peg on the side of the boat, which has no rowlocks—a simple plan, that prevents their ever being lost, unless they break in some of the whirling and impetuous currents of the Bosphorus. Every time I look, Pull-away Joe laughs with all his teeth, and says affirmatively, "Bono Johnny;" upon which I call out, authoritatively, "Chapuk!" (quick, quick!) and to which he invariably replies by saying, "Yawash—Yawash!" (by degrees, by degrees), meaning, "No hurry—all in good time." I should mention that the caïque is not painted, but is lined inside with simple clean-shaved planks of plane-tree, gray with perpetual sun-scorch; the ornamented parts are covered with a brown glaze, such as you see on the crust of a pigeon-pie. Pull-away Joe is proud of his boat, and whenever I touch a part of it, and say something to Windybank, he furls up the striped Broussa silk gauze of his dandy shirt-sleeves, and says, "Bono Johnny—pek ayi" (very good).

Past the Maiden's Tower, a sort of legendary lighthouse that stands on a rock at the entrance of the Golden Horn, opposite Scutari; past long lines of vessels and rows of dark-red wooden houses, with broad-brimmed flat roofs, and cellar-like boat-

houses; past half a dozen tinselly Italian palaces of the Sultan; past plane-trees, and cypresses, and fishermen, and coffee-houses, and other caïques, flying by like swallows, with here and there a dead lump of carrion, bobbing swollen and horrible,—we reach the Sweet Water meadows, where the caïques are gathering thick as cabs round the opera door. Some are ambassadors' and consuls' barques, for the boatmen wear red fezes and a sort of uniform, and on every seat is a pad of white lambskin, and much gilding lines and studs the gunwales.

"We are in grand time," says Windybank, who has been boring me about the Tanzimat, and the Hatti-Scheriff, and how this pasha was a butcher's boy, and that a bazaar shopman, and how universal corruption reigns among public men in Turkey, quite different from England, where the profits of place are never thought of, and where nothing but merit can secure promotion. You know the man who has always just come from a chat with a cabinet minister? That was Windybank, who tosses about millions (in conversation), as the Stranger does bags of tin money in Kotzebue's ridiculous old whining play. We land amidst a cluster of coaches waiting for ladies who are gone farther on to sit down under the plane-trees and drink coffee, or hear the itinerant musicians. Poor slaves, this is their only out-of-door amusement, except shopping in fine weather, for in wet, Constantinople streets are knee-deep in fluid

mud, and at night no one goes out. They seldom read, and if they did, they have nothing to peruse but the rambling lies and self-congratulations of the Koran.

Before I go farther into the trampled meadow of the first or second valley on the shores of the Bosphorus, let me stop with a sort of Long-acre lingering to describe the teleki, or ordinary Turkish carriage, which has been well compared to Cinderella's pumpkin carriage. It is literally a small brougham, only that, instead of being on the box, where a Christian coachman would be, the Turkish coachman, generally in a tight, blue frock-coat, stiff with gold lace, and a red fez, walks on one side of the horses, holding the red reins. Then the teleki is not a glossy dark green, or hidden claret, with padded drab lining, and gravely brilliant silver-plated harness, and on the centre door panel just one shield of azures or gules. Oh dear, no, it is smaller, more rounded, much more of the "gim-crack," pinchbeck, and ormolu style. It seems shaped out of French plum-boxes; sometimes a gilt bird flutters on the top, sometimes roses and tulips are painted upon white panels in borders and garlands, in a sunny, rather theatrical and meretricious air. To me the telekis never seemed real, but only fit to pass across the stage in *Cinderella* or *Bluebeard*, when sister Anne's brothers arrive in the very nick of time. They are not for our dull, fitful, scowling, torpid climate, but suffice for a

people who are two hundred years behind us. They are, however, fitting egg-shells to box up Zuleika, Katinka, and such white and red beauties with shrouded faces, with bodies mere shapeless bundles of violet and gold-coloured satin ferijees, between folds of which here and there peep out sprays of diamond and bosses of emerald.

But getting for the present out of the reach of that tall, stalwart Abyssinian, with the enormous three-stringed banjo, round whom are gathered some hundreds of grinning negress slaves, his country-women, telling the grape-sellers, the boilers of Indian corn, and the Anatolian water-vendors to "Haideh!" (Get out of that!) leave us to describe the other vehicles that throng this outlying Hyde Park of the very Sick Man's city. For a moment or two I will curb in my pen and prevent it from rushing to drink at my inkstand, and proceed to describe the evanescent loveliness of the slave wives of the Turkish pashas.

Barouches, broad and sweeping in their graceful curves, and holding bouquets of beauties as flower-pots do nosegays, there are none; snug broughams (in our sense), quiet and trim, there are none; high-poised, swift gigs, there are none; fleshy-legged foot-men, hanging on in bunches behind blazoned car-riages, there are none. Instead of our John Thomas with the corpulent calves, I see only black eunuchs with crescent sabres, scowling faces, and lips each

enough for a small family. There are rude, coarsely-painted red and yellow telekis, not like the others, but I suppose hack ones, with daubed landscapes on the roofs, but no windows, no blinds, and no doors, so that you have to take a harlequin leap in, knocking your head against the wooden top. Heavens! how different from the neat fiacre of Vienna, with its little old-fashioned looking-glass staring you always in the face! how different from the London Hansom, swift and impetuous, with its wooden apron and black leather wall in front, its trap-door, and its juggling window! The teleki has no springs, and a dreadful life you lead inside it upon a stony Turkish road. Bang, jolt—bruise, crash, topple—jolt, bang! creaking, too, as if it were in personal suffering. If anything could keep Turkish ladies at home on the fashionable day it would be these bone-breaking telekis.

Peacock-fans, with your emerald eyes, get ye behind me till I have described the third and most barbarous and fantastic of Turkish conveyances—that is the araba, in which ladies, all rose-colour, satin, and apple-green, and mulberry, and silver sprigs, still take the air, though I should imagine that Tamerlane's grandmother and Amurath's great-aunt were tormented in just such cumbrous Tartar vehicles. I think I have heard that the Sultan's mother herself, or some lady of equal rank, used even to ride in such a caravan. It is something

between a pleasure-van and a dung-cart in shape, with a queer scaffolding of poles about it. It is drawn at the funeral rate of never more than three miles and a half an hour by white oxen, whose foreheads are dabbed red with some sort of rouge or pinkish dye. The wooden collars of this stolid, meek-eyed pair, so antagonistic to railways, rise three or four feet high, and are covered with red and black tassels of great weight and length. Sometimes a black flood of tassels and steel ornaments sways down from the yoke, and sometimes red cords run from it to the oxen's tails, which they loop up. At the four corners of the ox-waggon are four poles supporting a clumsy canopy of red cloth or velvet, and within, on gold-fringed cushions (the bruising araba need be wadded), lie, in a heap of colours, negress duennas, children in red fezes, and veiled ladies, lovely as Aurora when she wears a gauzy veil of mist, amid white feather fans, and a sense of jewels everywhere only partially concealed. French parasols, looking as if they were made of flower leaves sewn together, also crop out, for France always leads the van of fashionable civilization in flimsy essentials and charming foolish unessentials—France, whose women dress so well because they are so ugly, and whose cooks are so ingenious because their meat is so poor. A very unreal, fantastic, degrading, debasing life is that of the Turkish slave wife, with no amusement but the bath, the ribald jokes of dwarfs and

jesters, and this senseless one day's exercise in the week.

Windybank, who, like Admiral Slade, praises every thing about Stamboul, being in good-humour at some successful negotiation about his railway through the Andes and over Chimborazo, says the Turkish women are beautiful and happy, that it is all nonsense about the Sultan's seven hundred slaves, he having only seven real wives; that he is, in fact, a mild, melancholy angel of a man, but that, sad to say, his troubles and distractions, and the ambassadors, and all together, "are making him drink champagne and brandy too freely, *even for a Frank.*" Simple-hearted Windybank, you know that the Sick Man is a worn-out debauchee, but you will not say so. To turn the conversation, you bid me look at the telekis drawn up under a hedge, just like the drags on a Derby-day, close to the kibob sellers and the itinerant fruit merchants.

But we have now got far from the Bosphorus, and the little stone quay, where the caïques lie, their gilt mouths nibbling at the wall, like a shoal of monster fish; far from the Sultan's over-decorated Italian kiosk, gay monument of national bankruptcy and ruin; far from the square, broad-roofed fountain, with the long slabs of blue and gilt inscriptions in Turkish, telling you that "the water that poured below into the tanks is sweet as the Zemzem well that Abraham drank of, and delicious to the hot and

thirsty as the rivers of Paradise;" far, too, from the plane-trees with the jagged leaf and the white dappled bark.

I and Windybank, who is calculating what the next call on his shares must be, and looks a very Bidder as he counts his inky fingers, stroll up the valley. The place is more curious than beautiful. I would rather have a green, nestling, hill-girt Devonshire valley any day, but for the strange sights and associations here, and the Bluebeards and Camaralzamans, who sit cross-legged about on the dry turf, patrol in jolting telekis, or loll in the clumsy state of the unwieldy arabas.

We got tired of the laborious idleness of the gala day, of seeing people you might not talk to under pain of a blow from a eunuch's sabre, and of the dreary mill-horse grind of carriages, and pushed on down an intolerable dusty lane, deeply banked, making for the inner valley, where the Sweet Waters that feed the fountain on the shore wind and whisper.

The lane that connects this Hyde Park with this Green Park, to use a simile that realizes the position of the two places at once to most Englishmen, is not a model lane. It is a mingle of dust and mud, and is walled in by brambles and the snaky roots of old fig-trees. Its ruts are as deep as those of a country by-lane in England, after harvest or a wet summer. They half bury the wheels of those painted egg-shells of telekis, and as for the ox-waggons, they are

so wide that they fill it up altogether, and drive the pedestrians to the prickly edge, the fig-trees, and the elevated bank. Windybank and I, who escape with difficulty being Juggernauted to death by the ponderous wheels of the ox-waggons, and the toe-crushing circumference of the more volatile telekis, by elongating and compressing ourselves against the brambly bank, get at last into the inner valley, to find nothing but more tulip crowds of shining satin ferijees, flaunting negresses, Nubian musicians, painted veiled ladies, with more moored-up carriages, with Turks smoking composedly out of the windows, more rows of hack horses and noisy groom-boys, shouting out their praises, as every now and then a pert Levantine clerk clumsily mounted one, and dashed round the meadow with laughing audacity.

When I dare to confess that I think even Rotten Row and its slow daily procession insanely tedious, need I say that I thought the Sweet Waters by no means lively. To fish up boiled Indian corn from a caldron, to listen to Nubians screeching songs, to see cross-legged men smoking, and veiled Jezebels sitting under walnut and plane trees, taking coffee, and talking frivolous and mischievous scandal, can be only amusing for the first time. To see the poor women sloughing along in loose, soft, yellow boots; to see Turkish babies, in pink jackets and trousers (skeleton suit) and tiny fezes, tumbling about in a

negress's lap; to see Croat gardeners, Crim Tartars, in their gray wool caps and pink trousers, Hindoo fakirs, swinging their hollow, pumpkin alms-dishes, hideous beggars, with elephantiasis arms, large as brown bolsters, Montenegrins, Bulgarian vine-dressers, Anatolian shepherds in black sheep-skins, boatmen, Circassians, Armenians, sherbet sellers, dervishes, royal in their rags, Persians in receding black caps, pashas with beards dyed a ruddy brown with henna, boys smeared between the eyes with black to keep off the evil eye, and fat captains on horses, grand with gold embroidered saddle-cloths—these were the sights which alone redeemed this insufferably dull place of amusement.

Then the silks and satins gleam and glisten like Regent Street shop-windows on a summer morning, and the golds, and pinks, and blues, and crimsons waver about in ever-changing woofs of kaleidoscopic patterns. Yet a pedant traveller, fresh from Damascus, dares to stop me and Windybank to tell us the scene is quite European, and that to see the real East we must forsooth go and live on the banks of Abanar and Pharphar—far too far for me. You know that sort of man who is miserable till he has proved that the one very thing you have not seen is the only thing in the world worth seeing.

Was I then in that valley of Sweet Waters, thinking only of the mottle of sun on the hills around, of cypress-trees and red kiosk, of stream and fountain?

Was I rejoicing, like the mere Pepyses of travel, only in the rolling satins and the heaps of diamonds that, spread out, would have covered that valley all over from blue Bosphorus to the mountain? Had I no thoughts of anything but the strolling-player look of everybody and of those gazelle eyes, that I was absurd enough to think just now brightened and dilated as I stared at them in abstracted wonder, careless of black footmen and eunuchs' swords? Yes, I was dreaming that I saw pale, dripping spectres, with clinging cerements of white, with paint washed off and undiamonded hair, gliding about among those groups of slaves and wives, wandering and gliding round the circles of negresses who listen to the Nubian flutes, passing unseen among the water-sellers, and past the plane-trees, with restless, unhappy, vague search, as for some child or sister that might be here, a look of tender, heart-broken reproach in their pale eyes, as they glide round each ox-waggon, and look into every telcki, still on the same endless search!

What! a ghost in sunshine? And why not? Is not this the land of crime and horror? Have not friends, whom I trust as my own soul, seen over and over again poor dead women, foully murdered, floating here on the Bosphorus in open day? Have we not record, some years ago, of women being drowned in this fatal water, in open daylight, with crowds looking on? Are not the hareems perpetual scenes

of poisonings and stranglings, the result of the accursed system of polygamy? It is because I am fresh from stories such as these, that I know to be true, that I see these ghosts in the very sunshine mingling with the brilliant crowds; and, as far as that goes, I have seen, before this, even in Rotten Row, skeleton coachmen driving old noblemen to Death's door, and Atra Cura, blacker than ever, clinging, in the guise of a tagged and tasselled footman, behind a great rich duke's carriage.

But, to return to the women. Must I say what I thought of them, after scanning with the care of a portrait-painter some thousand faces; and must my reply be ungallant and unfavourable? Truth says, "Yes; and speak out like a man." Unfavourable, indeed! The lower order of Turkish women are almost invariably ugly, always dwarfish in stature, with staring dark eyes, fleshy, stupid, bowsprit noses, that protrude through the often dusty yashmaks, and "hog mouths," as an old Stamboul resident characterizes them to me. In walking, what with their sloppy boots and their awkward dress, their gait is a slatternly shuffle, painful to see, and ungraceful as the waddle of a swan.

The higher classes, especially the Circassians, in extreme youth are often lovely as imagination can conceive; but they soon get old, and their white skin becomes of a soft nankeen leather colour. What with the tons of sweetmeats they eat, the want of

exercise, and the trying vicissitudes of the climate, they are often unhealthy, and the state of medicine (still even in Europe rather empirical, in Turkey barbarous) is such, that most of the serious diseases become chronic. Painting is now fashionable in Turkey, and every face I saw shadowing through a thin white cloud of yashmak was hideously ruddled with rouge, smeared on up to the very brows, which were charcoaled threateningly with some black pigment, perhaps the kohl that Eastern ladies use to dye the eyelashes and eyelids with. Their very lips seemed stiff with cerement, and the skins that were not hard red were of a ghastly cosmeticized whiteness. I saw all degrees of horror in rouge, from a becoming perpetual hot blush, to that sort of fiery dab that a butcher rubs upon a doomed sheep's side.

I am told, however, that naturally the Turkish girl has skin of an alabastrine whiteness, with just a pale tinge of pink, such as there is on the cold leaves of a winter rose. I am sadly afraid, poor creatures, that generally their best beauty is of a sickly and artificial character, inconsistent with all our ideas of sound health and cultivated mind. The yashmak has a strong tendency to drop off the face, as it has really done in the last few years with most of the Armenian women at Broussa; during the Crimean war I was told that it got so alarmingly thin, that the police at last arrested all women who went about the streets

TURKISH LADY.

or bazaars without the old mask of the conventional thickness. I do not deny that I saw certain houris of grace and loveliness, with wonderful eyes of the "first water" peeping through the vizors of their yashmaks, but I think they were exceptional, and I do believe that, on a fine day in London, Oxford Street alone would present more beauty than was gathered in all that Asian valley. It may be prejudice, but I do not like doll beauty.

I must tear myself away from Zobeide and Scheherazade; the frowning, rolling-eyed blacks, the merry, good-tempered, motherly negresses; the terrible tom-tom players; the flutes and lutes; the water-sellers and the chesnut-vendors, to take boat, and go back, quite the opposite way, up the Golden Horn, to the other park of Constantinople—the Sweet Waters of Europe—where you must suppose yourself, not on the same day, but on the next Sunday, or on one of the ever-recurring Greek festivals. You may go there in three ways: either by caïque up the Horn, or over the Pera hill, or across the bridge of boats; then, turning to the right, past the poultry shops and the fish market, and the timber stores and boat-builders, who live opposite the arsenal, and so on through the Greek quarter, through Eyub and its potteries, along dusty roads, and across a bridge at the upper end of the Golden Horn, following a little stream that appears suddenly and offers to guide you with its clue of silver thread, till you reach

the valley of pleasure with its solitary fountain, coffee-shops, and shady trees. When I was there, there were no flowers anywhere about the city, but a sort of leafless yellow crocus, that sprang up in the burial-grounds, and a few scented tufts of some sort of thorny *mimosa*, that boys offered you for sale in the streets; but I dare say, in early spring, this hill-girt valley is an amaranthine field of blossoming hyacinth and gold-spiked and gold-starred crocus. Now, it was a brown, hide-bound meadow, with a treeless brown stream (not boatless) severing it in two. The same people seemed to fill the place—Levantines, bedizened in vulgar and ill-understood French dress, instead of the piquant national fez, set sideways on the head, and the plaits of hair wound like a turban round the classical, but pretty silly numskull. No flaunting white fustanella kilts on the men; no pouch full of arms, forming a threatening fan of silver handles.

I see and detest the false, stealthy eye; the large caricature nose; the bragging, cowardly, Quixote face—in a word, the vulgarity, insolence, pretension, and impudence of the Levantine generally; I pass telekis, full of veiled ladies, and satins, and fans; no ox-waggons with looking-glass ornaments on the oxen's brows, and festoons of steel crescents, but one or two ridiculous painted sedans from Pera, and some cockney-looking pedestrians out for the day from some Galata Greek store. Under those plain folds

of satin in the telekis, just wrapped together like a dressing-gown, and otherwise unornamented, I suppose lie hid the diamond-studded turbans, the ponderous emerald earrings, the wide-sleeved selmas, the embroidered scarfs, the striped gauzes, the Cashmere fur-lined jackets, that I am told Turkish ladies wear in their fountained rooms above the Bosphorus, where perhaps they may one day rest as thousands of murdered women have done before, and nothing said.

But, lo! as I am looking at the beautiful itinerant wax-works, a tiny teleki, that seems hammered out of gold and silver, it is so gay, and drawn by four horses, sweeps down into the valley. It contains the Sultan's daughter, whom he married to his favourite page and pipe-bearer. You may know the royal carriage by the red braided reins, the blue and silver livery of the kawasses, drivers, and eunuchs, and the stiff, half-European dress of the negro guard and the attendant eunuchs: of the attendant carriages, some are like blue boxes without doors, and one has a silver bird with outstretched wings quivering on the top.

Tiring of the incessant patrolling of carriages, and the monotony of seeing Greeks galloping hack horses, we go and take coffee; and Windybank, who is with me here also, is soon writing a ledger row of figures in the dust, and then casting them up with his umbrella, hoping to show that the stone procured from

tunnelling the Andes for a railway, would pay the expenses of its making. We are near a great plane-tree, and opposite a sort of blacksmith's shop, where coffee, black, hot, and half grounds, is sold. At the door sit some Greeks, taking sherbet, and one or two poor Turks smoking water-bottle narghilés, the glass jars of which are painted with red and blue flowers. The Sultan, who has been in the valley, has just left; I can see, winding up a distant hill, the red and white flags of his tawdry body-guard of lancers emerging from a thick rolling cloud of dust. We were sitting meditating on I know not what trifles, which were rising in our brains, thick as motes in and out the Jacob's ladders of sunshine, when a teleki, belonging to the Seraglio, drove up and stopped at the coffee-stall where we were. There were no court ladies in it (court ladies were just then in such bad commercial odour in Stamboul that they were refused credit at the bazaars), but a kawass, coming to the door, opened it respectfully, and indeed timidly, and out stepped a very tall, thin eunuch, of great rank and of gigantic (self-)consequence. As a type of his favoured class, he must be sketched. He wore a fez of the finest scarlet cloth, the tassel of the bluest and the fullest. His robes were of the costliest amber Cashmere, and his boots and overalls of the glossiest patent leather. He had a broad nose, and swollen pale black lips, black lustreless eyes, an imbecile forehead, and when he spoke it was like

a fife out of tune. The sickliest dandy to be caught in Bond Street, at a fashionable hour, could not have put on such an exquisite air of languor, indecision, and weariness of all the elements and life in general as our friend the head eunuch, who, I believe, can bastinado and strap whom he will in the palace. He stood, not condescending to rest his eyes on us "forty pig-power of infidels," one small patent leather foot on the carriage step and one on the ground, a perfect example of fashionable indecision. With slavish servility came out the dirty blacksmith cafigee, whom no entreaties could have brought near us, and asked his eminence what he would have. He scarcely knew; it was too warm and oppressive to decide; perhaps he should wait to have coffee, perhaps he should follow his lord the Sultan. Allah! let the slaves wait till he can think. No, Satan, he will go back to the palace without anything. Satan, slap up the steps; Satan, drive quick! Satan, flog the horses, fast. Away! curses on all coffee-shops, and this one, in the Sweet Waters of Europe, in particular. Satan, away! The cafigee makes a gesture of hatred and disgust, and goes back to his fire and his coffee-pots, as the great but irresolute great man's carriage bounds off across the turf, already sharp-lined with pattern-cutting wheels.

And now, in their wake, Windybank and I, mounting two hack horses, follow the Sultan's flags and gingerbread carriages. When I thought of the

Dying Man, and the fading race and rotten religion, I felt as if I was following a funeral; and as we mounted and mounted, entangled in a train of dusty carriages and curveting horses of pure Arab and Turcoman origin, Windybank, who has just been triumphant with his somewhat confused sums in compound addition, gets warmed by his coffee, and becomes communicative. He tells me a story relating to Monsieur Valencini, dragoman to the Kamtschatkan Embassy, very illustrative of Turkish jealousy and the flower-beds of beauties we have lately been viewing:

It was about a year ago, now, that a jolting silver-studded teleki, gay and gilt, and brimful of veiled Seraglio beauties, came bumping and tumbling along a crowded street of Pera, not very far from the Dutch Embassy. The ladies were attended by the usual grooms on foot, a negress duenna, and a mounted black eunuch of rather fierce temper, very new and zealous in discharging the onerous labours of his guardianship. The carriage bounced and trundled along, now nearly killing a Greek priest, now threatening with death a Roman Catholic patient Sister of Mercy, now scraping a French perfumer's door-post, now crushing a vagrant melon at a Greek fruiterer's door, or disturbing a butcher-boy who, with a horse-tail brush, is flapping the flies from a newly-killed kid, opposite an open-windowed café, where English sailors are dividing a pillow-case full

of Syrian (jibili) tobacco, with many well-intended expletives. On waggles the carriage, the ladies staring at everything, and ogling and whispering as much as they dare, the grooms clearing a way insolently, the eunuch frowning and clattering his long gilt sabre, as violent and cynical a misanthrope as you could meet on a summer's day. As they pass a sweetmeat-shop near the theatre, a newly-arrived Frenchman holds out a handful of red and white "tens and thousands," and smirks out some ill-timed compliments, at which the eunuch clutches his sword-hilt, rolls his eyes till they become all white and yellow, and beats the horses on faster out of the infidel's way. At this unlucky crisis, who should step out of a barber's shop, and appear on the scene, but poor, ill-fated, innocent M. Valencini, who, seeing a Turkish carriage jerking fast towards him, drew himself up close against the wall, to prevent being driven over. So little room, however, had he, that unavoidably his face, as the carriage passed, approached near the window. The angry eunuch, looking round, and seeing a second Frank, as he thought, trying to speak to his charge, began to think that the Mussulman religion was being defiled, the Koran spit on, and generally that the end of the world was come, so at once drew his sabre, and rushed at poor Valencini, who, with great presence of mind, seized his arm and managed to wrest the blade out of it; upon which the eunuch prayed for mercy, and

entreated, as did several of the bystanders, that the noble Frank would return his weapon, and let him ride on with the ladies of the hareem. Suspecting no harm, Valencini generously gave the black his sword, upon which the villain instantly flashed it in the air, and pursued Valencini, who ran down the street alarmed, being now perfectly defenceless. Valencini's body was half in a shop when the eunuch came up, and, missing his enemy's head, slashed him across the loins, and then sullenly followed the carriage containing the ladies. Had that sweeping blow fallen on the poor unoffending man's head, he would have fallen lifeless on the moment. As it was, his brother came up soon after, the dangerous wound was bound up, and Valencini in due time recovered.

"But, Windybank," said I, "do you forget how the Great Kamtschatkan ambassador himself was horsewhipped by a Turkish watchman who had jostled against the driver of the potentate's carriage."

Windybank made no answer, but when I looked at him, to my surprise the forefinger of his right hand was resting against one side of his nose, in a warning and admonitory, but still ridiculous manner.

CHAPTER XI.

INSIDE A MOSQUE.

It was night. I was in my bedroom at the Pera hotel, listening to the silence, if I may be allowed to use an Irishism. It was but half-past ten, and the Turkish city—never very wide awake—had now gone calmly fast to sleep; all lights were put out in Stamboul, and no sound was to be heard, even in Pera, but the occasional howl of a street dog, that some bitten watchman had beaten with his staff; dervishes had ceased their holy waltzing and their demoniac howling; priests had left the lofty minarets for the night; the Sultan had sunk into his champagne trance; the vaulted bazaars were barred and bolted up; the coffee-shops had quenched their charcoal fires; the beggars on the bridge had dragged home their stumps and sores; the soldiers were in their barracks, dreaming of a revolt; viziers laid their uneasy heads on silken pillars; the Sick Man's dying city, in fact, was dead asleep, and it made one sleepy to feel even near six hundred thousand sleepers. Human nature is imitative, when it sees eating, wants

to eat, and when it sees sleeping, wants to sleep. Besides, did I not know that my own band of two hundred thousand Frank souls in Pera were by this time, too, wavering in their allegiance to the pleasant king of midnight, and though still jostling about billiard-balls and ground-planning, black-spotted dominoes, were half of them stretching, and yawning, and looking with frightened eyes at the two uplifted clock-hands?

No wonder I am awoke in the very dark dawn by the screaming cries and war-whoops of itinerant fishermen. These Turks, who have no amusements, go to bed so early. Why, at this time, or a little later, the London theatre streets are dark with cabs, that rattle and chase each other in swift procession never-ending; shivering maidens in blue and crimson opera-cloaks, and fantastically netted hair, are standing at opera porticos, like so many Lord Ullin's daughters waiting for the ferry, and hundreds of "swells" are scenting themselves for diamond-lighted, star-crowned ball-rooms. In London, the day of pleasure is but beginning; but here, in Turkey, we are back in the fifteenth century, and it is dangerous to stir out after dark, unless you have a steel throat or an iron back. If you carry a lantern you are a fine mark for a knife at the first black corner of a street; if you do not, you will be taken up by the police, and perhaps thrown among the galley-slaves before you can let your consul know.

I was sitting at the window of my bedroom, meditative—one boot off and one boot on—wondering if there was ever a minute, day or night, since Constantine was placed in his porphyry tomb, that some wild dog had not barked protestingly in Stamboul, when a tap came at my door.

It was Antonio, the dragoman, and thus he spoke:—

"Monsieur, sare, nous avons—we 'ave gote the fareman for the morrow."

"Oh, you have! All right, Antonio; I shall be ready."

"Bon soir—good naite, sare."

The firman!—the Sultan's gracious permission—gracious, but expensive: 250 piastres; fees, 350 piastres—4*l.*, with a chance, as it does sometimes, of rising to 10*l.* Well, but still I shall see Saint Sophia; that great temple for nine hundred years Christian, now the desecrated, polluted shrine of an impure faith! I shall see that stupendous work which, when completed, made Justinian, the purple wearer, exclaim proudly, "Solomon, I have surpassed thee." Now I should see that concrete of wealth and intellect—that epitome of the spoils of heathen temples—that mountain of gold mosaics, verde antique, lapis lazuli, Egyptian syenite and porphyry. At last, I should see and compare with our solemn Gothic cathedrals that strange semi-Oriental Byzantine style, that, back through Venice,

spread through Europe even in our Canute's time. At last, with the sure feet of common sense, and the far-reaching wings of imagination, I should traverse this wonder of the world, perhaps one day to be again restored to Christianity: and there I should see the very throne and altar of Mahometanism planted upon the grave of Truth, now years buried.

I fell asleep to dream of the Porphyrogenitus in his sea palace, of Zoë and Irene, of the Comneni watching the great horse-races in the Hippodrome, or starting for forays against the Persians; then anon I imagined myself a member of the new rifle corps at Thieves' Inn, and engaged in single combat with a Turk as tall as Bow steeple. Suddenly planting a ladder against him, I cleave his acre of a green turban broad as a meadow, when, lo! I find it is Turkey itself I am partitioning like a Christmas cake, and all the Allied Powers at my back are elbowing me on. That slice is Anatolia, this slice—

Here I suddenly fell down a black trap-door, which I suppose led to the country of Sleep, for I remember no more.

But, before I start with that gorgeous kawass whom the consul has sent to guide us—he who glitters with gold lace, and has pistols and sword in his belt—it behoves me to tell you how, the very first day I set foot in Stamboul, I rashly entered Saint Sophia, that Kaaba of true believers, and got nearly stoned in the rash enterprise.

The way was this, and it is necessary that I relate it, because in that sweet stolen glimpse of a few minutes I obtained my first and deepest impression of the old Christian church, its beauties and defects. It was the morning I arrived, when, an hour after breakfast, the blind, white sea-fog having burnt smoulderingly to gold, I charged out alone, for I was impatient of hindrance, to see all I could see of the great city I had read of for twenty years, and longed to see ever since, as a boy, I pored in rapture over Gibbon's glowing descriptions of a place he had never himself seen, and of Turkish battles taken from authors he had never read in the original.

I had not got twenty yards from the door, not well passed a consul's house and a photograph shop, when, in the dervishes' burial-ground, through which the hilly street leading to Galata runs, I was stopped by one of those Jew boys who wait for hours near Pera hotel doors.

Solomon Raphael was his name, Israelitish his nation, dancing black were his eyes, rosy wet were his full lips, crimson-brown his cheek with unctuous health, fair and ruddy was he as shepherd David. This daring young mischief, for half-a-crown, would have taken me into the Sultan's presence, or introduced me, on some lying pretence, to the head of all the Moolahs—the Turkish Archbishop of Canterbury—who resides in an enormous yellow palace

close to the great madhouse, and near the mosque of Sulieman.

I rejected the boy; I bid him get behind me; I took him short and snubbed him; I outwalked him; I tried to entangle him among strings of fruit-laden donkeys and heaps of building rubbish; but it was of no use—he was a bur; he would stick. For a moment, perhaps, I might think I had got rid of him; the next, he was grinning at my elbow, or poking fun at some panting porter, the toiling Atlas of a mountain of English luggage. He managed me as skilfully as ever jockey managed a bad-tempered runaway horse. He bore with me for the sake of certain contingencies; he turned me when I took a wrong road; he led me by near cuts; he paid the toll at the bridge for me; he suggested places for me to see; he found out what I liked and what I disliked. In fact, after some struggling, he safely brought me tame and quiet to land—his hook was in my mouth. Here was I, a stout, middle-aged, travelled, over-civilized man, twisted, and ruled, and outwitted by the superior cunning of a little Jew boy of Constantinople. A pretty thing! What use my hydraulics and hydrostatics, my Greek or my Horace, when here I find myself circumvented by an Israelitish youth of a fair countenance, who is laughing "consumedly," I dare say, at me in his sleeve.

My young master rides me with a very loose rein

—I scarcely feel that I am led at all, which is the perfection of leading; but this I know well, that the boy's broken English chatter amuses me, and that I have brought him already so far that if I turn him off now I must in mere decency give him as much as if I kept him half the day; besides, he has so entrapped me in a net of streets, that I could not get home without he led me. All this time he encourages me with deprecating waves of his hand, and cries of "Banabak Chilibi" (Look at me, sir), wanting to find out what I most want to see, and what my tastes are.

"Horse-bazaar? eh?—plenty horse. Atmeidan, eh? Mosque, eh?—mosque? Kibob, eh? Bazaar—yase, eh? Plenty silk—chibouk, eh?—plenty sword, eh?"

To all of which I have but one answer:

"Aya Sofia" (Saint Sophia).

Saint Sophia, of course. Why he is so eager to secure himself as my guide, and so confident of getting piastres from me, yet at the same time so uncertain of what I know, accustomed as he is to the rapid tangents and eccentric abruptness of Frank energy, that he would offer, I am sure, to show me anything and lead me anywhere.

Away we go across the bridge of boats, cleaving the fezes and turbans, up into Stamboul, to seek out Justinian's temple. I am new to the city, and feel confused as I pass by fountains, and market-places, and khans, and streets with green leafy threads of

vines strung across them from shop to shop. I listen with great delight to hear a boy call out to a hidden Kadijah, who is somewhere behind a window lattice, because Kadijah was the Arab name of the rich widow whom Mahomet married, and who was his first convert. I look up at minarets, looking like giant lances planted in the ground by the early conquerors. At the foot of the tent-like fountains I see mosques rising dome over dome, crescent above crescent, and everywhere round them the dark cypress, which is Death's sceptre. Women, veiled, shuffle by me in yellow slippers; beggars, in red papooshes, sing nasally under dead walls, and screech verses of the Koran, enough to make one disbelieve in it for ever.

Suddenly we dive down a doorway, opening into a dark passage, where some men are sleeping. The boy shuffles off his slippers with amusing humility, and with just one look right and left hurries recklessly in with me.

We are in Saint Sophia, the temple of Justinian. He leads me smiling, yet a little timidly, further on, where, looking through the arches, I can see the whole of the enormous building, which is like a town vaulted over. I observe the Byzantine capitals, the coloured marbles, the women's gallery, the Turkish pulpits, the lamps, and emblazoned texts, and the great dome, the yellow matted floor, and the worshippers kneeling in oblique lines. I was slowly drinking in the great

beauty and wonder of the place, in fact, changing into current gold the paper notes of my old readings and imaginings about Saint Sophia, when a dwarfish, rolling-eyed, bandy-legged eunuch, one of the door-keepers of the mosque, suddenly catching sight of a Jew boy and an infidel with his shoes on, wandering with calm impunity about the Holy of Holies, ran violently at Solomon, and striking him in the face, dragged him off, as I really at first thought, to murder him in some convenient fountain court.

Ghostly white turned Solomon, and he shook till his brown knees beat together at the grasp of that hideous Mussulman. I, expecting my turn next, was uncertain whether to retreat, stand on the defensive, or remain looking about, to prove my complete innocent ignorance of Mahometan proprieties. In vain Solomon looked groaningly at me as the eunuch muttered and looked death at him. Every moment I expected the shout of "Deen, deen!" (Faith, faith!) that rouses a Mahometan mob to frenzy. Was I to die yet, with only half life known, only half the devious lines on life's chart studied and traced out? While I am still standing with a dazzle of imaginary knives before my eyes, a grave Moslem, of a higher class than the mere fanatic doorkeeper, advances to me down the dim corridor, as ghostly fiends do down the avenues of dreams. I ask him whether I have been doing a forbidden thing. He replies to me, "Yes, indeed, by Allah! that I must

retire at once, for that without the Sultan's firman no infidel" (here a gurgle in the throat, which I am afraid was a curse) "could enter the mosque of Aya Sofia." Then, hastily snatching up my Jew boy, who shuffles on his slippers, I and my guide, with tails between our legs, Solomon like a whipped dog, and I like a sullen and disconcerted mastiff, retrace the twilight passage, and break out, free and relieved, into the torrid sunshine, Solomon to gallantly propose fresh sights, I to indignantly reject them, and push back, ears unbored, feet unbastinadoed, head unoperated upon with sabres, rather glad of my escape. At luncheon-time, at Misseri's, when over a bottle of creamy Bass, that left raised lace patterns of dry froth round the tankard as the ale sank goldenly lower and lower, I narrated my adventure, there went a perfect shudder among the sightseers. Windybank called it "imprudent," and Rocket said it was "a very near go."

But before I enter Saint Sophia with the firman, boldly, no longer adventurous and skulking, I must describe the external and internal of the ordinary mosque, for Saint Sophia is like all the rest, and except in internal architecture, has no special peculiarities; no magnificent square ushers it, with houses drawn aside, as if in wonder and worship. It has domes, but not like that great black bubble that dominates over Ludgate Hill; it has towers, not like our gray belfries, but slender white shafts,

coroneted with balconies, where the turbaned caller to prayer may chant out his periodical summons, rising into such perfect, enchanted blue air, and pointing to a sun twice as big and hot as our English ones, so that their beauty becomes something quite by itself, and the charm is a charm that will not transplant, and that it is difficult to translate into words.

But let me sketch the abstract mosque. In looking from a Constantinople tower down upon the city, you see, here and there scattered about, rows of caldron-looking low domes, with glass bull's-eyes stuck here and there all over them: those are public baths, and above these you see rising nests of crescented domes clustering together and guarded by minarets at each corner: these are mosques; and they are the chief features of modern Stamboul; not one of its seven hills but is decorated by such a broad-based pyramid of what seem to be tent-roofs turned into lead and stone. All these domes are the children of Saint Sophia, which is the grandmother of all domes, past and to come, genealogically speaking, stepmother to Saint Peter's and godmother of Saint Paul's, being itself the only child of the Pantheon in Rome, whose genealogy was lost in the Tiber some centuries ago—lost beyond all fishing up even by heralds, who live on guesses. The centre dome of the Turkish mosque rises above the rest like an old bantam hen sitting on a nest of Cochin-china eggs, which, do all she can,

she cannot quite cover. It rises, sharp and clear, bronzy in colour or leaden-gray, scorched white by the intolerable sun. It is sometimes fluted into sections, and always crowned by a spiked boss, on which a crescent blazes as if made of gold just hot and bright from the lying Arab's furnace and forge. Below it spread out the thirty or forty tributary domes, covering side-chapel spaces, and scooped out hollows in the roof; now side by side, they vault a cloister that runs round a fountain-court; now, they cover strange little nooks and bins of rooms, where I suppose, the priests, or watchmen, or Koran readers, or doorkeepers live; and sometimes they rise on little pedestals, like shafts, leading to the roof or the minaret.

I can scarcely conceive any difference greater than in this mosque, with its scorched gray domes, sharp and keen-cut as Janissaries' steel helmets, and the country church of Bobshire that I see so often in my dreams, with now a procession winding round its porch, now a funeral train passing from a new-closed grave. What has this vast interior, crutched up by huge marble pillars big as towers, in common with that sun-freckled chancel where I used to love to hear the blackbirds in the vicar's laurels flute their responses between the pauses of the psalm; where, between the hushes of prayer and penitence, I could hear the old clock breathing like a listening monster up in the great belfry, where the purple-necked doves

cooed audibly softly and motherly, when the vicar's voice sank lower in the more tender parts of Joseph's story, or in reading how David wept for Absalom his son? Dear me! what religion is there in this broad matted space, looking out on a garden where huge wax-flowers grow, and I see turbaned boys picking grapes already half turned to raisins?

But now let me sketch the interior of a mesjed (mosque), where the brown matted floor is perhaps strewn with rows of prostrated men; who are not merely kneeling in a refractory way with heads thrown back as in English fashionable churches, but are abased, indeed, doing literal homage to Heaven, their heads resting on the very floor between their outstretched arms. At certain intervals they raise their heads, mutter some prayers with half-closed eyes, and then again prostrate themselves with an air of the deepest abasement, and a reverence not to be despised by travellers even of a purer faith. You will observe there are no square horse-stalls, nor snug benches with appropriate poppy-heads, emblems of sleep under the shadow of pulpits, no hassocks, no chairs. In fact, as Mrs. Windybank observes, "there is a shameful neglect of comfort and civilized people's arrangements." No one has shoes on, those have all been left in rows at the door in charge of the door-keeper. Fancy old Bootes, our squire down in Bobshire, being compelled by the vicar to take off his Wellingtons at the door of the church;

would any respect for Christianity, do you think, prevent him roaring for a boot-jack, and making responses painful to hear? I trow not. True it is, that some of the richer and more Europeanized Turks get over this ceremony by wearing a sort of patent-leather golosh above their shoes, and pacify their consciences by slipping off only these superficial envelopes. Apart from this, I do not think that the interior of the mosque is held in such almost superstitious reverence as religious men among ourselves hold the consecrated ground that greed has encircled with death, and which we visit only once in seven days.

The mosque is always open to roaming children, gossiping friends, Christians when they pay their piastres, and the train of ecclesiastical attendants that are attached to the building. At the gate of the fountain-court you will see the priest, or reader, in a sort of large cobbler's stall, or palanquin with windows, where he smokes, eats, and sleeps, or reads out of a magician-like book. Sometimes he is seated under some patterned wall, a little coffee-cup without a handle at his lips, the burning black liquid smoking fresh from the cafani, and in his grasp the glossy old cherry-stem of a chibouk that has been his companion many a year. Between the services, what time the Bobshire vicar presides over his rosy, laughing family, with difficulty kept in order by their grave mother at the other end of the table, the imam

is taking his coffee with serene enjoyment just by the archway, where the forked chains are hung to prevent mules and horses entering. There he sits, old Abdallah, I can see him now, with his dull green turban that shows him either to have been once in his life a pilgrim to Mecca, or to be of direct descent from the Prophet. His brown old arms are bare, and he wears a loose yellow dressing-gown lined with blue and spotted with scarlet pine-apples, for Abdallah has not the least idea that nothing but black should be worn by a man of real religion, and as for his chibouk, tobacco being unknown in the Koran time, was luckily not forbidden, as pork and wine are. The vicar of Bobshire partakes of wine and pork, which would throw old Abdallah into fits; but then Abdallah wears golden dressing-gowns and smokes chibouks, which the vicar thinks irreligious, so let us strike a balance.

Those brown balustrades—the old legs of venerable Abdallah—are thrust into loose crimson slippers without heels, and with turned-up toes; altogether, his dress is a curious compound of the English washerwoman and the Eastern magician. I do not think Abdallah's fine linen costs him much, for I see his brown chest through the cross folds of the robe of yellow. Still, with his grey moustaches and his venerable beard of silver-wire, I consider him a fine specimen of the priest; as with his crafty, wrinkled-up eyes, and his lined, puzzled brow, broad and full,

he "makes up" very well, as actors says, for a rather astute Melchisedek. There, with his truncheon of cherry-wood and the little fireplace glowing in his pipe-bowl, he is very calm, contented, and happy, now giving half an eye to the letter-writer at the corner of the street, the Greek with the rings of bread hanging at his belt, who has just planted his tall, spindly telescope-stand at the yard-gate, the boys drinking at the fountain, or the lemonade-man, who, with his bottles corked with fresh lemons, is talking at the coffee-shop to a joking porter, whose knot and rope are ready for hire. Who can tell what the old fellow is thinking of? Perhaps of some of the more fantastic traditions of the Moslem faith; perhaps of the great tablet of the recording angel, which reaches from the east to the west; perhaps of the pen of that industrious angel which is made of pearls, and is of such length that it would take the swiftest horse (even one of the mares of Solomon) five hundred years to gallop down it from top feather to nib.

Perhaps of nothing but the pleasure of idleness after screeching texts of the Koran all the morning, till one's old throat is dry as leather. He is waiting for the signal of sunset, when the muezzin will come out of the little dog-kennel door in the minaret balcony over head, just for all the world like the little fretful and jerky man in a cuckoo clock; you will hear the voice of the priest, who looks small as a doll,

rise and lower as he chants out his summons to prayer, alternately north, south, east, and west. How low and muffled sounds the monotonous nasal voice when the shaft of the minaret comes between you and the man who owns the voice. Directly the sun turns to blood, and the west to crimson fire, and all the clouds shine like huge tropic flowers blown to pieces by the wind and driven round the sky—directly the west grows a molten caldron of colour, like a dyer's vat on fire, and Nature covers her palette with all the aërial pigments, showing us "all she knows"—when night throws darkness over the earth like a net, and the cypresses, those trees that seem like vegetable hearse-plumes, grow black as ebony, and day is, as it were, slain and tossed into his dark tomb in a moment—then the imam will repair to his prayer-carpet within the mosque where we shall find him bowing towards Mecca.

That niche he turns to is the Kaaba, which is what the altar is in a Christian church, and is the specially sacred spot of the mosque. Unless a Mahometan pray looking that way, his prayers have no wings and never reach heaven. It is the centre of all human prayers, as the real Kaaba, which was taken up into heaven at the Deluge, is of the angels' prayers. The Kaaba of Mecca is supposed by tradition to have been originally a tent pitched by the angels on the day of earth's creation, one thousand years before man was made. The angels and demons made pilgrimages to

it, and in it Adam halted when driven from Eden. At the Deluge Gabriel removed it to heaven, and afterwards Abraham replaced it with a house of stone. It is the focus of the Turkish faith, and those who cannot see it with their bodily eyes, are obliged to look in the direction of it, just as the Mussulman who, being in the desert, and unable to obtain water for his religious ablutions, is allowed by the Koran to use sand instead.

The Englishman takes off his hat when he enters a church, and keeps on his shoes; the Turk takes off his shoes, and keeps on his turban; "out of mere opposition," Rocket says, but I cannot myself see it logically quite in that light.

One thing always struck me inside a mosque, that is, the square railed-in enclosures where the lower servants of the mosque seemed to live; there were divans and other furniture, and a general pervading sense of residence about them; and amongst the household gods always towers up, specially conspicuous, a real old-fashioned English farmhouse clock, with its long coffin case and large weathercock hands. These clocks, I presume, are intended to regulate the hours of prayer; for though that eternal clock, the sun, is always visible here by day, there are no clocks fixed upon the outside of public buildings in Constantinople.

These mosque clocks are frequently of great value, having been sent out to the East by Harrison and Co.,

the careful sound old London makers of James the First and Charles the First's time. It would pay some English Barnum to come out here and buy them up. The mosque is not an unusual place for men to take a siesta in, and I have seen men sleeping in the little matted shady enclosures under the mosque pulpits while waiting for one of the five hours of prayer.

Another special feature of the mosque is the network of thin iron bars and cross wires which, joining pillar to pillar, serve to string together those circles of small custard-glass lamps which are used at night and at the great annual rejoicings, when the painful fast of Ramadan ceases, when the minarets arise in the air like burning lances, and every mosque wears a diamond coronet of light.

Another special feature of the mosque is the fountain which is in the centre of the outer court. It is not the silver tree that rises in the courtyards of Italian palaces, but a square, solid, font-like erection, guarded by slender pillars, and with a conical tent-like roof crowned with a star or crescent. The water escapes by taps, and the surface of the fountain is covered with a cage of wire like a meat-cover. Round it and under it are steps where the water-carriers sit and gossip, all the more pleasantly if there is a generous plane-tree growing green near.

These fountains are always alive with pigeons, the favoured birds of the mosque. There, on its rim, they sit and coo their thanks, and display the jewel-

lery of their necks, that move like those of snakes. It is a mosque the Franks call the "bird mosque"—the same place where I saw Abdallah, that "grand old buffer," as Rocket called him—that the pigeons most frequent.

The mosque is but the usual combination of gray domes and round-headed windows, full of roundles of glass; but it is much visited because its founder, or subsequent charitable men, left money to maintain innumerable flocks of pigeons, that still murmur their gratitude all day around that fountain.

Rocket was with me, and I could imagine bright visions of the Red House at Battersea looming within him as he saw those gray and white birds arise in a whirling cloud as we entered the gate, round which some beggars, forgetting their grief at seeing the Franks amused with the birds and speaking all together, pointed to a ragged old Turk who sat behind the door dipping a wooden cup into a large chest full of millet-seed.

Puzzling it out in Turkish, we soon discovered that a few large pieces of copper studded with the snail-like signature of the Sultan would purchase for us a cupful of millet-seed to throw to the pigeons that were darkening the roof of the quadrangle cloister.

I dived into the wells of my pocket, and brought up, not Truth, but coppers. I placed them in the hands of the stolid and immovable keeper of the

chest, who, instantly bending down and removing the hasp that shut the lid, threw it open, and dipped in his cup. He seemed pleased at the Frank's interest; but the Turk is not a demonstrative man, and he only showed mirth by a slight wrinkle of the further corner of his left eyelid.

Were the birds ready? How would he call them? Ready! directly the iron hasp rattled against the wood, the air was dark with wings; down they came, from plane-tree, from leaden roof, from Sultan's dome, from fountain cone—yea, from the very golden crescent that topped the highest apex of the mosque!

They were black upon the courtyard floor; they were elbowing and jostling like a crowd at a levée, an illumination, a coronation, or an execution; nay, they were three deep, fluttering over each other, pushing, struggling, every neck working—a perfect little troubled sea of purple and emerald scintillating feathers, of gray wings ruffling white. There were thousands and thousands: they must have been as numerous as a small army, and every moment those that flew away were replaced by others, who dropped down from dome, or roof, or fountain.

Swish! swish! went the seed the old Turk rinsed out in cupfuls, to the glee of the beggars and the exultation of Rocket, who spoke of pies, of the material delights of Fortnum and Mason's, and of pleasant English picnics.

Then, while we stood there, a spectator dervish broke out *into* extemporary verse in our praise, which drove us away in confusion:—

"Alms quench sin," he cried, "as water quenches fire; alms shut the seventy gates of evil. An angel stands at the gates of Paradise, crying continually, 'Whoso giveth alms to-day shall be rewarded of God to-morrow!' Generosity is a tree by which men climb up into Paradise——"

We gave him some pence, and he blessed us as we departed.

CHAPTER XII.

THE BAZAARS OF CONSTANTINOPLE.

THE word *bazaar* came to us from the Magi's country: and the English bazaar in its shape, and character, and purpose, is Eastern from top to toe. In Stamboul, as in London, a bazaar means an arcaded covered walk, lined on either side with shops. To convey the character of the Turkish bazaar as definitely as I could to an Englishman, or a Londoner—which is the same thing a little narrowed—I should describe it as in build not unlike a metropolitan arcade, with the shop-fronts taken off; the shops themselves narrowed into open-air cobblers' stalls, and piled round with bales of goods, in the centre of which sit the bearded Turks who own them. The bazaar of Turkey has nothing in common, however, with such places as the Pantheon in Oxford Street, London, except that it is a cluster of shops, collected under one all-embracing roof: there intended to keep out the sun, here to keep the rain out.

The bazaars are also unlike ours in this, that they are divided into districts, or parishes of trades; the

jewellers keep far from the armourers, the silk merchants from the henna sellers, the fez makers from the slipper vendors. The same practice of guild subdivision extends even outside the gates of the bazaar; for, now you find yourself deafened by the clattering violence of the coppersmiths' street, and now you stroll into a district of clog-makers or confectioners.

I hardly know what originated this old Eastern custom. It must have been of early origin, for, looking back on England, one finds that Saxon London had its Bread and Milk Streets, its Cornhill, and its Fish Street—"birds of a feather." We suppose early advantages of propinquity and aid, and, above all, the mediæval necessities and jealous secrets of guild association, sent our Jews to Old Jewry, our clothesmen to Holywell Street, our money-lenders to Lombard Street, our clothiers to Watling Street, our butchers to Newgate Street, and our weavers to Spitalfields. In large cities, this classification makes shopping more easy; and in troubled times of Janissary revolt, bales of silk, Persian sapphires, and such valuables, were scarcely ever safe in Stamboul outside the iron gates of the bazaar.

But let us get out of the intolerable sun, off the laming street, and enter the bazaar; round which a perfect irregular cavalry regiment of hack Turkish horses, and their impudent boy-grooms, are

clustered, with some ugly veiled women, some blacks, a Hindoo fakir, an Arab, half a dozen Greeks, an Armenian, and some black slaves, who, to judge by their great boxfuls of white teeth, are in a condition to laugh at dentists for many a long masticating year.

A low stone archway, the cumbrous iron doors now flung back, admits us to the busy labyrinthine world of the bazaars—quite a small city of shops, with streets crossing and recrossing, with fountains, coffee-shops, street-vendors, of its own. Stop here a day, and you will see all the routine of Turkish life gone through: periodical prayer, religious ablutions, buying, selling, love-making, quarrels, thieving, eating. To many hundred Turks these walls are all they ever see of the world. One day a death spasm will seize them; they will turn pale and die, and the next night be run off with to the place of cypresses and forgotten; the day after, a new beard and pipe will reign over the little open shop. So the wheel spins round.

Before I go and buy a handful of pearl seed, a jaunty fez, a Persian pen-case, or aloes wood to fume in my chibouk, let me warn the reader against thinking all here is cloth of gold and silver, that "gemmed daggers" and "jewelled hilts" strew the ground, that the pearls are in sacks, or the diamonds in pailfuls, as some dazzled travellers of thirty years ago describe the place. Why, the great

bossy gold cups and gigantic salvers of a London jeweller's window would outshine all you see in a Turkish bazaar put together. I suppose the false glamour that Byron threw over Eastern wealth gives rise to the tone in which Englishmen still get in the habit of talking of everything Oriental. What delighted me in the bazaars was not the splendour of the merchandise, but rather the unusual aspect of everything, and the quiet, simple, out-of-door life which these laggers in the race of civilization lead.

Let me describe a single street in the chief bazaar; and it will, in its general features, stand for all streets: though the arms bazaar is more mediæval, and the drug bazaar, with its dim lights and horse-shoe entrance, more intensely Oriental. But I take the Bezestein and its Slipper street, because it is Eastern without being exceptional. My street is a plain vaulted tunnel, lighted by small-sided apertures; its roof is everywhere whitewashed, and round the small dungeon-like windows meanders a thready pattern of blue flowers. This is all the ornament. Below, on either side the avenue, run the shops, each shop with its two yards or so wide of counter show-room, and behind, a little inner room for richer goods, entered by a low stone arch, which gives it a dog-kennel look. In and out of this works a little handsome fat Armenian shop-boy, dragging out bales of poniards, silk purses in heaps,

embroidered handkerchiefs, Syrian scarfs, inlaid boxes, or sequin bracelets. But the master sits brooding, and never rises except in the moment's excitement preceding the visitor making the purchase, or departing in peace. Between the banks of shops runs the uneven earth-floor of the street, where the slinking wild dogs forage with their usual idle pertinacity. On the low counters in the next street, breast high in spongy Broussa bath towels, striped silks, white and rose colour, bales of Manchester prints, brown and purple, sit the Turks, cross-legged, pipe in mouth, slippers parallel before them. But just here we have all slippers; and among these stands a lean nimble Greek boy, haranguing on the merits of a pair, fit for a sultana, that he holds on his hands like gloves. They are very dainty—so small, that only a fairy-queen could wear them, had they heels—and are made of pink and blue satin, starred and banded with seed-pearl, in a manner fit for even the fair Persian.

"Bono Johnny!" he calls out as he sees a Frank pass, and the words are echoed by a Jew tout, who runs to my elbow; but when he sees I disregard his stacks of yellow leather (canary colour) boots, heavy red slippers, and patent-leather shoes, and that I bear towards Zenope's shop, the Armenian general store, he slaps one slipper in the other, and calls out after me, in a noisy, taunting, irritating voice:

"Bad man, Zenope, cheat man; no good, no bono,

Zenope—you lose piastre—ah, you Johnny! Yah! Allah!" and, upon turning round to hear if he has anything more to tell me, I obstruct the road for two Turkish women, who at once slap me in a petulant, contemptuous way, and growl out something about "infidel," which I bear patiently, partly from prudential reasons, partly from remembering the gallant Spanish proverb, "White hands do not hurt;" though this hardly applies, for, looking again through their shroud-like yashmaks, I see they are Abyssinian negresses, with the usual blubber lips and scolloped right cheek. At all these slipper shops, among gorgeous slippers sewn with gold-thread or spangles, and fringed with silver tissue, I see everywhere that patent-leather overshoe which the Turkish gentleman generally wears to slip off at the mosque door.

I pass a marble tank, into which falls a broad silvery web of musical water, and turning down a cross street, find myself at Zenope's. I know the shop, because a little signboard, with that Eastern name on it, hangs across the street, and also, because three fox-eyed Jew-touters, who have been long hanging on my skirts denouncing my certain ruin, now call out with one voice:

"Zenope bono—all good, Zenope; Englishmen all buy Zenope—beads, slippers, daggers—everything Zenope." Indeed, there is no time to retreat, for Zenope, a sleek, short, well-to-do-looking Armenian,

with the deep rich darkness in his eye that Armenians have, comes forward, bowing and asking me to enter in the European manner; plus, a little not unpleasing Oriental abjectness. No cross-legged Turk here—in fact, no out-of-door display—but only a little deep well of a room, lighted from the top, and hung with silk robes, camel's-hair cloaks, trophies of amber-coloured shields, and Janissary maces. No couch to lie on here, no pipes, no touching of breast and brow, for Zenope is as bland and dignified as the richest shopkeeper in Bond Street. He claps his hands—one of my gang of Jews comes smiling in from the outside. He rolls me up two cigarettes in a moment, and praises something he sees my eye resting on. Zenope whispers him—he flies for lemonade. If I were at a Turkish shop, this my friend Haaman, or Lazarus, would interpret, and gain a handsome per-centage; here, too, he will have the per-centage, but he has no need to interpret. Zenope knows I have come chiefly to look at things, and tries to find out my weaknesses. From what I ask about at this first visit, he will lay traps for me twenty visits hence. He lets me have, he says, small things, such as perfumes, &c., for nothing to-day, because he knows I am a rich English effendi, who will go home laden with presents, and because I shall return to-night to Misseri's, and tell gentlemen how cheap everything at Zenope's is.

Then, he takes down from the wall, and out of

nooks and pigeon-holes, and off shelves, all sorts of rubbish in the worst condition. He takes down an Arab haik of black camel's-hair, with rich gold-thread embroideries over the shoulders and hood, which he recommends as indestructible for travelling; he streams out before me coarse ruggy Persian shawls (reds, blues, and yellows), and looking always as if they were turned on the wrong side; he drags out, and dusts with solemn care, crackled old tea-caddies inlaid with chessboard patterns of mother-of pearl, so old and dry, that the lozenge flakes are half loose; he unhooks rusty maces and paltry poniards with clumsy carved handles; he tires me with sequin bracelets, and beautiful twists of silver wire such as the Sinope people have manufactured for generations; he makes me smell the best Albanian otto of roses, and flourishes about great rattlesnake bunches of sandal-wood rosaries, such as are used by dervish and monk; he then, in despair, routs out wooden Persian pen-cases, painted with stag-hunts, and combats, and amorous scenes from the poets, straw-plaited cigar-cases, gilt pastille-burners, and rose-water sprinklers; but I shoulder away all, and buy only some jasmine pipe-stalks, some gold tissue for slippers, and some sequin bracelets: Zenope all the time looking deeply depressed at the low prices he pretends I exact and grind from him. If he smile, he smiles ruefully, and with an effort; but I suppose when I am well out of the

door he makes up for it. At all events, he will revenge his wrongs on Rocket, who is planning the purchase of an Oriental dressing-gown—for I don't know how many hundred piastres—besides a prayer-carpet of great value, and an ivory chest of Indian work. I observe that everything costs Zenope the Armenian more than he sells it for; and yet that whenever you talk of buying anything outside—mouthpieces, slippers, fez, or turban—he seems to wish to be the scapegoat, and to buy for you.

I tear myself from Zenope; two Jew touts fighting about their claims to me just outside his shop; turn down a cross street to the right, and enter the jewellers' bazaar, which shuts at three or four o'clock. The stalls in this quarter differ from those in the other villages of this great Tyre and Sidon under cover. They are not small banked-up platforms, with a dog-kennel door behind and shelves all round for goods, but they are small panelled bins, looking like cumbrous pews, or heavy timber sofas, or four-post bedsteads cut down into enclosures. One would think that the Jews who watch you from them expected a rush of turbaned men some day at the diamonds hidden away inside, in chests and trebly-locked drawers. Not that there is much visible: nothing but a few upright glass-cases, such as country dealers keep lollypops in, of coarse cornelian signet rings, and turquoise earrings, of little talisman triangular gold plates, and a few ill-set brilliants.

Though emeralds are the fashion just at present with those rather whimsical beauties the Turkish ladies, I saw none on show except two or three that looked like fragments of chemists' bottles. The emerald, with the essence of eternal spring in its heart—rubies, with undying fire at their cores—opals, with the dawn breaking their mist, yet never piercing quite through—were here, I knew, somewhere, up those sly fellows' loose jugglers' sleeves, or in the centre of those carved, cut-down bedsteads, but see them I could not. Indeed, the attention of the Shylock merchants seemed entirely taken up by some itinerant, ragged-robed peripatetics, who, holding high over their heads amber mouthpieces filleted with "sparklers," as the English cracksman affectionately calls diamonds, or large, round, embossed silver vessels like metal melons—used, I believe, to contain sweetmeats, or trifle, or syllabub, or Beelzebub knows what—kept pacing through the rows of chattering, cross-legged dealers, shouting some imaginery bidding as "Yetmish," "Elli," in screeching tones, most vociferous, most intolerable. These stray dealers, whose whole capital had, I suppose, been expended in the saffron mouthpiece or the rough silver melon, seldom obtained any attention, except now and then a robed arm, right or left, from either side of the street they threaded, snatched from them the melon or the mouthpiece, and then pushed it back scornfully into the violent talker's hand, at the

same time repeating a number very low down in the scale of numerals.

These brokers seem to itinerate the bazaars all day long from prayer to prayer; now with a belt full of pistols, now with an armful of Persian books, now with a sheaf of chibouk stalks, now flourishing a tinny-looking yataghan, now waving a tobe, now making great play with an ambery rhinoceros-hide target, bossed with brass, from Abyssinia. I looked for some time at a Turk at the entrance of the bazaar winnowing a pile of seed pearl, and at another shaking loose diamond sparks about in a drawer. I looked at cameos, and at one little stray oval of Wedgewood's, which the dealer evidently mistook for some Greek work of alarming value. I stayed for a moment to see an engraver working a little lathe with a sort of fiddlestick, while he gouged delicately at the cornelian signet. Presently, before one of the stalls, a Turkish lady, blooming with rouge, came and sat down, and began to cheapen some silver bracelets, upon which her black, motherly-looking duenna frowned me away to the arms bazaar, where I was bound. Now, as only a day before Rocket and Windybank had heard a shopkeeper in the bazaars threatened by soldiers for selling to an infidel muslin handkerchiefs with the "Mashallah" embroidered at the corners, I thought I did right to go when I saw the shopkeeper's eye turned uncomfortably on me.

The arms bazaar is dim and eastern, and lighted by dark glass eyes high over head. The first stall you come to is, perhaps, a Persian's; he sits moodily among a row of broad poniards and Korans. He is reading. He shows you at your request several daggers, some with handles of agate or of a certain opaque green stone not unlike marble. He brings out a little bit of steel, like an English table-knife, on which he sets fabulous value. He has broad, double-edged knives, tapering to a point and grooved down the middle; others, with tinselled handles, worth hundreds of piastres. You begin to get afraid that the solemn man in the black retreating cap is a cheat, all the worse for being plausible, when he suddenly frowns, as if he had discovered that your views of cheap and dear were unworthy of any one but an infidel, replaces all the daggers against the wall, and goes on moodily reading. I think he must be a dervish, for there are dervishes in the bazaar, as well as dervish soldiers and dervish sailors.

The next dealer is a bland man, all attention and anxiety—Armenian, I think, for the dealers of that nation are greater rogues than even the Greeks. I buy for a sovereign a javelin head, needle-shaped at the point, inlaid with gold. I drive it on trial through a half-crown at one dig. The ripple-mark all over it shows it to be good stuff, if not pure Damascus. So at least I think, until night, when, producing it in triumph after dinner at Misseri's, I

am told that such spear-heads are made by thousands in Russia to send to Persia, where they are fitted to cane staves, and used for wild-boar hunting. I also buy a kind of rough butcher's knife with an ivory handle, which I despise, but with which *per contra* a learned Nimrod at Misseri's cuts two pennies through without injuring the edge, and with which he tells me, if he had a fair slash, he could separate a wild dog at one blow.

Zohrab, the sword-merchant next door, dazzles my volatile imagination with a lathy yataghan in a red velvet sheath, which, I am told, belonged once to nobody less than the Pasha of Tripoli. It is very top-heavy and awkward to me; but I learn that its use does not depend on main force, but on leger-demain, and that one razor-like shave of it, outwards and then inwards, will move off a man's head (provided the man is willing) as gently and neatly as you can tip off a wild-rose shoot with a riding-whip. Zohrab next tries to inflict on me a bundle of hide whips and a Janissary's helmet. Here I must pause to say that the Cid himself, or Scanderbeg, or Kara George of Servia, could not have worn a more chivalrous and artful head covering. It consisted of a steel cap, spiked at top, and worked so skilfully for lightness that it was not thicker than a cocoa-nut-shell cup. It bore over the brow a legend from the Koran, worked in gold, and on one side of the spike was a tube to receive the plume that its proud Janis-

sary owner must have carried through the flaming torrent of many a Hungarian battle. From the edge of this steel cap, which was padded thick and soft on the inside with red velvet now faded to yellow, fell a finely-woven steel tippet, strong enough to keep out an inquisitive sword-blade, but worse than powerless before the almond-shaped rifle bullet, that, driving into a wound a link or two of this artful steel, would render the injury mortal, and past all probing. Then I was tempted with a sort of chocolate frother of steel, and with a double battle-axe with a dagger in the handle, and other charitable inventions of no commercial utility.

But I had been a month in Constantinople, yet had no fez; that must be remedied. A Jew tout, one Barsabas by name, guided me to the fez store. I have white muslin to buy to wind round my fez, and keep off the pertinacious sun.

"In the name of the Prophet, fezes!"

"My lord shall be obeyed. England is a paradise, its people are all sultans, and do as seemeth them good."

The dealer slips his hand, accurately as a compositor's, into a pigeon-hole; he draws out a bundle of fezes, folded flat, one tucked in the other. They are of all shades of red, from peony crimson to poppy scarlet, carnation colour, and the hue of a boiled lobster's shell. At the top of each there is a little stalk, Chinese in effect, to which the full blue tassel

is to be bound. He tries one on, hands me a mirror, and falls back, as does Barsabas the Jew tout, in sudden spasms of delight, wonder, and astonishment. I look a son of war; it fits me as if I had been a true Mussulman all my life. It is worth, however, three shillings, and he asks me ten. Barsabas wrangles, with anger and vexation, but only to keep up appearances, for he is accustomed to help Franks to bazaar goods at three hundred times their real value. A man with water-skins passing, stops to smile — at which I feel flattered; a raisin-water vendor puts down his tins and gives advice; the dealers all round whisper and laugh together, as much as to say, "How that villain Achmed is plundering that miserable infidel! Allah!"

I buy it, however, resolutely; it fits my head like a skin. I give two shillings for nine pennyworth of muslin with gilt fuzzy ends, and twist them Levant-wise round my frizzling brains. Barsabas, who has been twiddling for some time a diplomatic cigarette, now hands it me. I am, indeed, tied and bound in the hands of the Philistines. Still I am lucky, for I have only been slapped once to-day, and spat at twice. I am thirsty and lame, and have been environed by dogs several times. I feel my liver out of order, and I have been much cheated, otherwise I have spent a pleasant Turkish day; though rather plagued by Jews and tormented by guides.

I have come across several old Oriental customs

too: for instance, that grated window of the dervish's tomb, where votive bits of rag tied to the bars fluttered so strangely; then, the khan with the yard full of skins of Syrian tobacco; and the mosque where the porter was praying at the door, while the priest was throwing seeds by handfuls to the courtyard pigeons.

Now, I plunge out into the sunshine again, feeling as if I had suddenly emerged from a cave tomb, and dive down another vaulted tube, which is also a bazaar; but of what? pearls of Ormuz, silks of Samarcand? No; but nutmeg-graters, candlesticks, and Cheap John Birmingham gridirons, half of them evidently such as my country has reason to be proud of producing. Turning back, half frightened at this romance-dispelling vision, I take Barsabas and bid him strike out through the streets for the Egyptian or drug bazaar, staying to look for a moment at a neat ivory spoon shop, and at a gold-beater's where men beat at little books, from whose red pages oozes gold leaf, drossy and crumpling like sensitive plants at the air.

Now, because I do not people the bazaar defiles with any one but myself, Barsabas, Zenope, Zohrab, or the other dealers I have patronized, you must not suppose that from early morning, when the gates open, till four o'clock, when they shut, this city under cover is not crowded, for it is. It is chokefull all day, as Cheapside when the counting-houses

are closing. Black slaves, eunuchs, yellow-booted ladies slopping along, children, water-carriers with triangular water-skins on their backs, Turkish policemen, soldiers, oil-carriers, hammals with looped ropes hanging over their galled shoulders, and their knots strung like reticules on their swollen arms, Armenians with large fleshy noses and ox eyes, little harlequin bundles of children, Franks sturdy and rapid elbowing the crowd, and itinerant vendors of all kinds, form but a small part of the human congeries.

The drug bazaar is my favourite, because it is so Oriental and so mysterious. Here the plaited baskets piled with roots and spices, the broad measures full of yellow-brown henna smoothed at the top to a cone and crossed at the top with two clean boxwood spoons, are evidently quite of another region than your own. There are little black lozenges of pastilles, covered with gilt, and intented to beatify the tobacco of your chibouk. The measures and baskets edged with coloured paper (purple to the brown henna, for instance) are ranged in tiers of different sizes, like the nosegays in Covent Garden, or the roses at a flower-stand; and rather higher up than usual among these, sits the Turkish "lord of drugs," still as death, only the dark waver of his eye telling you that it is not a stuffed figure guarding the roots and gums. Here are poisons enough to last even a Borgia a lifetime; but I came for perfumes and

can find none. Sulphur they have, and senna they have, but oil of jasmine, no.

So again I break out into the sunshine, and make, led by two wrangling Jews, for some yet untrodden district of the bazaars: I find it in the old-clothes district. This bazaar has an impoverished look about even its buyers and sellers—nay, its very walls and windows are harmoniously suitable to the commodities exposed for sale. Here is a place for Sartor Resartus to moralize in, over the disguises of the pure Adam. The turban, being a home-made article composed of two parts—the eternal fez, or inner kernel, and the outer striped or many-coloured wrapper — is never exposed for sale in the East, the folding being renewed daily, and requiring the knowledge of a lifetime to give it the careless grace that a Mussulman dandy gives it. As for the street vagabond, his turban is but a rag round a sort of sallow brown night-cap, and he slips it off and rebinds it twenty times a day, just as a London costermonger perpetually twirls his "love lock" with his dirty finger. No; no turbans, cream-coloured or leaf-green, or yellow or blue, are here, but great dirty tapestries of greasy robes and dressing-gowns of the stage magician kind, and curtains of red and yellow, and brown Syrian scarfs yards and yards long, and tufted at the end with little fly-fishing crimson and yellow knotted silks; and eyeing the dealer and his circle of gossips suspiciously, stroll ruffianly Greeks, with black

gaiters gartered with crimson, huge ruffling kilts, and long curved daggers in silver-embossed sheaths sloping across the waist-belt. And these defiant weapons are tucked in over a huge pad of brown leather, which is the Greek's purse and pistol-holder, though it looks like a mere small blacksmith's apron. I sit down on a dealer's counter on the right-hand side, and have dealings about some Syrian scarfs and about some skins of lambs from Astracan, which Rocket wants to line a travelling-cloak with. They show me white skins and black skins, fit for an emir in point of luxury, but, alas! fit for that emir too in point of price. Showers of Turkish numerals assail me as I pass out in search of pastures new.

This time I aim at the Tent bazaar. I find it after much trouble; and this word "trouble" is my cue for describing how it takes the keenest traveller some weeks before he can be ever sure of getting straight from Misseri's Hotel to the central mass of bazaars. It requires a map-maker's head, and the sagacity of a Columbus, to find the way between the two points. In the first place, Turkish streets, except up in Pera, have no names; they are known only from the nearest mosque, fountain, or barracks, so that you can ask for no special street, and if you do, the Turk can give you but very generalized and vague answers. Ten to one it is a Persian you ask, or an Armenian, or an Arab, or a Crim Tartar, or an Arnout; and if it be really a Turk, the miserable

creature perhaps does not speak *your* Turkish, but some horrible *patois* and *baragouin* of his own, substituted, it seems, on purpose to spite you. Then the crippling streets, the thirsty fervid heat, the perplexed lanes, the dangerous crowds, make you so irritable, dry, perspiring, and lame, that you soon get worn to a thread, and have no courage to do anything but walk on by mere dogged animal instinct. You know the bazaars are low down the hill, to the right of St. Sophia and the Seraglio, and under or to the left of the Hippodrome. On the wooden bridge you feel positive that the bazaar is just here. You get in Stamboul, ascend the river-side steps, turn right and turn left, then you are confused and uncertain—you disdain to inquire—you push on—hesitate—are lost! You look round; a hammal sets you right for a street; you come to a house you are sure you remember, because green tendrils of the vine are trained right across the way. You look up a turning to the left, and you see a similar vine at the tobacconist's at the farther corner; you are tired, hungry, helpless; you are hopeless, but you are not forsaken. Benjamin and Barsabas have been watching you for half an hour. They fell into your unconscious train at the bridge of boats. They then, unknown to you, hovered about the enemy, and marked the road he took. As you look round, you see the smiling rogues, knowing your helplessness, drinking at a fountain. They come up and accost you. Two turns, and you

have shot into the needle's eye. Another hour and you meet Rocket "slanging" a Jew attendant, yet doing all he suggests, and loading him with new purchases of shawls, bags, bracelets, yellow slippers, Janissary pistols, and Turkey carpets. He is a Queen's messenger, remember, and half these things will go back in his "bags" as "despatches," under the care of the Right Honourable Ignis Fatuus, removed to Vienna.

END OF VOL. I.

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